Feb. 29, 1964

THE NEW YORKER

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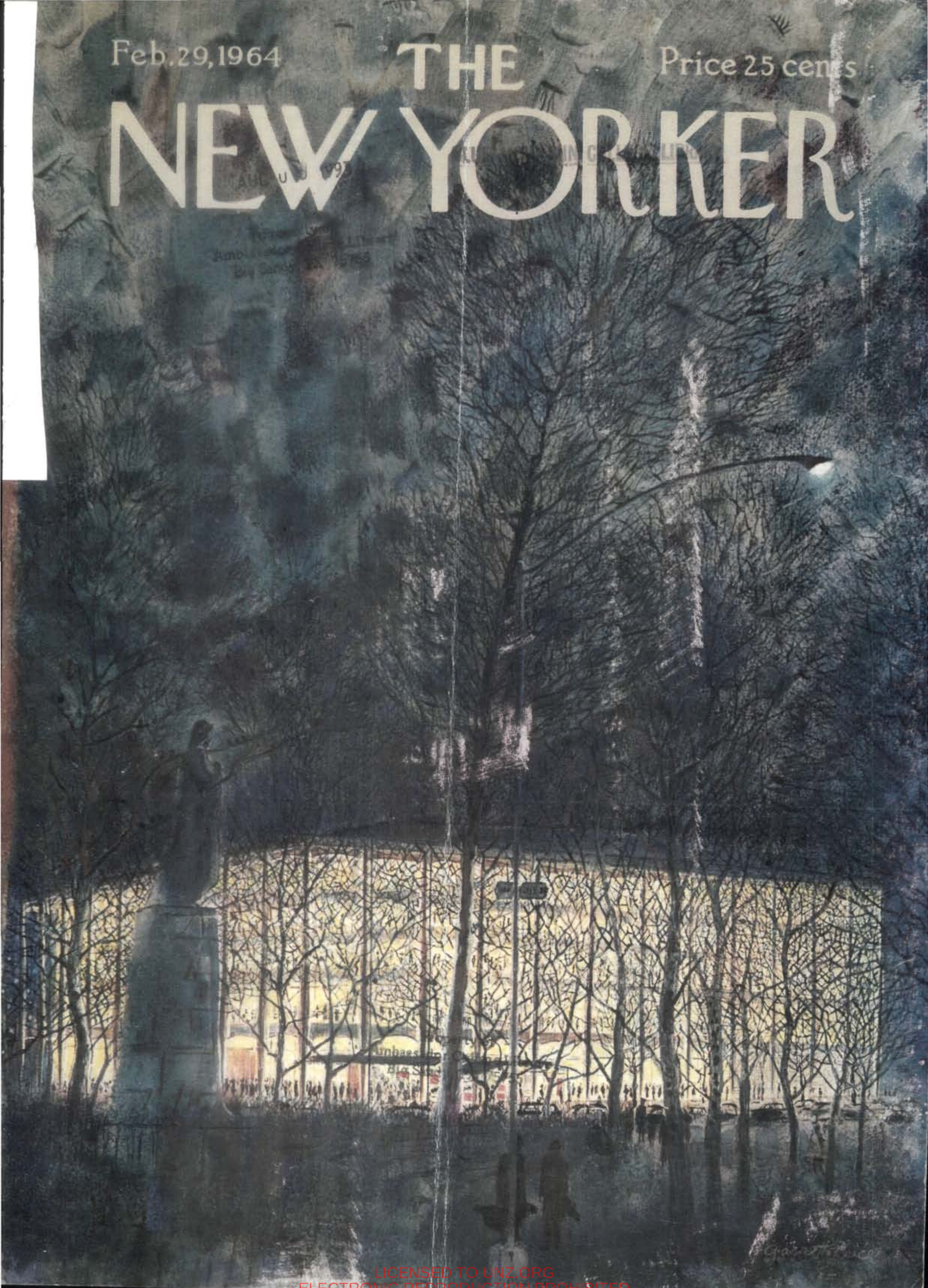

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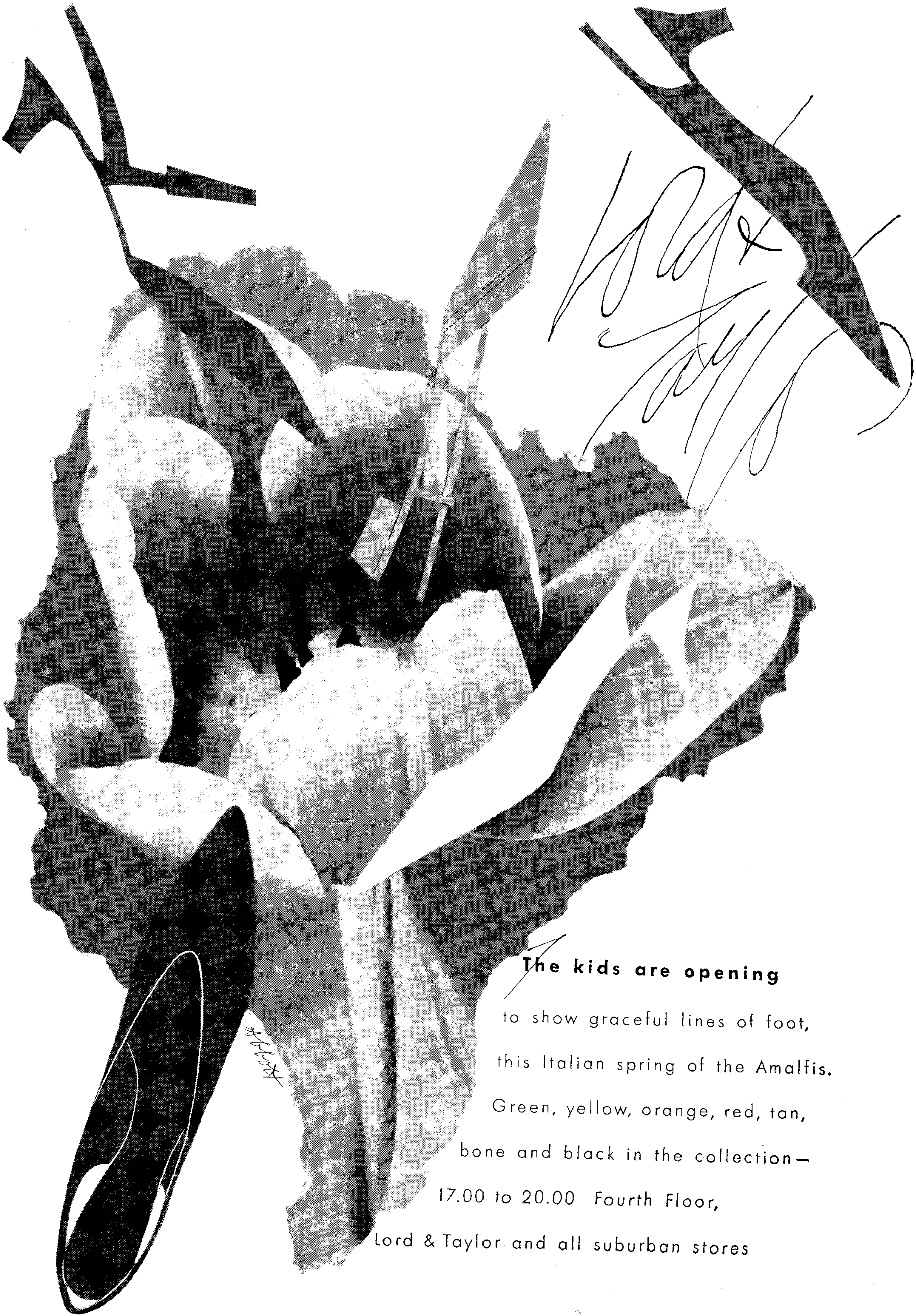

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—An invitation to laughter conceived by Muriel Resnik and advanced with great skill by Sandy Dennis, Rosemary Murphy, Don Porter, and Gene Hackman. It has to do with the ups and downs of the mistress of an industrial big shot who keeps the girl in residence in an executive suite. The play was directed in lively fashion by Henry Kaplan, and has bright sets by Robert Randolph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Barefoot in the Park—Neil Simon's pleasant trifle about the adventures of a married couple starting out life in a Manhattan walkup. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar give good accounts of themselves in the central roles. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Case of Libel—A dramatization of the courtroom struggle between Westbrook Pegler and Quentin Reynolds. Van Heflin is highly effective as the plaintiff's lawyer, and all kinds of admirable performers assist him. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Chinese Prime Minister—A lady just reaching seventy decides to give her children the back of her hand in this comedy by Enid Bagnold. Rather slow going, but distinguished by the performances of Margaret Leighton, Alan Webb, and John Williams as assorted old-timers. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 1.)

Dylan—A perceptive portrait by Sir Alec Guinness of the drunk, loquacious, and talented Welsh poet, who is described here in the course of a couple of visits to the United States. The drama is the skillful work of Sidney Michaels, and has been astutely directed by Peter Glenville. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Habimah—B. Z. Tomer's "Children of the Shadows" is the second play in a seven-week engagement of three productions by the National Theatre of Israel. Earphones provide a simultaneous English translation. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Fridays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 8.)

Luther—John Osborne's powerful reconstruction of the career of the great reformer. John Heffernan now plays the title role. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 1:50 and Saturdays at 2:20.)

Nobody Loves an Albatross—Robert Preston, prancing about amusingly, has the lead in this comedy about Hollywood television. The play was written by Ronald Alexander and directed galvanically by Gene Saks. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Private Ear and **The Public Eye**—A pair of one-act plays by Peter Shaffer, the first of which is pretty dreary and the second of which has a bit of bounce. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 29.)

Long Runs—**beyond the fringe 1964:** Four lively wits (Paxton Whitehead, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook) in a revue, now revised, with new material added. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **enter laughing:** A comedy about a Jewish boy (Alan Arkin) who wants to escape from the world of commerce into the theatre. Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, and Meg Myles are in various other roles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, March 14.) . . . **mary, mary:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **never too late:** A play about a sixty-year-old gentleman dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. With Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **who's afraid of virginia woolf?:** Edward Albee's account of some events at a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Mercedes McCambridge, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Henderson Forsythe, Mr. Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Deputy—Emlyn Williams and Jeremy Brett in a German play by Rolf Hochhuth, adapted by Jerome Rothenberg. Directed by Herman Shumlin and produced by him and Alfred Crown. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

Foxy—Bert Lahr at the top of his game in a variation of Ben Jonson's "Volpone," which puts the whole mercenary crew that Ben was describing in a primitive town in old Alaska. The book is by Ian McLellan Hunter and Ring Lardner, Jr., and the lyrics and music, which are frequently pleasant, are by Johnny Mercer and Robert Emmett Dolan. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 7-5900. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Girl Who Came to Supper—A short order of schmalz having to do with a Middle European grand duke who gets involved with a Milwaukee hoofer in the course of the coronation of George V. The musical, which was adapted from the play by Terence Rattigan, has tunes and lyrics by Noël Coward and features Tessie O'Shea, Florence Henderson, Sean Scully, and José Ferrer. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—An adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," in which Carol Channing and a fine supporting cast have themselves a high old time. The lyrics and music were provided by Jerry Herman, and the book is by Michael Stewart. The enterprise is also fortunate in having direction and choreography by Gower Champion. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Here's Love—Meredith Willson's hymn to Santa Claus, Christmas, Macy's, and Gimbels is long on color but not really lively in the song-and-dance division. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—Although not quite as stimulating as "The Rainmaker," from which it was adapted, this musical still has merit, mostly because Inga Swenson, as the heroine, is wonderfully beguiling. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Rugantino—An Italian musical comedy that is extraordinarily convoluted but does have some pleasant tunes and dances. For the benefit of those who don't speak Italian, English interpretations of the dialogue are projected onto a screen above the stage. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 3. Closes Saturday, Feb. 29.)

Long Runs—**a funny thing happened on the way to the forum:** Plautus, that jolly old Roman, as adapted by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The players include Dick Shawn, Jack Gilford, and assorted cuties. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** Darryl Hickman plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **oliver!:** Dickens' "Oliver Twist," more or less. With Clive Revill,

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

	Page
BOOKS	130
THE CURRENT CINEMA	122
MUSICAL EVENTS	125
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	112
THE RACE TRACK	110
THE THEATRE	106

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?—A musical based on the novel by Budd Schulberg, who, with Stuart Schulberg, wrote the book. The music and lyrics are by Ervin Drake, and the cast includes Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, and Robert Alda. Produced by Joseph Cates and directed by Abe Burrows. Opens Thursday, Feb. 27. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

LINCOLN CENTER REPERTORY—"Marco Millions," Eugene O'Neill's satire—now thirty-six years old—that contrasts the mercenary values of a Western wheeler-dealer with the placid values of the philosophic East. A fine big spectacle in which Hal Holbrook, David Wayne, and Joseph Wiseman figure to good purpose. Performances Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 1, at 2:30 and 7:30.... ¶ Arthur Miller's lengthy drama "After the Fall," which is apparently autobiographical and deals with intellectual and political difficulties of all sorts, is several cuts below Mr. Miller's best work. Performances Friday, Feb. 28, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 29, at 2 and 8.... ¶ S. N. Behrman's comedy-drama "But for Whom Charlie," with Ralph Meeker and Salome Jens, will be the final offering in this series of plays. Previews Tuesday through Friday, March 3-6, at 8:30, and Saturday, March 7, at 2:30 and 8:30. Opening on Thursday, March 12. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

CITY CENTER—A three-week repertory of five plays in French by the Théâtre de France (formerly the Madeleine Renaud—Jean-Louis Barrault Company). A limited number of simultaneous-translation earphones may be rented at each performance. The schedule through March 7: Beaumarchais's "Le Mariage de Figaro," Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.... ¶ Racine's "Andromaque," Friday, Feb. 28, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 29-March 1, at 2:30 and 8:30.... ¶ "Salut à Molière" (arranged by M. Barrault) and Ionesco's "Le Piéton de l'Air," Tuesday, March 3, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, March 4-6, at 8:30; and Saturday, March 7, at 2:30 and 8:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, March 15.)

APA AT THE PHOENIX—The opening performances of a five-play repertory by an alliance between the Association of Producing Artists and the Phoenix Theatre. A revival of Luigi Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are." Previews Saturday, Feb. 29, at 8:40, and Sunday, March 1, at 2:40. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 4, at 7:30. Other performances Friday, March 6, at 8:40, and Saturday, March 7, at 2:40.... ¶ A revival of George M. Cohan's "The Tavern." Previews Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:40; Saturday, Feb. 29, at 2:40; and Tuesday, March 3, at 2:40 and 8:40. Opens officially on Thursday, March 5, at 7:30. Additional performance Saturday, March 7, at 8:40. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

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THE AMOROUS FLEA—A modest and chipper little musical adapted from Molière's "School for Wives," with Lew Parker, properly creaky and comical, as the old bachelor who plans to marry his young ward, and Imelda de Martin, properly slyboots, as the object of his affections. The songs—words and tunes—are by a promising newcomer named Bruce Montgomery. (East 78th Street Playhouse, 52 E. 78th St. AG 9-1100. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE BLACKS—Jean Genet's occasionally stunning, occasionally windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE—A rousing revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CABIN IN THE SKY—Rosetta LeNoire in a revival of the Lynn Root-Vernon Duke-John Latouche 1940 musical. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Thursday and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 1.)

THE CARETAKER—A revival of the Harold Pinter play, with Leonardo Cimino, Donald Moffat, and Norman Bowler serving as the entire cast. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE IMMORALIST—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which is based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

IN WHITE AMERICA—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six fine performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

JERICO-JIM CROW—A fervent performance, by a choir and a handful of soloists, of traditional Negro songs, with a narrative by Langston Hughes. The singing and some of the acting are fine. The singing and acting of Gilbert Price and Hilda Harris are extraordinary. Weekends only. (The Sanctuary, 143 W. 13th St. OR 5-3213. Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30.)

JO—This wispy musical concoction adapted from "Little Women" does no justice to its lively original, but the score and dancing are occasionally rather pleasant. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Fridays at 4, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

THE PINTER PLAYS—Two dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the English playwright Harold Pinter. Alan Schneider directed. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PLAY and **THE LOVER**—"The Lover," Harold Pinter's comedy, is part parody but mostly his own deadpan and very funny joke about an English suburban couple who spend their afternoons in the ritualistic seduction of each other. In "Play," by Samuel Beckett, three corpses in urns reminisce about their late triangular affair for approximately ten cloudy minutes. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 15.)

SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR—A brisk production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. The translation, which sounds fine, is by Paul Avila Mayer. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

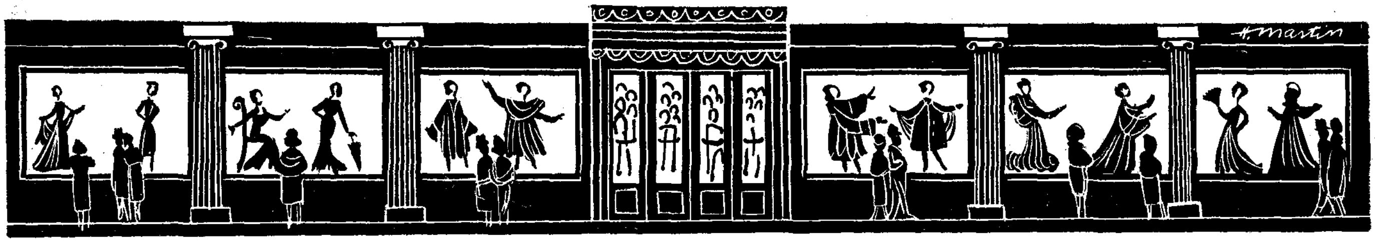
SQUAT BETTY and **THE SPONGE ROOM**—A double bill, by Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall, imported from London. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. OR 3-3377. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK—The songs, by a bright new team—Barry Alan Grael (lyrics) and Richard B. Chodosh (score)—and the direction of Joseph Hardy transform Dion Boucicault's creaky old opus into a thoroughly delightful musical comedy in which every performer is highly satisfactory. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

TELEMACHUS CLAY—A long-faced, vulgar work, billed as a "collage for voices," that tells of the misadventures of a young man who tries to sell a script to the movies. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 1.)

THIS WAS BURLESQUE—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, at 2:30.)

THE TROJAN WOMEN—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis was the director, and the



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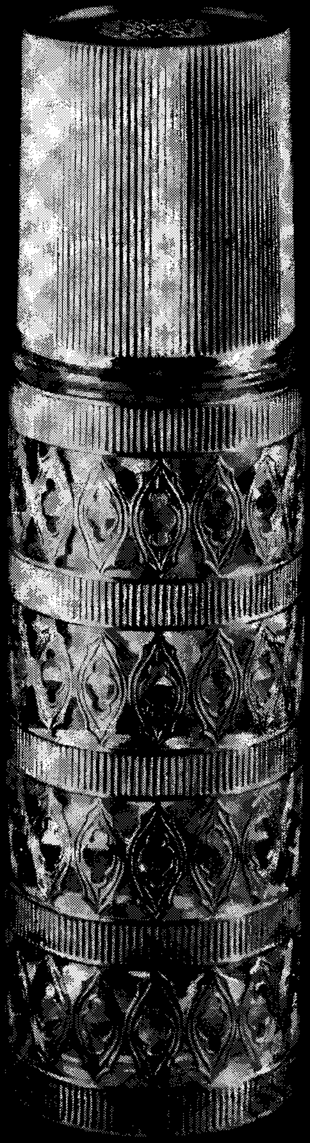

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Trumpets of the Lord—A musical adaptation of "God's Trombones"—a series of poems in the form of sermons by the late James Weldon Johnson—which is by turns (and at times simultaneously) jubilant, witty, moving, and fervent. The all-Negro cast is made up of three good actors and six good singers. The music is made up of spirituals, gospel songs, and freedom songs. Vinnette Carroll is the adapter. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Olé! Olé!—A company of four flamenco dancers and a guitarist. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LO 3-1870. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Edith Stephen—With her dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Feb. 29, at 8:30.)

Juilliard Ballet Ensemble—A program of works by Antony Tudor, Kevin Carlisle, and Ray Harrison, performed by students and alumni of the Juilliard dance department, with members of the Juilliard Orchestra. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, March 6-7, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

Jazz Ballet—"Reflections in the Park," choreographed by Donald McKayle and danced by his company (with Carmen de Lavallade) to music composed by Gary McFarland and played by his ten-man orchestra. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, March 6, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call JU 2-8854.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Ella Fitzgerald, the goodness of whose nature improves whatever she sings, takes charge of the Royal Box at dinner and supper. She is more inclined toward the ballad and less toward jazz than she used to be, but no matter; whatever she does comes under the heading of irresistible force. Roy Eldridge's quartet gives her the proper support. They depart on Saturday, Feb. 29; on Monday, March 2, Tex Beneke brings to town a big band that has all those Glenn Miller orchestrations down by heart; Ray Eberle, another voice from the past, will lead the accompanying choir. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The floral tributes that adorn the walls of the restaurant come from Never-Never Land, but the music is for real. George Anaya's little band, which makes it, is Latin and American. It does menu music from eight to ten and prancing music from then until one, and it stays home Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The changing of the Guard—from the Old to the New—goes on. This work is done to the three-four and four-four counting of the music by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. In the Champagne Room, the loudest noise is Freddie Fassler's Vienna-by-night violin. Sundays, the only sound is taped music in the alcove called Perona's.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, a dignified little duchy, Renato Rossini plays guitar, brisk at dinner and hand-kissing later on. He's absent Mondays, but a Ben Cutler band is in a good humor every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Caterina Valente, who has spent the past seven years in her native Europe, is again exhibiting an ability to cope with ballads of passion and with ballads of prankishness. The coping occurs at dinner and supper in the Persian Room, where Emil Coleman's and Mark Monte's industrious groups do hour after hour of dance tunes for the patrons. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play crumpets-and-scones music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays. . . . ¶ A luxurious dessert and any drink in the house await the visitor between eight and one (except Sundays) in the Palm Court, transformed by the magic of light into an esplanade in Lugano, with real Lugano violin by Gunnar Hansen.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, Peter Duchin's orchestra and Quintero's Latin Americans make the music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, baby sister of the Maisonette, the comestibles are brought to table on the wings of piano by Walter Kay and violin by Jani Sarkozi. Eight to two is their run. Closed Sundays.

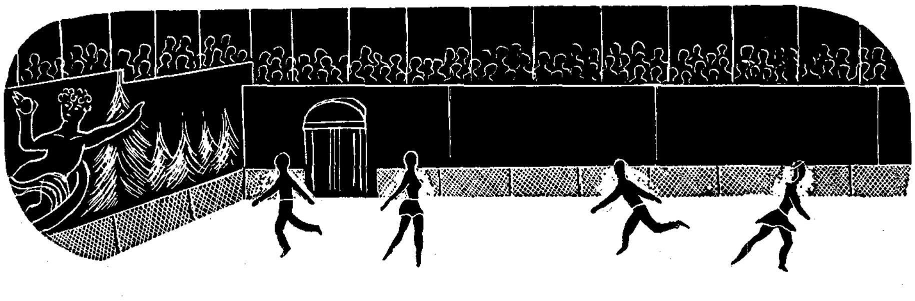
Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns represents great calm, great peace, and chortling music from the small posse of Arturo Arturos, which sets to at half past seven during the week and at six on Sundays for people who feared that tea dancing on Fifth Avenue had been permanently abolished. Curfew on Sundays at eleven, on weekdays at twelve-thirty; closed Mondays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—The spirit of the Cairo Shepheard's back in the days of Empire lives on, seven nights a week, to incessant but jovial dance music (part machine-made, part man-made) that begins at eight. Some of the décor is Peter Larkin's merry Egyptology (he's put Mona Lisa smiles on all his Sphinxes); the rest is the audience, which has put best bibs and best tuckers on itself.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Milt Shaw's band is percolating in the Embassy Club, which is back on its old routine of dinner and supper and eurythmics—eight to one in general, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—A hippety-hop young man named Mimmo del Sud waxes Latin indeed in voice and guitar as he moves about the bar. He begins at nine-thirty and doesn't wane until one-thirty. Sundays are his holidays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Jack Carter, who is in the profession of one-liners, which suffers from a pop-

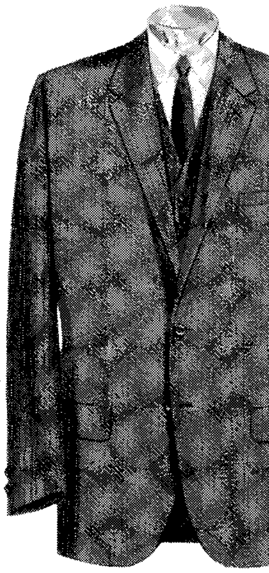


ulation explosion, is demonstrating that he is at least one of the best in his business. His harangues take place at dinner and supper in the Empire Room. A more than usually jaunty Meyer Davis orchestra and the band run by Horace Diaz are also at play. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The days of our childhood—giddy, chockablock, and ceaseless. The sound department is as follows: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as harum-scarum double-deck pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): On an evening's stroll among the dinner tables in this Florentine garden, one can encounter not a few old-school musicians, Puccini and Leoncavallo among them. The baton man for the singers is Aldo Bruschi, whose piano is the orchestra. Thursday through Sunday, Mr. B. expands into a casual dance trio. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): From seven to one, which is enough for the most lackadaisical diner, Ray Hartley uses his piano to transpose the tunes of the day into an idiom that is his alone. This takes place every night but Sunday. . . . **ARCHIE'S,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (EL 5-9395): A roguish glimpse of the nineteenth century, made festive indeed by Hugh Shannon, who gives his pianoforte a sturdy barroom bounce and his all-in-fun ballads a firm, round, fully packed tenor. Michael Burr's bass fiddle joins in the romp. The Downeys, of Eighth Avenue public-house renown, are the management. The music, not audible on Sundays, begins at ten. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Brothers Grimm had something to do with the interior decoration of this playful pageant. Through it strolls Norbert Faconi, his thine-is-my-heart-alone fiddle always tucked under his chin. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The set would do for a London Christmas pantomime of the lives of kings. The orchestra in the pit is George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Land of Goshen for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **MÉDITERRANÉE,** 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): The leisure class is called to order at six every night but Sunday in an alcove of this pampered fish hatchery by Ralph Strain, whose piano makes the world considerably more than bearable. Class dismissed at one. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): High life, but on its best behavior, to which Forrest Perrin contributes judiciously jovial piano for cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): This wing of the Empress's palace is more a monument to Napoleon than to Josephine. It is completely staffed—chef, barman, court musician, and all. The musician is Jules Kuti, whose piano discourses knowingly from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Via Veneto in all its hustle and bustle. Part of the street scene is the squadron of peripatetic violinists squired by the perfectionist Herman Honigsberg, part of it is a smaller flock of accordionists. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the refectory is Renaissance with an unlimited expense account; the music—the calm but poignant guitar of Gustavo Lopez—is largely a love letter to Spain. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys from television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio during the week; on Sundays, they find a jazz duo. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who has always had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his collection on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Monday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): You expect the real Henry James to stand up at any moment in this dining-in-state and dining-in-the-nineties restaurant, in the bar of which there's piano from five to seven-thirty and nine to two every evening but Saturday. . . . **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A scattering of musicians makes the sound that goes with the neat but not gaudy Italian school of cookery. The music breaks into dance rhythm now and again; Fridays and Saturdays, a couple of voices join in. It's all family style, but with the greatest of dignity. Seven is the zero hour. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): This happy hunting ground for night owls has decided to put its small dance floor back to work, so a trio checks in at ten-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The waves that beat on this segment of the Gold Coast issue from the piano of George Feyer, whose tenure is eight-thirty until one or two. The waves are tiny, but nobody seems to mind. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park offers the well-brought-up piano of Steven Weltner, who's part of the intercontinental circuit. He operates from five-thirty to midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Home, home on the range where the gypsy and the zimbalon play. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Dim are the lights, dark is the panelling, and dark are the Russian eyes that Marina Fedorovskaya, the clear-as-a-bell and unmannered innkeeper, sings of between seven-thirty and two. The air is Russian (Imperial), too; so are the ruminative piano and violin; so is the chef. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOGI'S,** 126 E. 56th St. (PL 3-5019): In the bar, Bob Phillips, a new hand, does mellow piano from five to seven. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A noisy neighborhood in which your waiter, your busboy, or your barkeep may be seized by delusions of grand opera right in the middle of your second course. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Our best-known midtown Moorish palace provides dining to tiptoe piano from six to nine-thirty. The musician is Conrad Monjoy, whose vacations are Saturday and Sunday evenings. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): In the Palm Court, which is often an Ivy League forum at the cocktail hour, Joan Bishop applies herself assiduously and calmly to her piano from five to eight-thirty every day but Sunday. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): The piano, which goes quietly about its business from nine-thirty to three during the week, and from five o'clock on every Saturday, never tries to rewrite the nation's songs—rather a novelty these nights. There's food for the inner man (and girl) as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 57th St. (PL 2-7320): The wickedest woman in all Paris, of the Lautrec era, is played and sung by Rita Dimitri, the proprietor of this café, with all the pertinent nuances and implications. She appears at dinner, and on Fridays and Saturdays at supper, too. There's music the rest of the time, some of it for dancing on a tiny floor. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A potpourri of girlery is the basis of "Diamond Fair," a mighty and munificently endowed extravaganza, for aside from a few male acrobats, magicians, and dancers, all dressed to the nines, there's little but bloom-of-youth ladies, dressed to the threes, twos, and ones. The première danseuse is Giselle Szony, a classicist thrown by her partner to one after another of the four winds; the wit is Marie Wilson, whose *soi-disant* ballads are a mass of what can only be called single-entendres. On Wednesday, March 4, she'll be replaced by Eleanor Powell and her footwork. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Jack E. Leonard, who carries a big stick and walks loudly, is the master of ceremonies (or maybe drill sergeant) here. His cannonade is supplemented by Carmen McRae, who gives most of her ballads a ride for dear life, and Si Zentner's large, rather conventional band. Closed Sundays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): On Thursday, March 5, the principal additions to the rumpus will be Mort Sahl, a minority reporter who is anti most everything, even histamine, and Barbara McNair, a fetching, far-flinging young nightingale. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Once again, in "Baker's Dozen," his new revue, Julius Monk is holding the mirror up to life, and once again, his imitation thereof is not the sincerest flattery. As befits the world panorama, the mood is more serious these nights, but it's also as searing as it ever was. The faultless Gerry Matthews is the ringleader; his chief helpmeets are Nagle Jackson, Jamie Ross, Delphi Harrington, and Barbara Cason, an actress of great quality; the sophomores—all deserving a good word, too—are Jan Templeton, Ruth Buzzi, and Richard Blair. The band is the pianos of William Roy, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood. Exhibitions at eight-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The narration is by Woody Allen, up from the sidewalks of Brooklyn, whose memoirs of a childhood that he's still in the midst of are wild, woolly, and witty indeed. Joan Proctor, the singer of the occasion, is a pretty little thing, full of zeal and derivation. Dinner and supper are always part of the course. A trio rambles through the lounge from two until curfew, except Sundays. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Barbara Harris as a mindless urchin is one of the unending delights of the Second City company's revue, a sometimes ambulatory, sometimes headlong venture into sardonicism. Tom O'Horgan's music, mostly on the harp, is the accompaniment. The schedule: Tuesdays through Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven; Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty; and Sundays at eight-thirty. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): "The New Establishment" is the third, and unsparing, round of a London charivari addressed to the removal of stuffing from the shirts of the mighty and ramming it down their throats. Peter Cook is its eminent principal author and thinker. Except for the darkling and delightful Carole Simpson, the expert cast—Peter Bellwood, Alexandra Berlin, Francis Bethencourt, and Roddy Maude-Roxby are the rest of it—is new. Hearings are held Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and on Sundays at four and eight. A rather British cuisine goes with all this, and so does Marian McPartland's semi-abstract American trio, which gets its second wind in the bar after the late show. Closed Mondays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Some of "Twice Over Nightly," the Compass Theatre revue in progress, is midnight pranks in a coëducational dormitory; the rest is a well-put minority report on certain ingrained national habits. Mary Louise Wilson, MacIntyre Dixon, and Paul Dooley are the chiefs; Richard Libertini is the leading Indian. They take off at about nine-fifteen and midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): ". . . And in This Corner," a very new revue, doesn't make the most of Marian Mercer or of Carol Morley, its important ingredients, so they spend half their evening in doldrums instead of high glee. The better half of it, though, is all right. Twice a night weekdays, thrice on

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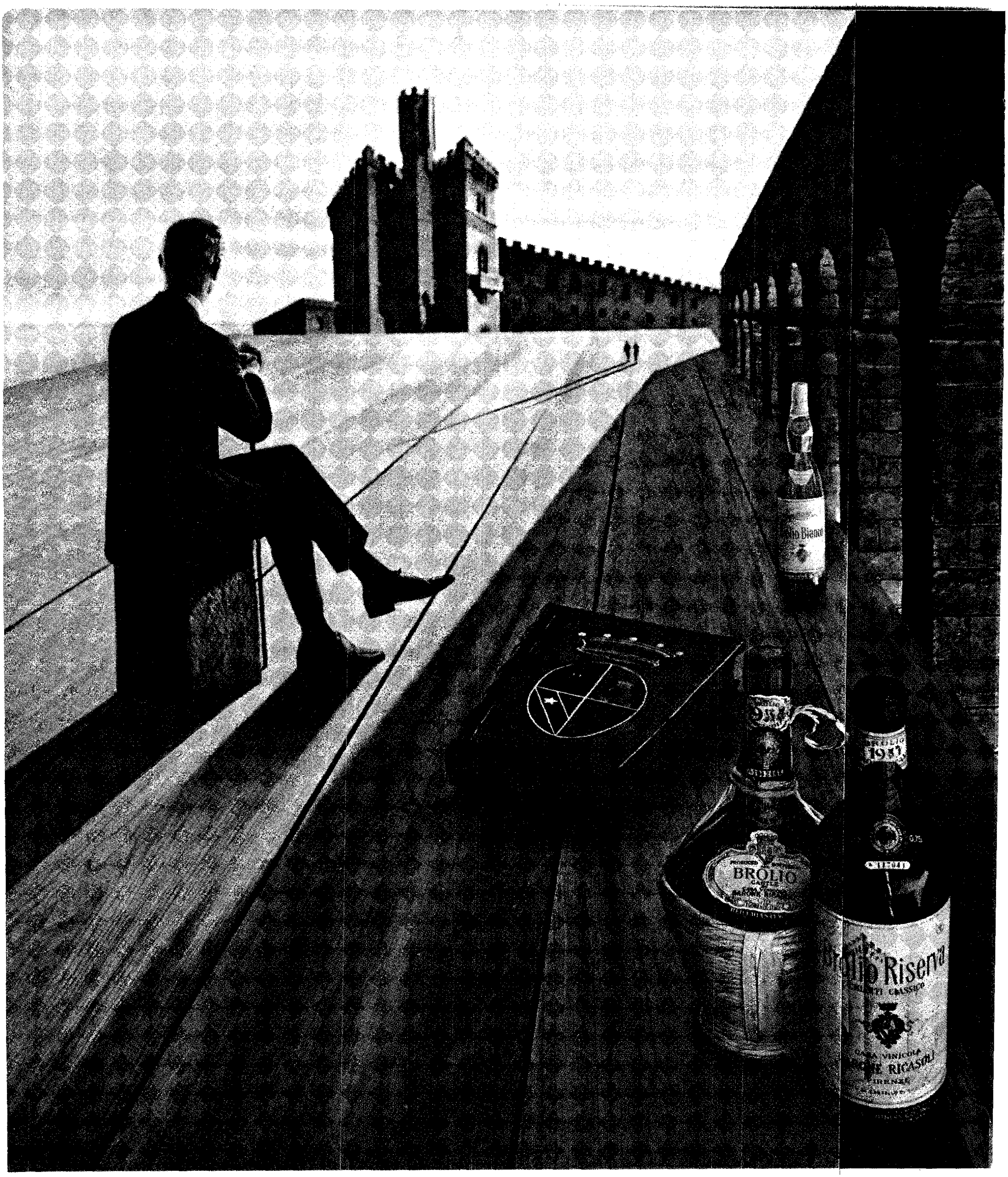
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The backroom is peopled by the glee club and marching band called Los Chavales de España, whose trumpets speak the purest Castilian and whose voices speak the purest passion. These words are put into flamenco action by the feet of Isabella and Miguel. Dinner and supper are their usual post times, but on Saturday nights they add a 2 A.M. tempest, and on Sundays they rampage only at ten-thirty. Emilio Reyes' band, which also gives the customers a chance to unwind, can incite almost to riot. The Sunday afternoon-into-evening tea dances are just as tumultuous. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpatico* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's flamenco arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): The heel of Achilles is not part of the equipment used by Marcelo, the furious little acrobat who leads a tiny flamenco troupe onstage now and then. Like the dancing, the menu is resolutely Latin. On Monday, March 2, Tito Guizar succeeds the flamenco family, bringing along his Mexican mood, stringed instrument, and voice. There's dancing for the customers, too, both at night and from two to seven on Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The Bon Soir as it used to be comes to life again when Isobel Robins puts on her madcap and sings, when Thelma Carpenter lights a torch song at both ends, and when Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames twist the tails of a few tunes. Andy Thomas, a brand-new humorist, is also there. Warren Vaughn does the mood intermission piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO**, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): The cream in the coffee, which is the most powerful beverage to be found on the premises, and the cream of the jesting are both offered up by Irwin Corey, whose extemporaneous commentaries begin no earlier than nine and, since he is a famous filibusterer, can go on forever. Mondays, though, he holds his tongue. A certain amount of kitchen fare goes with the deal. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): Yvonne Constant provides an excellent sample of the Inconstant Nymph, French style, garnished with the proper amount of impish song. A lot of the other amusement is just so much schnitzel. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Marian Montgomery, a singer new to this town, is the main reason for dropping in here. On Tuesday, March 3, a new show, headed by the quintet of Miles Davis, takes the stand. Dancing. Sundays, operations commence at five and keep right on. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Fridays and Saturdays only is the current rule. Feb. 28-29, there'll be a lot of take-it-or-leave-it-alone folk music, so the best bet will be Gerry Mulligan's hard-driving quartet. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A coffeehouse that sets the Village standard for its genre. Among the perquisites that go with it are Ronnie Gilbert, for years the soprano part of the celebrated Weavers. She's off duty on Tuesdays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Rant-and-roll music prevails from three until eight-thirty, after which Marty Napoleon's fivesome and Red Allen's thunderers (the Allens are practically permanent participants) open fire. On Monday, March 2, Gene Krupa's quartet takes over from the Napoleons. Sundays, visiting outfits have the use of the place. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): A great place for weekenders who don't want to get away from it all. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 28-March 1, Horace Silver's tremulous progressivists will wend their uncertain way across the podium. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Wes Montgomery's trio, now the music maker in this downtown outpost, will be replaced, on Friday, Feb. 28, by Art Farmer's quartet, which has Jim Hall on guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The pilgrim's progress of the band run by Charlie Mingus, a pioneer if there ever was one, is on display in all its earnestness, fury, and iconoclasm. On Mondays, the place is assigned to the Upper Bohemia Six, which plays—rather unevenly—for listening and dancing, and to the quartet of David Amram, composer and seeker of the truth about the new music. On Sundays, there's a four-to-eight session for visiting artists. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Lang syne, some of it auld and some of it more recent, is being attended to by Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dave Frishberg, and Mickey Sheen with befitting enthusiasm. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED GARTER**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Youth will be served—that is, if it's over twenty-one—with beer, whiskey, hamburgers, peanuts, and audience-participation music. The G-String Strugglers, six men strong and armed with banjo, tuba, and washboard, begin at eight and desist at two most nights, at three on Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): County-fair midway is the point of view. Not far above the babbling crowd, Joe Bushkin's quartet bounces along every night but Sunday. Jo Jones, Milt Hinton, and Stuff Smith are his helpers. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the celebrated oval bar sits Mary Lou Williams, an intense, dedicated, sometimes demoniac, and always true-blue pianist. Her trio gets to work at ten, and is on the premises every night but Monday. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the midtown rifle ranges. Marshall Brown's battering-ram trombone augments Mr. J. every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday; Thursdays through Saturdays, his aides are Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The boys with the banjos on their knees (there are three on the stand here, and they call themselves the Banjokers) are leading their Susannahs not to the wild frontier but back to the primitive beginnings of American jazz. Their plunking, which runs from nine to three or four Wednesdays through Sundays, is complemented by beer, peanuts, and come-as-you-are devotees. Mondays and Tuesdays, a counterpart known as the Red Onion Minstrels works out. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): J. C. Higginbotham, George Wettling, and Hank D'Amico are among the instrumentalists who are talking over old times here. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AFRO—Gouaches by the contemporary Italian abstractionist; through Saturday, March 7. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Bronze and wood sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

SONDRA BEAL—Abstract wooden sculptures; through March 14. (DeNagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

MARGIT BECK—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Saturday, March 7. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROGER BOLOMEY—Sculptures; through March 21. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

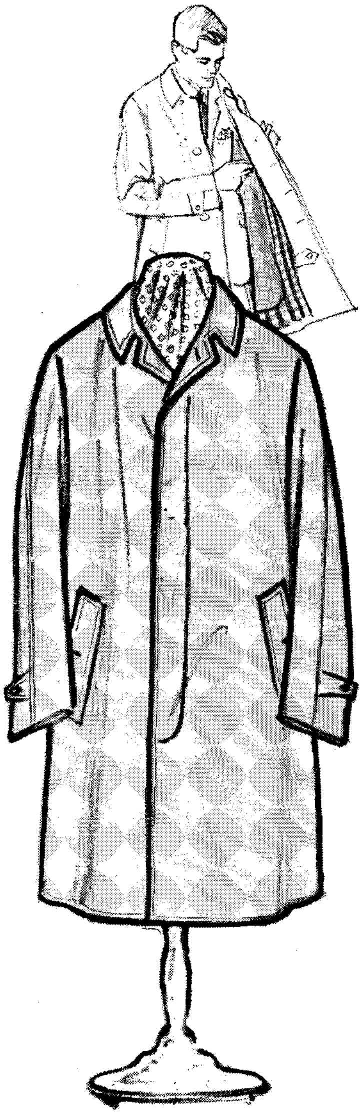
DORIS CAESAR—Bronze nudes; through March 28. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

CARROLL CLOAR—Realist landscapes and figures, in tempera; through Saturday, March 7. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

ROBERT D'ARISTA—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figure studies; through Saturday, March 7. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

WILLEM DE KOONING—Drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

LOUIS M. EILSHEMIUS (1864-1941)—An exhibition of oils, watercolors, drawings, and memorabilia, commemorating the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through Saturday,



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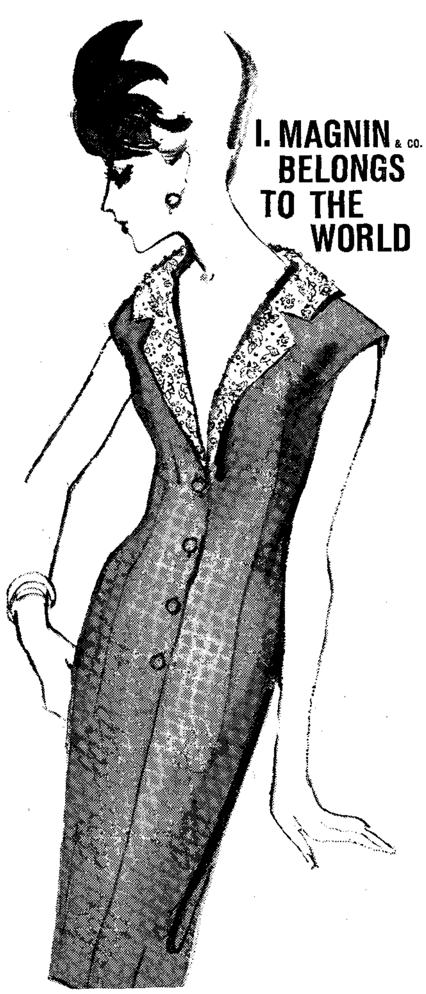

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 7. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Golfinopoulos—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 7. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Adolph Gottlieb—His prize-winning exhibition of abstract paintings from the recent São Paulo Bienal; through Tuesday, March 3. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Childe Hassam—Landscapes and still-lifes by the American Impressionist; through Saturday, March 7. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hofmann—Paintings by the dean of Abstract Expressionists; through Saturday, March 7. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robin Ironside—Semi-Surrealist oils and gouaches; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Lester Johnson—Figurative paintings and drawings of heads depicting Bowery types; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Roger Jorgensen—Hard-edge abstractions; through Thursday, March 5. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Herbert Katzman—Portraits; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Karl Knaths—Recent paintings by a veteran American abstractionist; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Guitou Knoop—Abstract sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Gaston Lachaise—Fifteen portrait heads make up an exhibition that is running concurrently with the showing of his works at the Whitney Museum; through March 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Patricia Ladew—Paintings done on old, found wood, and figure drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Mon Levinson—Relief sculptures; through March 14. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Israel Levitan—Abstract sculptures in wood and bronze; through March 12. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Sylvia Lowen—Pen-and-ink landscape drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Marisol—Wooden figurative sculptures; through March 21. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ezio Martinelli—Drawings, plus two sculptures; through Saturday, March 7. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

André Masson—Paintings and drawings, 1923-62; through Saturday, March 7. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Melcarth—Social-romantic paintings; through Saturday, March 7. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

George L. K. Morris—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

George Mueller—Geometric paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Ray Prohaska—Paintings done at Amagansett, Long Island; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Chase, 31 E. 64th St.)

Eduardo Ramirez and Edgar Negret—Two contemporary Colombian artists, the first exhibiting painted reliefs, the second sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Siegfried Reinhardt—Symbolic drawings and paintings; through March 14. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Milton Resnick—Early paintings (1937-59); through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Feiner, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St.) . . . ¶ Recent paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Georges Rouault and the School of Paris—Oil paintings by Rouault, set against a background of paintings and sculptures by his colleagues in the School of Paris, including Soutine, Maillol, and Miró; through Saturday, March 7. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Toulouse-Lautrec—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings, drawings, lithographs, and posters, marking the centennial anniversary of his birth; through March 14. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Stanley Twardowicz—Abstractions; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Ralph Wehrenberg—Abstract paintings and graphics; through Saturday, March 7. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Tom Wesselmann—Collages; through Saturday, March 7. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chinese Art—Paintings and calligraphy by masters of the Ming and Ch'ing dynasties; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Sculptures—At the **bertha schaefer**, 32 E. 57th St.: Ancient terra-cotta and bronze ceremonial vessels, in the shapes of figures and animals, from Amlash, in Iran; through Saturday, Feb. 29. . . . **staempfli**, 47 E. 77th St.: Stone, wood, and metal sculptures by American and European artists, among them Harry Bertoia, Max Bill, and Jean Tinguely; through March 21. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **graham**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Six Early American portraits (by Robert Feke, John Wollaston, Charles Willson Peale, Gilbert Stuart, and Thomas Sully), plus a group of drawings; through March 21. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Oils by Ogden M. Pleissner, Stephen Etnier, and Adolf Dehn (to mention a few); through March 21. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **salpeter**, 42 E. 57th St.: Mainly watercolors and drawings, by Hal Lotterman, Jacques Hnizdovsky, August Mosca, and others; through Saturday, March 7. . . . **sloan**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by members of the Hudson River School, including Albert Bierstadt, Jasper Francis Cropsey, and Homer D. Martin; through March 28.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: "Pioneers 1910-30," an exhibit of abstract paintings and sculptures by such artists as Lipchitz, Albers, and Picabia; through Saturday, Feb. 29. . . . **fried**, 40 E. 68th St.: Paintings by Philip Guston, Salvador Dali, Kurt Schwitters, and others; through Saturday, Feb. 29. . . . **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: An exhibition entitled "The Classic Spirit in 20th Century Art," comprising paintings and sculptures by fifty-three Purist artists, from Brancusi, Mondrian, and Malevich to today; through Saturday, Feb. 29.

Europeans; Group Show—Vieira da Silva, Jean Arp, Pierre Soulages, and other twentieth-century painters; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Latin-Americans; Group Show—Oils, drawings, and watercolors by ten young painters from Argentina, Chile, Guatemala, and several other countries; through Saturday, Feb. 29. (Galeria Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Recent Additions to the Print Collection," including items from every century since the fifteenth by, among others, Goltzius, Rembrandt, and Goya. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 21 W. 53rd St.—The galleries will be closed until mid-May, while the Museum gets on with its remodelling and building program.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Fourteenth National Print Exhibition; starting Tuesday, March 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Mughal India," *containing examples of the arts of the Mughal dynasty* (1526-1858)—book and album paintings; vessels of jade, glass, and crystal; arms and armor; fabrics of gold tissue; and rugs. Through March 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Fourth Guggenheim International Award Exhibition, consisting of a painting apiece by eighty-two artists, including Alberto Giacometti, whose "Large Nude" won first prize. Twenty-four countries are represented. Through March 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A ten-year retrospective of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Jasper Johns, a leading member of the New York School; through April 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Liturgical manuscripts and books (of the eighth to the eighteenth centuries) for the Mass and the Divine Office; through March 21. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Designs for the Performing Arts," a display of original costume and scene designs (by Adrian, Cecil Beaton, Robert Edmond Jones, and others) from the Museum's collection; through Aug. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A show entitled "Seafarers of New Guinea: Art of the Massim Area" (carved canoe prows and paddles, dance shields, and the like), together with a showing of paintings of primitive sculptures by Miguel Covarrubias; through May 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-thirty-ninth annual exhibition, composed of nearly four hundred oils, sculptures, prints, and watercolors by both members and non-members; through March 15. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Maine and Its Artists: 1710-1963," a survey of paintings and sculptures ranging from eighteenth-century portraits and nineteenth-century romantic landscapes to the present, by such artists as Robert Feke, Winslow Homer, Marsden Hartley, and Andrew Wyeth; through March 22. . . . ¶ A retrospective of figures in bronze, marble, lead, and alabaster, and drawings, by the French-born American sculptor Gaston Lachaise (1882-1935); through April 5. A good complement to this exhibition is the Lachaise showing at the Robert Schoelkopf Gallery, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, Feb. 27: "Lohengrin," with Régine Crespin, Irene Dalis, Karl Liebl, Walter Cassel, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 28: "Otello," with Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, James McCracken, Robert Merrill, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 29: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, William Dooley, Jess Thomas, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 29: "La Bohème," with Gabriella Tucci, Elisabeth Söderström, Franco Corelli, Frank Guarrera, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 2: "The Last Savage," with Roberta Peters, Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, George London, Nicolai Gedda, Morley Meredith, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 3: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leonie Rysanek, Gianna d'Angelo, Elisabeth Söderström, Jess Thomas, Walter Cassel, Morley Meredith, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 4: "Lohengrin," with Régine Crespin, Nell Rankin, Sándor Kónya, Hermann Uhde, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 5: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Leontyne Price, Joann Grillo, William Dooley, Barry Morell, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Fri-

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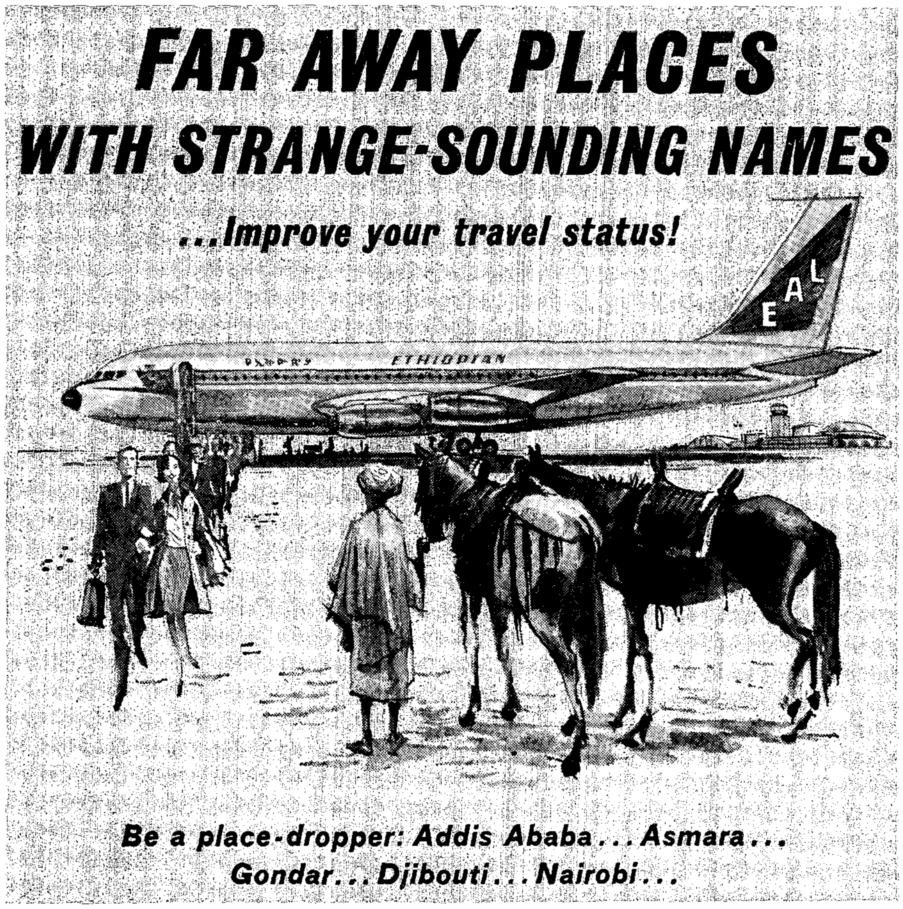
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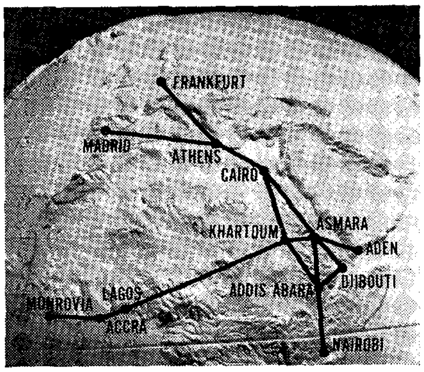

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day evening, March 6: A new production of Verdi's "Falstaff," with Gabriella Tucci, Judith Raskin, Regina Resnik, Rosalind Elias, Anselmo Colzani, Luigi Alva, Mario Sereni, and Norman Scott. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call OX 5-4100.) . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 7: "Don Carlo," with Leonie Rysanek, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Nicolae Herlea, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 7: "La Sonnambula," with Roberta Peters, Jeanette Scovotti, George Shirley, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Louis Sgarro. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Josef Krips conducting—A Mozart-La Montaine program on Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 28, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 29, at 8:30; and Sunday, March 1, at 3 (all with Adele Addison, soprano; Louise Parker, contralto; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and the Schola Cantorum of New York); and a Hindemith-Bruckner program on Thursday, March 5, at 8:30; Friday, March 6, at 2:15; Saturday, March 7, at 8:30; and Sunday, March 8, at 3 (no soloists).

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30, with Rudolf Serkin, piano.)

Houston Symphony Orchestra—Sir John Barbirolli conducting, in the orchestra's first appearance here. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, March 3, at 8:30.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet directing Schumann's "Manfred" (music to Byron's dramatic poem), with the Columbia University Chorus; Basil Langton, narrator; and soloists. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 29, at 8:30. For free tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2081.)

Friends of Live Music—Eric Simon conducting an orchestra made up of members of the Boston Symphony in a program of music by Richard Strauss, with Ruth Morris, soprano, and Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 1, at 5:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Hugh Ross directing Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with the Schola Cantorum of New York; Veronica Tyler, soprano; Blanche Thebom, mezzo-soprano; David Dodds, tenor; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 4, at 8:30, a benefit performance; and Sunday, March 8, at 2:30, a non-benefit performance.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Elisabeth Söderström, soprano; Helen Vanni, mezzo-soprano; John McCollum, tenor; Chester Watson, bass; and a chorus. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, March 7-8, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing an *a cappella* program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers—Serge Jaroff directing. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 1, at 8:30.)

Fordham University Glee Club—James B. Welch directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 6, at 8:40.)

RECITALS

Vera Tisheff—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 27, and Thursday, March 5, both at 8:30.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—The third in a series of four programs of Mozart piano sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The Marlboro Trio. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 29, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano, in an all-Mozart program. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, March 4, at 8:30.)

Lise Schneider—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Wednesday, March 4, at 8:30.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 6, at 8:30.)

Sidney Harth—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 6, at 8:30.)

Gina Bachauer—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 7, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Eleanor Roosevelt Memorial Concert—A benefit concert, performed by, among others, Billy Eckstein, Jerome Hines, Eugene List, Blanche Thebom, the United States Military Academy Glee Club, and an orchestra made up of members of the New York Philharmonic conducted by Paul Taubman. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, March 6, at 8:30. For tickets, call AL 4-8750.)

Anna Russell—Vocal caricaturist. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 7, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concerts—A six-week series of weekend performances. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28-29, Lucky Thompson's octet is scheduled to appear. (Little Theatre, 238 W. 44th St. BR 9-6100. Fridays at 8:30 and at midnight and Saturdays at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 29, at 6:30: Boston vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. San Francisco. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 3, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 28: Rubin (Hurricane) Carter vs. James Ellis, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, March 6: Gerhard Zech vs. Ernest Terrell, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 1, at 7: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 4, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, March 21. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 29, and the John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 7.

Skating—Middle Atlantic Figure Skating Championships—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28-29, at 8 A.M.: School figures. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28-29, at 5:30: Free skating. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 1, at 8:30 A.M.: Dance competitions. (Iceland Rink, Eighth Ave. at 50th St. Tickets at the box office only, and only on the days of the events.)

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8: Knights of Columbus. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 7, at 1 and 6:30: I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, May 13. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Siegfried Landau conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonia. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 7, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **children's theatre wing**: “The Tinder Box.” (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **image theatre**: “Red Shoes.” (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Feb. 29, at 11.) . . . **maximillion productions**: “Gabriel Ghost.” (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Saturday, Feb. 29, at 2:30.) . . . **merri-mimes**: “The Firebird.” (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **musical theatre for children**: “The Prince and the Pauper.” (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **pocket players**: “Emil and the Detectives.” (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 29, at 2:30.) . . . **stage 73**: “The Absent-Minded Dragon.” (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

Dance Recital—Pearl Primus and Percival Borde with their dance company. (Public School No. 198, Third Ave. at 96th St. Saturday, Feb. 29, at 11. Tickets at the school only, after 10:30 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—“Archaeology: Exploring the Past,” an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, “Galileo and the Stars,” demonstrates Galileo's major astronomical discoveries. Starting Tuesday, March 3, there will be a new show, “The Year of the Quiet Sun,” which will study the sun and its influences on earth at a time when solar activity is at a minimum. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—Bramwell Fletcher presenting a program called “Love, Laughter and Baseball,” which is made up of excerpts from the works of James Thurber, Dylan Thomas, E. E. Cummings, George Bernard Shaw, Shakespeare, and others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Muriel Rukeyser reading from her own poetry. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, March 2, at 8:30.)

National Antiques Show—A penny arcade of the Gay Nineties and collections of rare dolls, pewter, buttons, and so on, are some of the countless items to be displayed by three hundred or so dealers. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Feb. 27, through Wednesday, March 4, from 1 to 11, and Thursday, March 5, from 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28-29, at 1:45: Chinese art, including K'ang Hsi porcelains; jades and other semiprecious-mineral carvings; early dynastic pottery, porcelains, and bronzes; snuff bottles; Chinese and Japanese ivory carvings; Chinese, Siamese, Cambodian, and Indian sculptures; Chinese paintings; and lamps and other decorative objects. The property of Fred Olsen and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 6-7, at 1:45: French and other furniture; Royal Worcester porcelain bird statuettes modelled by Dorothy Doughty; Russian icons, Easter eggs, and silver and enamel *objets de vertu*; table silver, porcelain and glass; Dresden and other cabinet porcelains; Cuzco School and other paintings and drawings; Brussels Renaissance tapestries; bibelots; and Oriental and other rugs. From several collectors, among them Mrs. Rena Clark. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 29.

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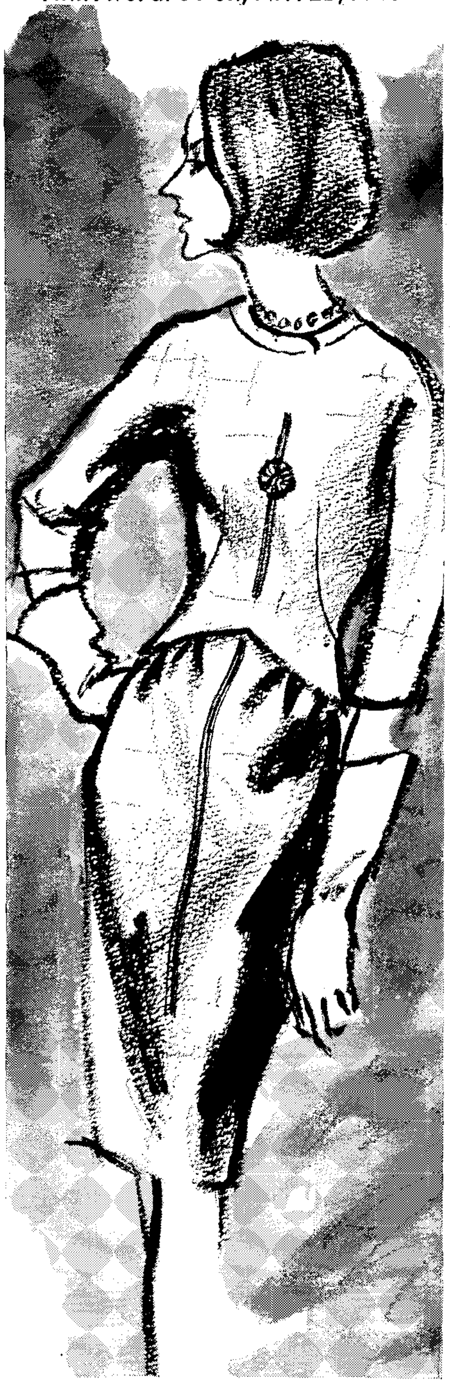

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

America America—A leisurely, touching account of a young Greek who aspires to come to America and, like a good Greek, does so. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Billy Liar—A born prevaricator gets himself into many a Walter Mitty mess and at last fails to get out. With Tom Courtenay and a beautiful girl named Julie Christie. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Cleopatra—The already famous epic, which looks like "Aïda" raised to the tenth power and would be better off if it sounded like it. Still, you might as well go. Starring, of course, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Roddy McDowall, etc., etc. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb—A nightmare comedy as shocking and wonderful as its title is long. With Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Easy Life—A funny and upsetting study of an aggressive charmer, whose vitality brings with it death as well as joy. Starring Vittorio Gassman and directed by Dino Risi. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

8½—A movie by a famous movie director, Federico Fellini, about a famous movie director engaged in making a movie and failing. Very fine. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 3, tentative.)

The Fire Within—Louis Malle's sad and beautiful picture about a young Parisian suicide. Maurice Ronet is superb in the starring role. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Not for small children. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Knife in the Water—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in contemporary Poland. Roman Polanski, who wrote and directed this comedy, is plainly to be watched. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; Feb. 27.)

Lord of the Flies—Peter Brook's fine, attacking version of William Golding's overblown allegory. The boys are all "absolutely smashing" and uncannily true to type—upper-class public-school hooligans, the backbone of an Empire. The atmosphere of school brutality is accurately caught and nicely photographed. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through March 3. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting March 4, tentative.)

Point of Order!—A powerful documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings, starring the late, very frightening junior senator from Wisconsin. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through March 1.)

Seven Days in May—Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner in a terrific thriller about a right-wing plot to take over Washington and, indeed, all of us. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Silence—Ingmar Bergman's latest study of the human condition is also his gloomiest, though Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are fascinating to watch. (Rialto, B'way at 42nd, LO 5-9795; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

This Sporting Life—Richard Harris gives a moving performance as a professional Rugby player for whom everything goes wrong, and Rachel Roberts is just as good as the woman who cannot love him. This brutal, tragic picture, which could have been first-rate, is slightly spoiled by Lindsay Anderson's obtrusive direction. The setting is a city in the North of England. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through March 3. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting March 4.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed—An exceptionally attractive film, in which Alberto Sordi does his gentle best to find out if it's true that Swedish girls dote on Italian lovers. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

Tom Jones—A joyous embodiment of the Fielding novel, written by John Osborne and directed by Tony Richardson and acted with raffish high spirits by Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Susannah York, Joan Greenwood, and a seeming hundred more. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

REVIVALS

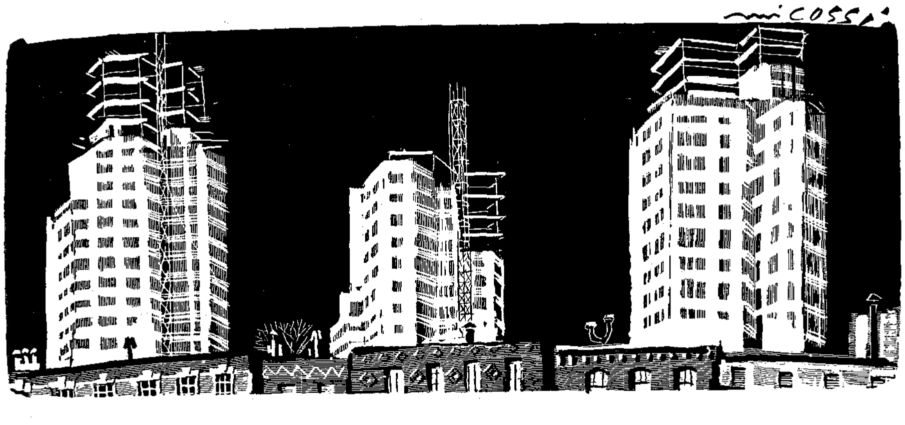
The Balcony (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 28-March 2.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, derived from a story by James Thurber. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting March 4, tentative.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

City Lights (1931)—The old familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 27.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting March 4, tentative.)



Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 28-March 2.)

Divorce—Italian Style (1962)—A farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. Pietro Germi is the director. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting March 4.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Charlie Chaplin telling off the dictators. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Heavens Above! (1963)—The Church of England is the main target of this satire, produced and directed by the Boulting brothers and with Peter Sellers and Cecil Parker. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting March 4, tentative.)

Klondike Annie (1936)—Mae West in a Salvation Army bonnet. With Victor McLaglen. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Feb. 28.)

The L-Shaped Room (1963)—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl and Tom Bell is the boy. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 28-March 2.)

The Matchmaker (1958)—Shirley Booth, Anthony Perkins, and Shirley MacLaine in an adaptation of Thornton Wilder's play about marital maneuverings in Yonkers in the eighteen-eighties. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 4.)

The Miracle Worker (1962)—Opening chapters in the inspiring life of Helen Keller, acted by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 3.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through March 3.)

Los Olvidados (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. Formerly called "The Young and the Damned." (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 27.)

Orpheus (1950)—Cocteau's modern-dress interpretation of the Greek legend. In French, with Jean Marais. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting Feb. 28.)

7 Capital Sins (1963)—As many separately written and directed episodes as there are sins. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through March 3. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—Slapstick in the old Mack Sennett manner, with Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, and Marilyn Monroe. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; starting March 4.)

Sparrows Can't Sing (1963)—A comedy of London lowlife, directed by Joan Littlewood, with James Booth and Barbara Windsor. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 27.)

A Summer to Remember (1961)—Out of Russia, a picture demonstrating that to be a child in a village there is like being a child in a village anywhere. With Borya Barkhatov. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; Feb. 27.)

Two Women (1961)—An Italian movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting March 4.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs a tale of a minister who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 27.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The auditorium, now closed for repairs, will reopen in May.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
1	2	3	4			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Man's Favorite Sport?," Rock Hudson, Paula Prentiss.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Sunday in New York," Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Best of Cinerama," a film composed of excerpts from the first five Cinerama movies. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Feb. 27: "The Doll" (in Swedish).
From Feb. 28: "Two Are Guilty," Anthony Perkins, Jean-Claude Brialy.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Dead Ringer," Bette Davis, Karl Malden.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through March 3: "Dr. Crippen," Donald Pleasence.
From March 4: "Man in the Middle," Robert Mitchum, France Nuyen.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-0795)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
Through March 2: "The Bad Sleep Well" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
From March 3: "Stray Dog" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
BILLY LIAR.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
Through March 3: **THIS SPORTING LIFE**; and **7 CAPITAL SINS** (in French), revival.
From March 4: To be announced.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"Man's Favorite Sport?," Rock Hudson, Paula Prentiss.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 3: "The Wheeler Dealers," James Garner, Lee Remick; and "The Running Man," Laurence Harvey, Lee Remick.
From March 4: **SOME LIKE IT HOT**, revival; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through March 3 (tentative): "Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.
From March 4 (tentative): **LORD OF THE FLIES**; and **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES**, revival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Feb. 27: "Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.
From Feb. 28: To be announced.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
A program of nine short films including "Dylan Thomas," "Happy Anniversary," and "The Critic."

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Day and the Hour" (in French and English), Simone Signoret, Stuart Whitman.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Dead Ringer," Bette Davis, Karl Malden.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Young and Willing," Virginia Maskell.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE GREAT DICTATOR, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED (in Italian and Swedish).

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
TOM JONES.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through March 1: **POINT OF ORDER!**
From March 2: "Doulos the Finger Man" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through March 3: "Sunday in New York," Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda.
From March 4: "Man in the Middle," Robert Mitchum, France Nuyen.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 3 (tentative): **8½** (in Italian).
From March 4 (tentative): **DAVID AND LISA**, revival; and **HEAVENS ABOVE!**, revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 3: "An Affair of the Skin," Viveca Lindfors, Kevin McCarthy; and "A French Mistress," revival, Cecil Parker, James Robertson Justice.
From March 4: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Man's Favorite Sport?," Rock Hudson, Paula Prentiss.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 3: "The Wheeler Dealers," James Garner, Lee Remick; and "Thunder Island," Gene Nelson, Fay Spain.
From March 4: "The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Feb. 27: **LOS OLVIDADOS** (in Spanish; formerly called "The Young and the Damned"), revival; and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.
Feb. 28-March 2: **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival; and "Thérèse" (in French), Emmanuele Riva.
From March 3: "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival; and "The Strange Ones" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 3: **LORD OF THE FLIES**; and **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY**, revival.
From March 4: **TWO WOMEN** and **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (both in Italian and both revivals).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 3: "Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn; and "The Mouse on the Moon," revival, Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.
From March 4: **THIS SPORTING LIFE**; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
BEAT THE DEVIL, revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 3: "The Wheeler Dealers," James Garner, Lee Remick; and "Thunder Island," Gene Nelson, Fay Spain.
From March 4: **THE MATCHMAKER**, revival; and "All the Way Home," Robert Preston, Jean Simmons.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 3: "An Affair of the Skin," Viveca Lindfors, Kevin McCarthy; and "A French Mistress," revival, Cecil Parker, James Robertson Justice.
From March 4: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through March 3: "Dark Purpose," Shirley Jones, Rossano Brazzi; and "He Rides Tall," Tony Young, Dan Duryea.
From March 4: **SOME LIKE IT HOT**, revival; and "Irma la Douce," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Feb. 27: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish).
From Feb. 28: "Two Are Guilty," Anthony Perkins, Jean-Claude Brialy.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE EASY LIFE (in Italian).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Feb. 27: **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian), revival; and "Kanal" (in Polish), revival.
From Feb. 28: **ORPHEUS** (in French), revival; and "Beauty and the Beast" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THE FIRE WITHIN (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Der Rosenkavalier," a Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger. (Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
AMERICA AMERICA.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through March 3: "The Wheeler Dealers," James Garner, Lee Remick; and "Thunder Island," Gene Nelson, Fay Spain.
From March 4: "The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Feb. 27: **CITY LIGHTS**, revival.
From Feb. 28: **KLONDIKE ANNIE**, revival; and "I'm No Angel," revival, Mae West, Cary Grant.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 3: "Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?," Dean Martin, Elizabeth Montgomery; and "In the French Style," Jean Seberg, Stanley Baker.
From March 4: **THE MATCHMAKER**, revival; and "All the Way Home," Robert Preston, Jean Simmons.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 27: **WINTER LIGHT** (in Swedish), revival; and **SPARROWS CAN'T SING**, revival.
Feb. 28-March 2: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM**, revival; and **THE BALCONY**, revival.
From March 3: **THE MIRACLE WORKER**, revival; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 3: "An Affair of the Skin," Viveca Lindfors, Kevin McCarthy; and "A French Mistress," revival, Cecil Parker, James Robertson Justice.
From March 4: To be announced.

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JOIE DE VIVRE

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IS A TEMPTATION
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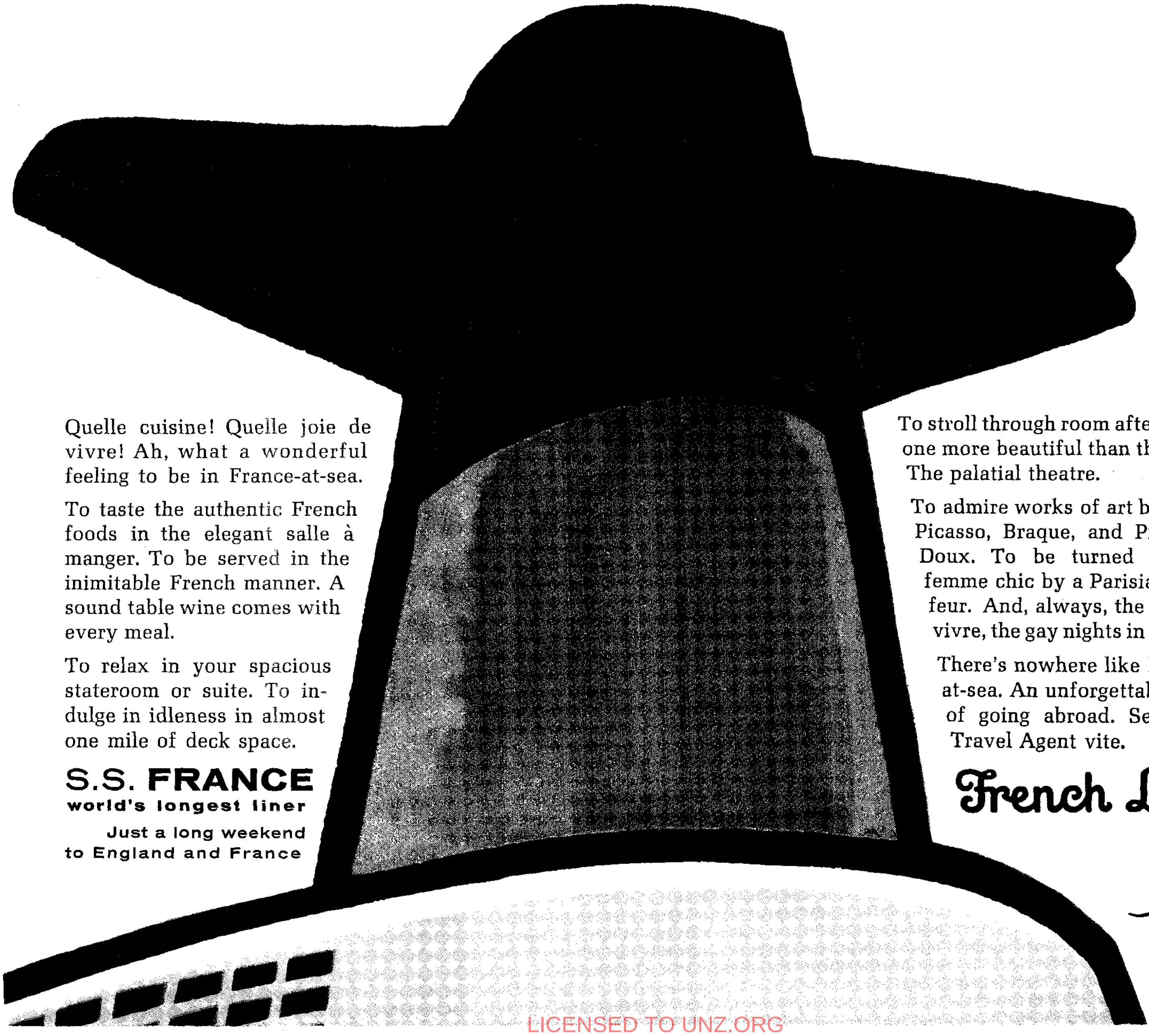

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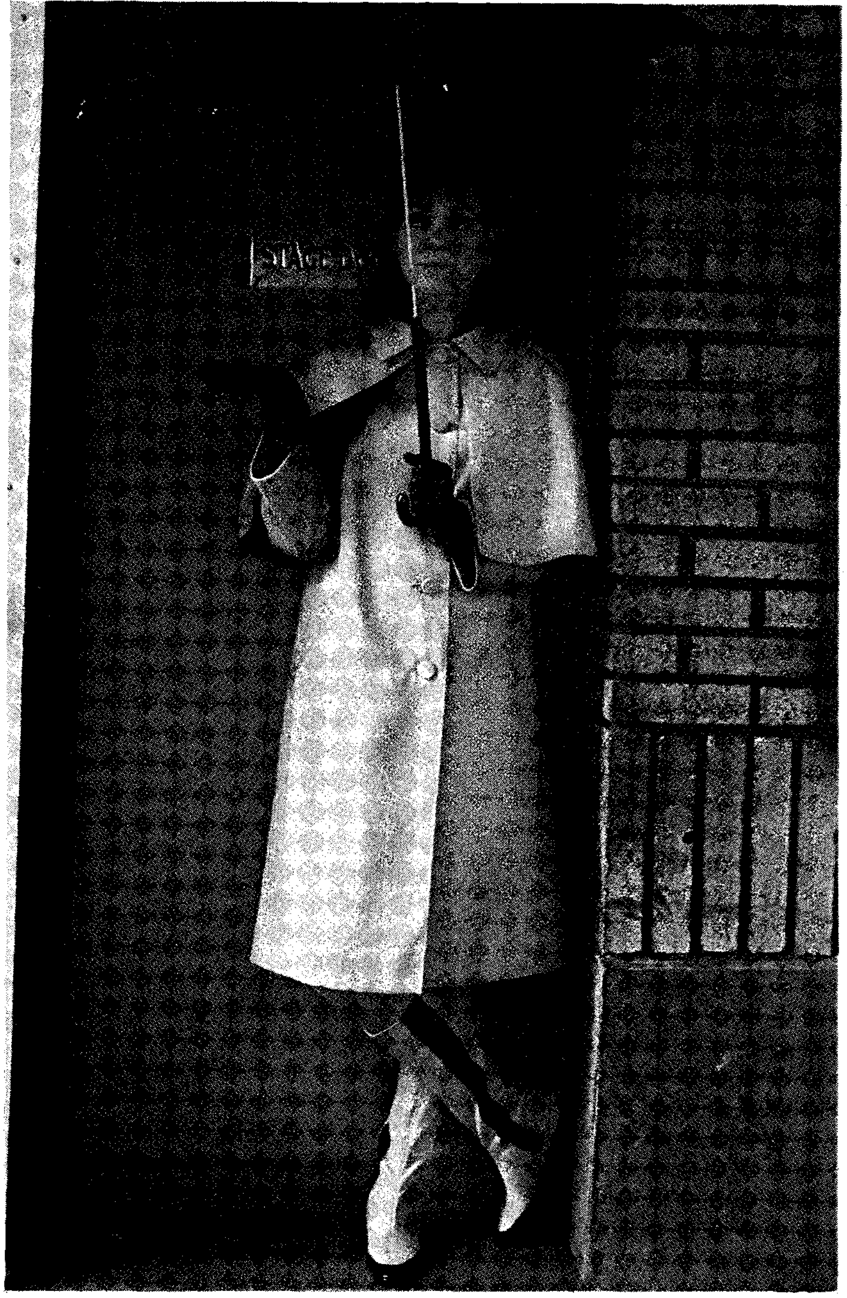
It's raining inside.

However, 17 year old Lesley Warren is fully prepared. With a bright talent and a show stopping number. When the rains come at the end of *110 in the Shade,* she doesn't mind getting soaked at all.

In fact, rain has been especially lucky for Lesley. "Everything important has happened to me when it's raining," she tells us. "I was born on a rainy day. I passed the test for Music and Art High School on a rainy day. I got this role, which was my first break, on a rainy day. And the reviews came out—you guessed it—on a rainy day." "When it's not raining, what do you do?" we asked. She thought a moment then laughed. "I take long showers."



Because Lesley has such a special feeling about rain, we asked her to model a very special raincoat. It's made with Fortrel to keep it neat, fresh, and wrinkle-resistant. In other words, it keeps you looking your best even when you're feeling that rain is for ducks. Because this is often the time luck chooses to come along. This PRL raincoat with reversible cape in Rosewood's chino of *Fortrel polyester and Avril rayon.* 5-15. About $25. Matching Capezio boots. About $25.* At Lord & Taylor, N. Y. & branches; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chi.; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleve.; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis.

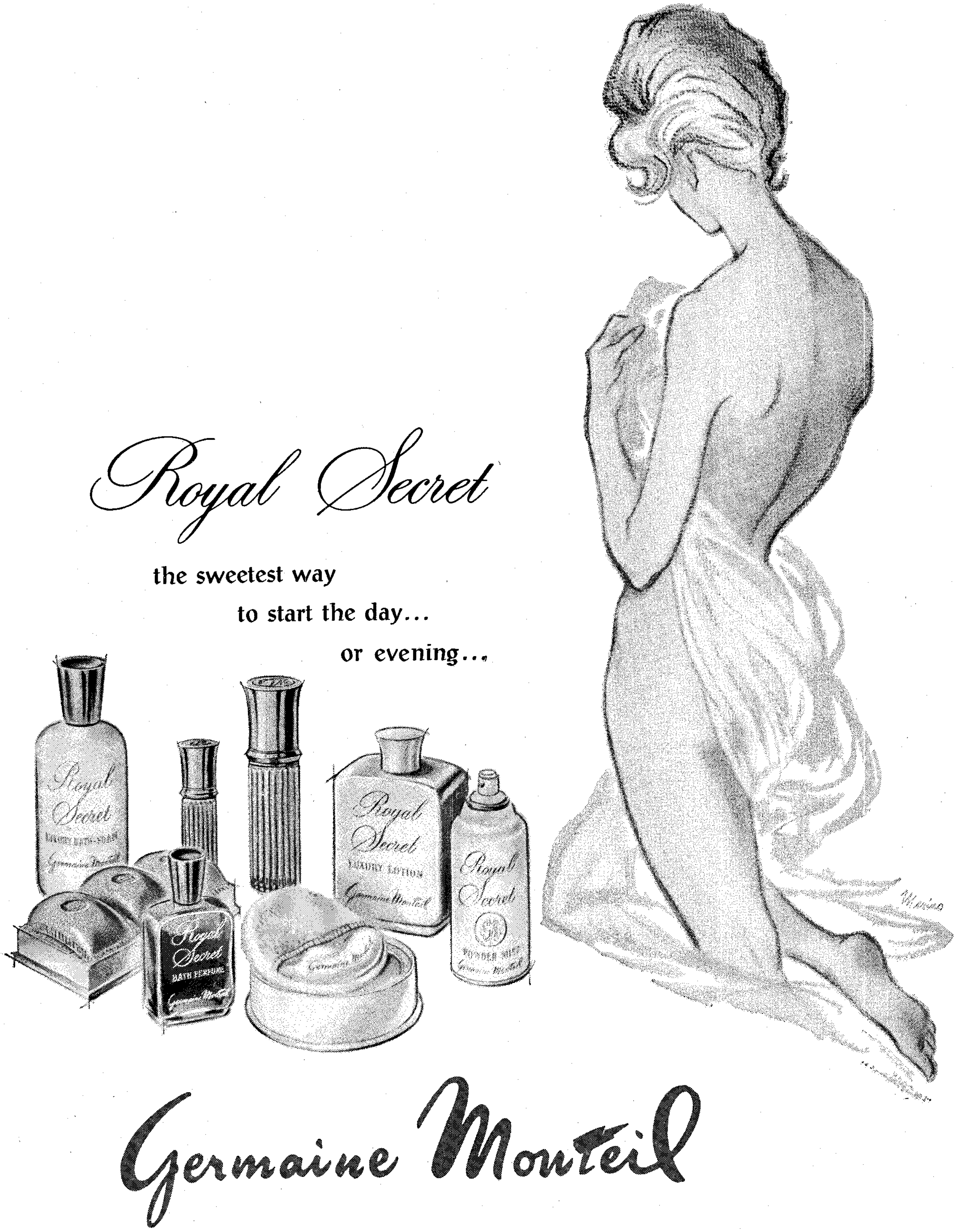
*Slightly higher on the West Coast.

Fortrel...a Celanese contemporary fiber

If you want to see a picture of the two girls who live here, wearing their skivvies, see the March issues of Vogue, Bazaar and Glamour.

See Formfit's figure-making Figurine bra and Rogers' slip that's a perfect match in the March issues of Vogue, Glamour and Bazaar. Then see them in America's fashionable stores FORMFIT ROGERS

FASHION DIVISIONS OF GENESCO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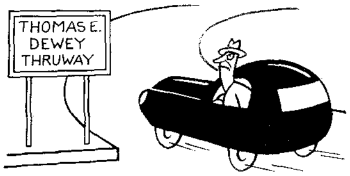
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT is our fervent hope that the New York State Legislature will find time, before the end of its current deliberations, to undo and make speedy amends for the ghastly clinker it hit the other day when it passed a bill renaming the New York State Thruway. As matters now stand, the state's longest highway will go scraping down the blackboards of time under the title of the Thomas E. Dewey Thruway—a prospect that seems certain to engrave a permanent wince in the expression and posture of millions of future motorists. The idea of honoring our state's former Governor and Presidential candidate gave the legislators a rare opportunity to do away, once and for all, with the old, abominably underlettered stridulence of "Thruway." Instead, they compounded the trouble by marrying the baggage to an impossible rhyme. Ever since we read the news, we have been muttering the new handle to ourself, and the best we can come up with is "The Thomas E. Dewey Threwey" or "The Thomas E. Duway Thruway." The thing is impossible, and we predict for it the same stubborn non-recognition that our fellow-townspeople have granted an earlier unpleasant mouthful, "The Avenue of the Americas."



Lawmakers like nothing better than the bestowing of honorific monickers on public works they have voted, and the future, alas, holds promise of more and more multi-lane highways slicing our landscape. If the legislative ear retains its present content of tin, we shall soon be staring at signs directing us to the Keating Kauseway, the Lehman Frehway, the Harriman Hiway, and perhaps even the Goldwater Goway. Helpfulness, not petulance, is our byword, however, and we have put in a good many hours with metronome and pencil this week trying out happier substitutes to wire to Albany before the sign painters get to work on the Thruway. Our solution is a new title that is both respectable and mellifluous: the Thomas E. Dewey Turnpike. What we like best about it, aside from its spelling, is the fact that it will almost certainly be shortened, in popular usage, to the Dewey Pike, which is practically Elizabethan in its simplicity and rustic charm. The Dewey Pike! Why, it's a folk song! Already we can hear Peter, Paul, and Mary tuning up:

THE DEWEY PIKE

Didn' meet my love on no Thruway,
Didn' meet my love on no hike;
Oh, I met my love in a new way—
Ridin' on the Tom Dewey Pike!

Oh, hold up your head, Tom Dewey,
'Cause yours is the highway we like.
Lift up your head—'cause of you, we
Found love on the Tom Dewey Pike!

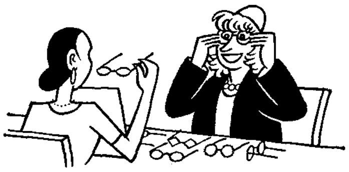
That organ played "Oh, Promise Me,"
And now we wear gold rings alike—
We found love on the Thomas E.
Dewey Dewey Dewey Dewey Pike!

Dolly

WE decided, the other day, to have a chat with Miss Carol Channing about the way things have been going since she made such a hit in "Hello, Dolly!" "What I'd like you to do is to tour around in my limousine," she told us when we got her on the phone. "I rent it, and I use it in all my free time. It has a telephone, and maybe hot and cold running water, and a wonderful driver named Bob."

Miss Channing picked us up in her limousine, gave us one of her expansive smiles, rolled her big brown eyes, brimming with credulity, and reached out for a red phone on a ledge in the rear of the limousine to call her optical authority—Albert Davis, on West Twenty-third Street. Having made an appointment, she told us that she usually wears one contact lens. "If I keep it too long in one eye, the other gets antagonistic, so I switch it back and forth," she said. While we were reflecting on Miss Channing's ocular shenanigans, we were also able to take an appreciative look at her costume. She was arrayed in a gray stocking hat, a black fur coat that came to her waist, a gray sweater, gray leotard tights, gray gauntlets, and gray boots. We asked if her abbreviated coat was seal. "It's dyed mink," she said. "Actually, I'm mad for gray."

At this point, Miss Channing's limousine pulled up before Mr. Davis's establishment, where Miss Channing had a séance with a pretty Eurasian girl who was determined to fit her with becoming spectacle frames. "What I want is something very wild and aseptic," said Miss Channing. While we sat and watched, she tried on a couple of dozen frames, none of which appealed to her particularly, and then suggested that what she really wanted was a gray frame with the eyepieces set very wide apart. The Davis girl said they'd get right around to that. The two of us then repaired to the limousine, and Miss Channing phoned Sally Victor's hat shop, on East Fifty-third Street.



On our way to Miss Victor's, Miss Channing told us that she is the daughter of a celebrated Christian Science lecturer, George Channing, who was once a reader in the Fifth Church in San Francisco. She herself is a Christian Scientist, she added, and so is her son, Channing Lowe, who is ten years old, but her husband, Charles F. Lowe, a television producer and writer, is of the Presbyterian persuasion, more or less. “My husband feels that all religions should have a fair deal,” she said.

The phone rang, and Miss Channing answered it, to learn that young Channing, who attends the Allen-Stevenson School, had received some splendid grades. “We must go to Barton’s to get some hard candy,” she told the driver, and then inquired of us, “Do you like hard candy?”

We said we could take it or leave it.

“When I was at Bennington . . .” she began, and drifted into a silence that was interrupted by a phone call to her wigmaker, Ira Senz, on Fifth Avenue. “My wig oxidizes in the light,” Miss Channing told us after she had talked with Mr. Senz.

We nodded vaguely and asked Miss Channing why she, a San Francisco girl, had gone to Bennington.

“I had hoped to be in drama and dance, and Bennington had the likes of José Limón and Martha Graham,” she said. “But it wasn’t till I went back to California that I had a chance to audition, with Marge Champion, for ‘Lend an Ear,’ which really got me going. Since then, I’ve played other shows and club dates, but it’s nice to be back with Gower Champion, our director, whose wife was that fine auditioner back home.”

The car had now arrived at Sally Victor’s, and Miss Channing darted in to pick up a couple of hats. On her return, she called Barton’s about the hard candy, discovered that the shop was going to shut down early in the afternoon, appeared dismayed, and instructed Bob to go swiftly to the wigmaker’s. “It’s hard to find any really substantial wigs nowadays,” she told us. “I remember reading about women selling their hair, and even their teeth, in the old days. But right now we’re practically down to yak hair, which I imagine would be tough to dye into the flaming red I use in ‘Hello, Dolly!’ Also, I’d be rather squeamish about wearing yak hair.”

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A booklet listing the items that may be procured with King Korn trading stamps offers a “solid walnut replica of 17th century electric clock.”

Goodbye and Hello

WE went down to The Lichee Tree, a restaurant in Greenwich Village, the other evening to take part in a feast celebrating the arrival of the Chinese New Year. The proprietors of The Lichee Tree, General and Mme. Chi-Chih Kuo, who are old friends of ours, greeted us at the door. The General looked very benign for a man who had once been a warrior in the Nationalist Army, and Mme. Kuo looked very splendid in a shimmering black sequin *chang-shan*. “Happy New Year!” they said in unison, and the General handed us a small card on which a row of Chinese characters was inscribed. “This says, ‘New Year’s Day, open, brush, brush, top, grows, flower, flower, middle, bear, fruit, certainly, as, you, wish,’ ” the General informed us. “I give you literal translation of each character. It is traditional New Year’s greeting.”

“Now we say goodbye to the rabbit and hello to the dragon,” said Mme. Kuo. “Tonight we will have a surprise for you.”

Mme. Kuo led us to a small table in front of a dais, on which stood a very large table, covered by a lovely red silk cloth shot through with gold and silver threads. On the large table were bowls of pomegranates and lotus seeds, which, Mme. Kuo told us, are excellent things to have around—pomegranates particularly, since they represent the essence of life. When she had gone off to see to the needs of her other guests, we set about putting away some Shrimp Medallion, Shu Mei, Curry Crab in Cellophane (which sounded somewhat non-traditional to us), Bong Bong Chicken, and Imperial Ho Go Soup. Between courses, we were entertained by Helen Liu, a prize-winning classic painter from Taiwan, who picked up a piece of bamboo paper and drew a fish—which Mme. Kuo, acting as mistress of ceremonies, described as a most harmonious creature—and by Kalen Liu, her sister, whom Mme. Kuo introduced as Formosa’s newest singing and dancing star. Both young ladies were extremely attractive, and they went through their paces with charm and dexterity.

While we were in the middle of our Imperial Ho Go, we were joined by the artist Dong Kingman, another old friend of ours. “I think I do some drawing here tonight,” he said. “You know, everybody says ‘Happy New Year,’ but in China we say ‘*Gung hay fat choy*,’ which means ‘Wish you make a lot of money.’ ” Mr. Kingman was accompanied by a nephew, whom he introduced as Willie Tsang—a round-faced youth of, we estimated, about seventeen summers. Willie ordered a Scotch-and-soda, and we asked Mr. Kingman if the lad wasn’t a bit young to be indulging in spirits. “Willie is thirty-nine,” said Mr. Kingman briskly, “and has two businesses in San Francisco—a cocktail lounge and a beauty parlor.”

At this point, Mme. Kuo, who changed *chang-shans* about every half hour during the evening, appeared in a pink satin outfit and introduced a chum of hers—Rocky Marciano (the Kuos have a wide circle of acquaintances), who lumbered up to the dais and said, “Maybe I’m not much of a speaker, but I’ll fight anybody in the house.” Mme. Kuo beamed and, after Rocky had stepped down, announced the pièce de résistance of the evening’s entertainment. It was to be a painting contest—a race, actually—between the General, Mr. Kingman, and Kam Zin Choon, a Surrealistic artist famous for his screen paintings. Kam Zin Choon would do a dragon, in honor of the New Year, she announced; the General would do a rabbit, in honor of the old year; and Mr. Kingman would do a lichee tree, just to be a good fellow.

Mr. Kam, a thoughtful-looking young man, took up a position before a large screen, the General took up a position before a large square of cardboard on the dais table, and Mr. Kingman, who had stripped down to his shirtsleeves, took up a position before a large square of cardboard on an easel. Mr. Kingman fussed about with his easel in the manner of a big-league pianist getting his piano stool just so, and then nodded to signify that he was ready. The three artists went to it with a will, but it was really no contest, since Mr. Kingman had his tree on paper in one minute and twenty seconds—half the time it took Mr. Kam and General Kuo to complete the dragon and the rabbit. “This here,” Mr. Kingman said, indicating a dot on his tree, “is a lichee nut.”

“Put in another one,” somebody suggested.

“Shall I?” inquired Mr. Kingman.

There were cries pro and con, and it looked for a while as if the New Year’s celebration might develop into a kind of artistic Donnybrook, but finally the anti-extra-lichee-nut faction triumphed, and the banquet was allowed to proceed, which it did with Roast Suckling Pig, Dragon Lobster, Chi’en Lung Chicken, and Lichee Snow Cake.

All in all, it was an unusual evening.

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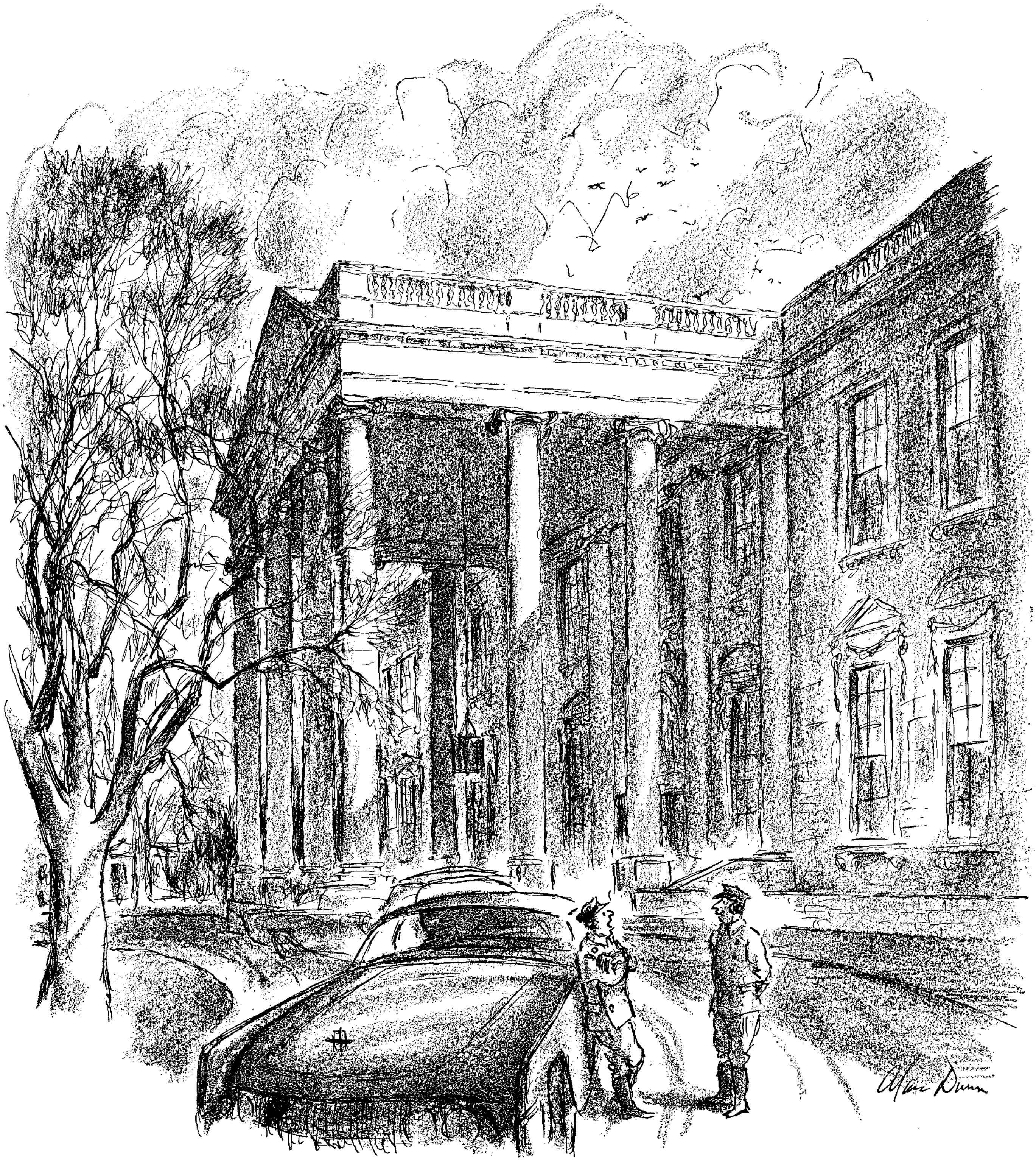
DIALOGUE in Brentano’s bookstore between a tired, circumspect middle-aged male clerk and a teen-age girl:

“I’d like a copy of ‘Sex and the Single Girl.’ ”



"No use my resigning. Sorensen and Schlesinger write better than I do."

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"Oh, I can't sell you that book. You're much too young."

"Don't worry. It's not for me. It's for my mother."

Moscow Mission

NEARLY two years ago, we introduced, in these pages, Mr. Stephen D. James, an indefatigable partisan of peace, who was then pursuing his goal by inviting anyone with a notion of how to prevent nuclear war to write to him at a post-office box and by publicizing a peace-hostage program of his own invention, which called for an exchange of millions of people between the United States and the Soviet Union; today we're back from a second visit with Mr. James, who in the interim has become president of the Peace Hostage Exchange Foundation, and who recently returned from a month-long stay in Moscow. A bespectacled man in his late thirties, Mr. James has red hair and a freckled, boyish face whose expression is grim when he discusses the awful necessity of keeping the peace and cheerful when he describes his efforts to present his peace-hostage program to the world at large. We met him in his Fifth Avenue office—tiny and one-room—and asked him how

things had gone since our first chat.

"Well, we've surprised the skeptics," said Mr. James, with a jubilant smile. "They all laughed when we sent out peace-hostage pledge blanks, but we got the signatures of nearly seven hundred and fifty volunteers, including those of the Reverend and Mrs. Robert L. Pierson, Governor Rockefeller's son-in-law and daughter. The skeptics claimed we'd never get backing from responsible people, but Dr. Hobert Burns, who is Dean of the College of Education at Hofstra University, and Dr. B. James Raz, who is consultant in nuclear physics to the Argonne and Brookhaven National Laboratories, are trustees of the Peace Hostage Exchange Foundation; Dr. Anatol Rapoport, who is a mathematical biologist at the University of Michigan, and Dr. Harold Taylor, former president of Sarah Lawrence College, who is at present a consultant to the United States Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, are on our Advisory Council; and our corporation counsel is Mr. James B. Donovan, who has volunteered to meet with our Russian counterparts in Geneva next June to negotiate the terms of a proposed pilot exchange of between thirty and fifty persons. The skeptics predicted we'd never get the time of day from anybody in Washington, but Senator Javits and Senator Humphrey have praised the peace-hostage program in the *Congressional Record* as a stimulating concept, and I have been able to talk with and present our case to members of the White House staff, such as McGeorge Bundy. Skeptics are forever telling people what can't be done, but the fact is you can do practically anything if your cause is good, and if you have perseverance. A year and a half ago, I went to Ghana to attend the Accra Assembly on Disarmament. I took along a petition calling upon the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. to initiate a hostage program. During my stay, I was able to talk briefly with President Nkrumah, and though I wasn't able to get his signature on my petition, I did manage to sign up the Mayor of Accra. On my way home, I stopped over in London and paid a call upon Mrs. Hugh Gaitskell. Mrs. Gaitskell said that she liked the peace-hostage idea, and made me a cup of tea. I've found that you just can't be shy about selling peace. In other words, to open a door you have to try the knob."

At this point, Mr. James opened a drawer in his desk, pulled out an unsigned peace-hostage pledge blank, and handed it to us so quickly that we, thinking we detected a gleam in his eye, made haste to ask him about his trip to Russia.

"Another example of where the skeptics were wrong," Mr. James said quietly. "They scoffed at the idea that the Russians would ever be anything but completely suspicious of massive exchanges, but when I wrote a letter explaining our program to I. Glagolev, who is chairman of the Economic Commission under the Soviet Peace Committee, and also chairman of the Scientific Disarmament Commission at the Institute of World Economy and International Relations in Moscow's Academy of Sciences, he wrote back expressing considerable interest. As far as I'm concerned, an expression of interest means that the door is open a crack, so I flew to Moscow to take advantage of that opening. I arrived on November 10th, carrying a suitcase full of peace-hostage propaganda and a portable tape recorder. The Russian customs people turned the tape recorder inside out, but they didn't bother much with the suitcase, which proved to be a good thing, because they overlooked a sheet of paper covered with reminders I had written myself, including one that read 'See Fred Barghoorn.' He had been recommended to me as a leading expert on Soviet culture. When Professor Barghoorn was arrested, two days later, I was afraid it would put a crimp in my plans, but I set about lobbying for peace, as usual. I fired off a telegram to Mrs. Khrushchev, who is president of the Institute of Soviet-American Relations, asking if I could meet with her, and I dropped in unannounced on the Soviet Peace Committee headquarters, at 10 Kropotkin Street. The people there listened to my spiel politely, and told me I should see I. Glagolev, whom, of course, I'd intended to see all along. Glagolev and I met a few nights later, in a basement conference room at a place called Friendship House, and we had a good give-and-take discussion about all aspects of massive exchanges. Only afterward did I learn that even as we were talking, Mrs. Khrushchev was upstairs, attending a celebration in honor of the thirtieth anniversary of the establishment of diplomatic relations between the United States and the Soviet Union, which, because of the Barghoorn affair, was being boycotted by the entire American community. What a chance I missed! And especially in view of the fact that one of Mrs. Khrushchev's deputies subsequently telephoned me to express her regret that she could not meet with me, because she was off to Kiev."

Mr. James shook his head sadly and went on to tell us that he considered the arrest and detention of Professor Barghoorn a silly and stupid error on the part of the Russians, but that, boycott or no boycott, he would certainly have gone upstairs to tell Mrs. Khrushchev about the peace-hostage program if only he had known she was there. "And not just out of single-mindedness about my own aims," he explained. "It's a deep conviction of mine that this continuing history of sporadic acts of hostility at the official level should have little or no effect upon our efforts to keep the lines of communication open at the unofficial level. When you're working for peace, you have to forge links during thaw or freeze. You've always got to be ready to talk. During my stay in Moscow, I talked with a wide assortment of people, including scientists, writers, artists, teachers, and engineers. I found all of them to be vitally interested in peace. Not all of them agreed with my own proposals, of course. One *Izvestia* editor, whom I had met before, at the congress in Accra, accused me of idealism. I told him I'd been accused of worse in my own country. On the other hand, the leaders of the All-Union Trade Union Council were enthusiastic about the possibilities of a hostage-exchange program. The Trade Union Council has a membership of seventy million, and when I think of them as a possible source of hostages, I could almost drool."

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GRAFFITO on the wall of the West Fourth Street subway station, hard by New York University:

Be Ethnic

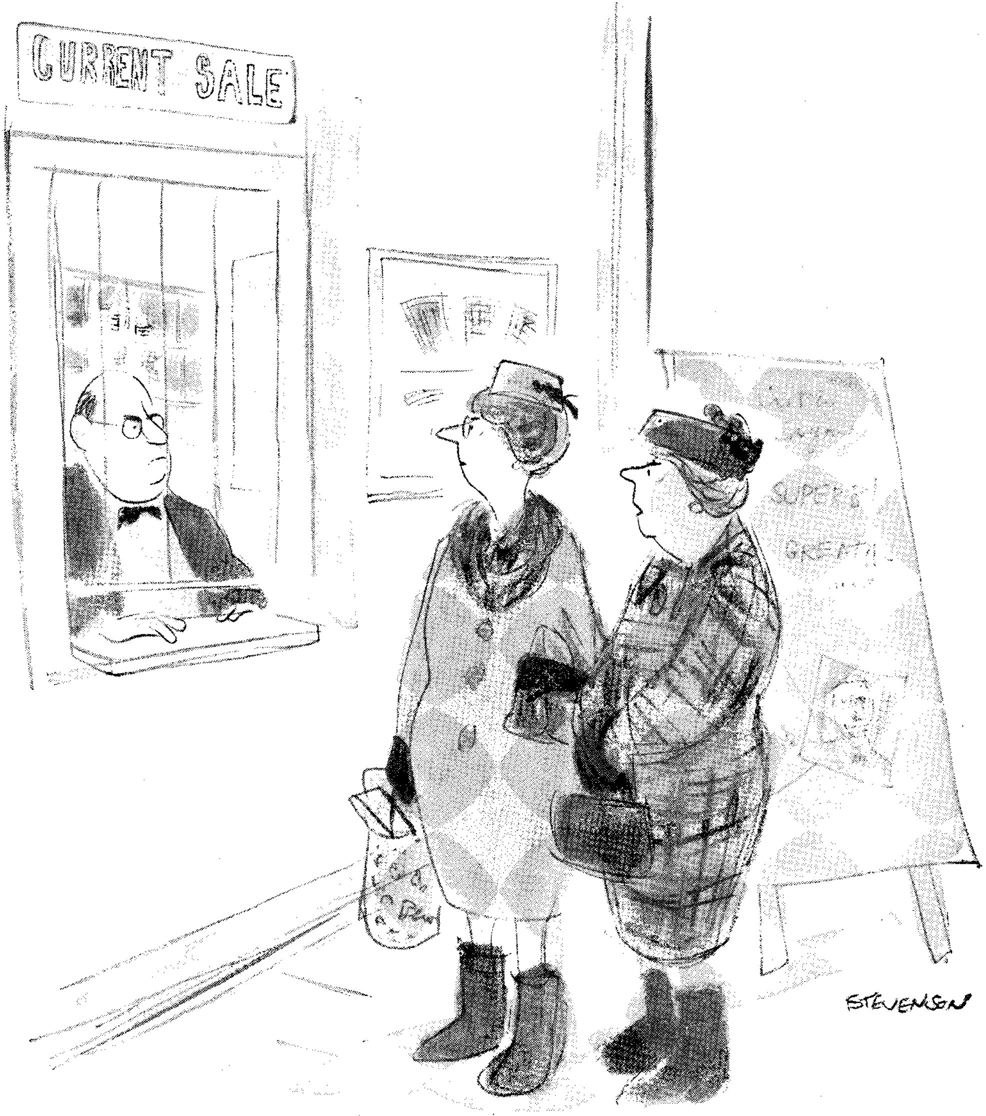
Reception

TOWARD the end of last month, we received an invitation that particularly pleased us. Edward T. Breathitt, Governor of Kentucky, we read, cordially invited us to a reception to be held in the library of the St. Regis Hotel. Now, we had never, to our knowledge, met a Governor of Kentucky, and here was one not only asking us to meet him but asking us to meet him in the one hotel room in New York we admire above all others. What an unlooked-for conjunction of delectations! We wrote the Governor, who is regarded as one of the South's true progressives, that we were pleased to accept his kind invitation, and at the designated hour on the appointed day we presented ourself at the door of the library. The library of the St. Regis Hotel, as we think we have mentioned before, is a room whose tall shelves support a collection of real books, specially chosen for John Jacob Astor, the man who built the hotel, by Charles Scribner's Sons in 1904. We usually have our eye out for titles we haven't spotted on other occasions (we recently noticed Lady Gregory's "Cuchulain of Muirthemne"), but this time our attention was concentrated on Governor Breathitt, who was standing in the middle of the room, surrounded by a largish number of state officials and local reporters, and smiling broadly.

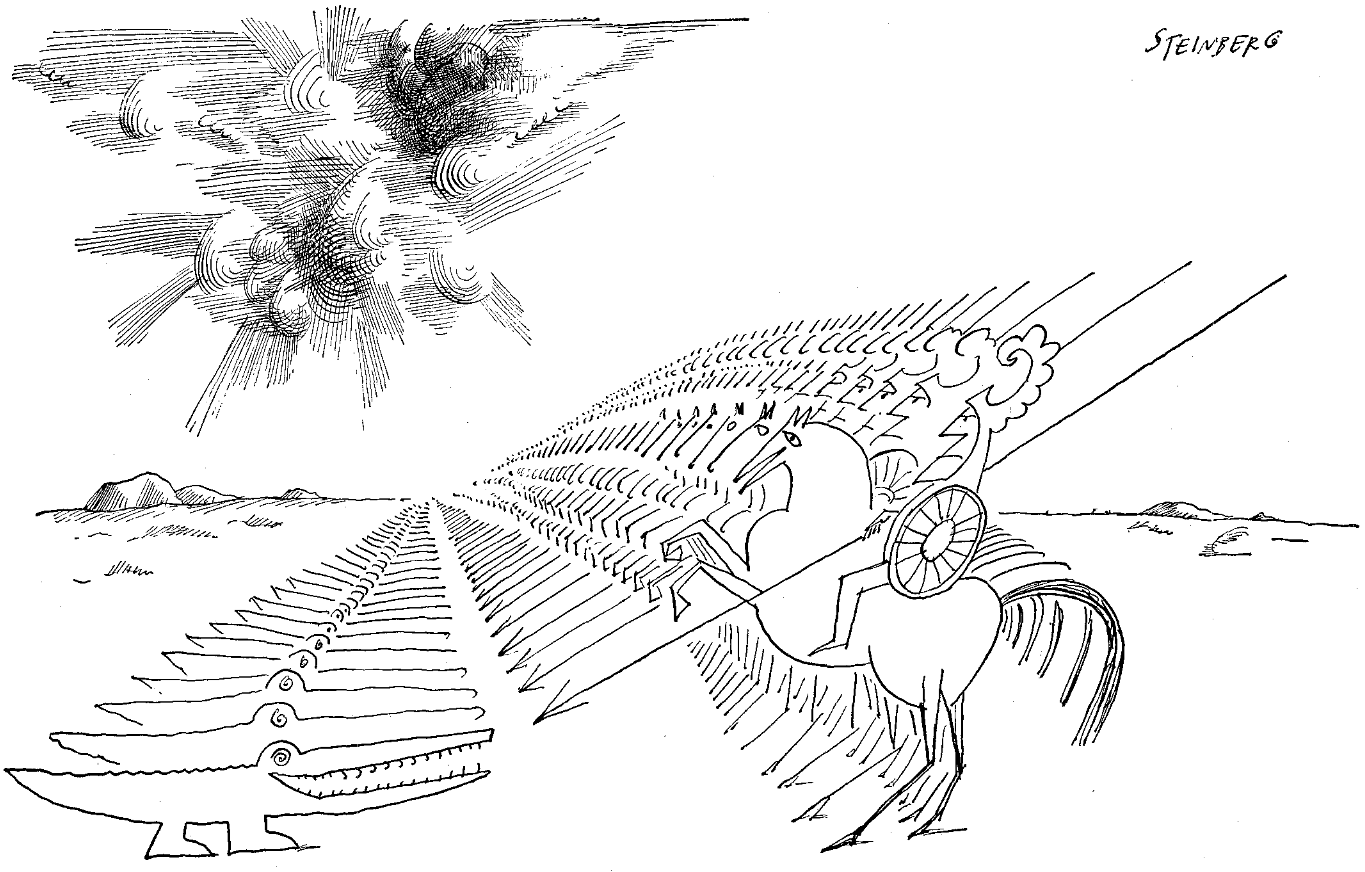
As we advanced to meet the Governor, we found him to be of medium height, with a slightly chunky build and a hairline that is just beginning to recede. His official smile is as wide as a bluegrass plain. When we had shaken his hand, he said, in response to questions from us, that he is thirty-nine and is the state's fifty-fifth governor; that he was elected last fall, after serving three terms as a member of the Kentucky House of Representatives; that he is interested in promoting travel to his state, for which purpose he was holding this reception; and that he is a lifelong Democrat. Then he said, "I want you to meet my wife," and turned to beckon to a pretty woman in a pink dress and an orchid who was standing at the far side of the room chatting with a small group of officials.

Mrs. Breathitt detached herself gracefully from the officials and joined us, and when we asked her what she thought of New York, she said, "Oh dear, we've been here such a short time it's hard to say! We only got here yesterday, and then we saw 'Here's Love' last night, and we hope to see 'A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum' after this reception tonight, and we have to get back home tomorrow. But we're having a wonderful time." She then directed us to sample all the Kentucky edibles that she and the Governor had brought with them for the reception. "And please don't forget the jug band," she called as we edged away to do her bidding.

Shortly thereafter, we found ourself in a comfortable corner of the library with a mint julep (its mint slightly wilted) in one hand and a slice of Kentucky ham on a beaten biscuit in the other. Kentucky ham is similar to Virginia ham, but we found that—at least when it's washed down by a mint julep—it tastes considerably sweeter than Virginia ham, which has always struck us as awfully dry. While we were munching and sipping contentedly, we cocked an ear for the strains of the jug band that Mrs. Breathitt had asked us not to forget. A jug band, it should be mentioned, is not an edible but an old-fashioned jazz band that includes



"Of *__course__* *he doesn't have two in the orchestra for Wednesday. And we know perfectly well why. Ice!"*



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among its instruments one or more jugs. This jug band consisted of a violin, a guitar, a double bass, a whiskey jug, and a pair of spoons, and we had just decided that, for our money, a Kentucky jug band was even better than a slice of Kentucky ham, and, further, that we ought to go and try to find out how such a disparate group of instrumentalists could produce the nice jazzy sounds it was producing, when there was a commotion at the door.

"My goodness, there's Salvador Dali!" said a voice near us. "The last time I saw him was in London, and he had a grapefruit on his head."

We looked up, and there, indubitably, was Mr. Dali. Mr. Dali was accompanied by a friend of his, Miss Drena Tyson, and the two of them were shaking hands with Governor and Mrs. Breathitt.

"I'm afraid I've never been to Kentucky, but I did have an uncle who was a delegate from there to the 1952 Republican Convention," said Miss Tyson.

"That's all right," said the Governor. "I appoint you both colonels on my office staff."

When the noise of Mr. Dali's entrance had abated slightly, we sidled up to the jug band and learned that it is known as the Henry Miles Jug Band. Mr. Miles, who plays the violin, told us that all the members of his band hailed from Louisville and that they were in considerable demand west of the Appalachians. "Yesterday we played in Louisville, and this time day after tomorrow we'll be in Cincinnati," he added proudly. He then excused himself to lead, with some geographical license, a chorus of the "St. Louis Blues." At its conclusion, he introduced us to Mr. Rudolph Thompson, the jug player, and Mr. John (Preacher) Stephens, Jr., who handles the spoons. A whiskey jug is played by blowing across its mouth, and it sounds like a somewhat breathy double bass. The spoons are two tablespoons held back to back in the right hand and slapped against the right thigh; they sound rather like a loud but agile tap-dancer. Mr. Stephens, who is fifty, said that there used to be a large number of spoon players in Kentucky but that now he knows of only four in the entire state outside his immediate family. "I used to play the bones, too, but I gave them up some time back," he concluded.

The band then swung into an arrangement of "Who Threw the Whiskey in the Well?" and we decided to take our leave. At the door, we turned for a final look, and there was the Governor, his back to a bookshelf that contains Theodore Roosevelt's "New York," and surrounded by a lot of people, a fair number of whom he was in the process of appointing colonels on his office staff. Mrs. Breathitt was smiling. "Thank y'all," we heard her say. "You made the party."

The Automated Life

A Peripatetic lady of means we know obtained a credit card from one of the gasoline companies, and received her first bill, for $30.22, last June, in the form of a punched I.B.M. card. She made out a check for the full amount and returned it with the card, being particularly careful, in obedience to instructions, not to fold, staple, or mutilate the card. In July, however, she was billed in the same way for the same amount. She disregarded this bill but decided to pay cash for her gasoline until the discrepancy was cleared up. With August arrived another dunning I.B.M. card; this time she returned the card with a note explaining that they would find that the bill had been paid in June, if they would only check their files. Longer notes were sent in September and October, and then, in November, with the appearance of yet another card demanding $30.22, she suddenly and mystically realized what she had to do. Folding the card into a tiny accordion, stapling every available inch, and mutilating it beyond all recognition, she sent it off to the gasoline company without a word of explanation. The December bill came on time, with no balance showing.

THREE MORE HATS

New York—Novelist and critic Manly Taylor today declared himself a candidate for the Presidency. Writing in his regular column, "My Own Trumpet," in the April issue of *Flannel*, which reached the newsstands today, Mr. Taylor states:

"One has considered as always the other fighters in the ring, having seen them at achingly close range from the lonely if somewhat existential vantage point of a two-hundred-dollar front-row seat inside one's head and one has felt only the rising bile of an honest American ennui in one's craw at the sight of such a tawdry band of soft scufflers and unwilling mixers—this blue-chinned cutie, now gone limp in the belly, who once went the full fifteen for the Big One and came, one still cannot believe it, within a whisker of getting the duke but who, by the wheezing looks of him in early rounds now, has lost even the muscle to put over during the clinches his old jab-jabbing rabbity blows behind the ears and over the kidneys; that plainsman with the fake good looks of straight, unpunched jaw and unbloodied nose, a good enough boy, one does not doubt, in his own back yard where he fought all rustic comers in homemade rings at fairgrounds and rodeos under a pure-white and totalitarian Southwestern sun but who so wistfully lacks the necessary slum-taught ring savvy and the knowing, empty-bellied rage that comes only from a hundred back-alley scraps with the Eastern political and literary *mafiosi;* and all the others, the Golden Boys gone scared and the fattened flyweights with the scar tissue now Piltdown-thick on their eyebrows—and one, however unwillingly at last, sees the need to leave one's seat, to stand up and peel down, revealing the old, much used but entirely serviceable biceps and deltoids, still hardened and knotted after all those sad cocktail-party Donnybrooks, and to borrow a pair of eight-ounce Everlasts and a dependable cup, for they will not take away rounds for low, groin-paralyzing blows in this particular fight, and to step up there, through the ropes and under the glaring American lights, and hear the roars again and feel the good fear and the dexedrine of hope."

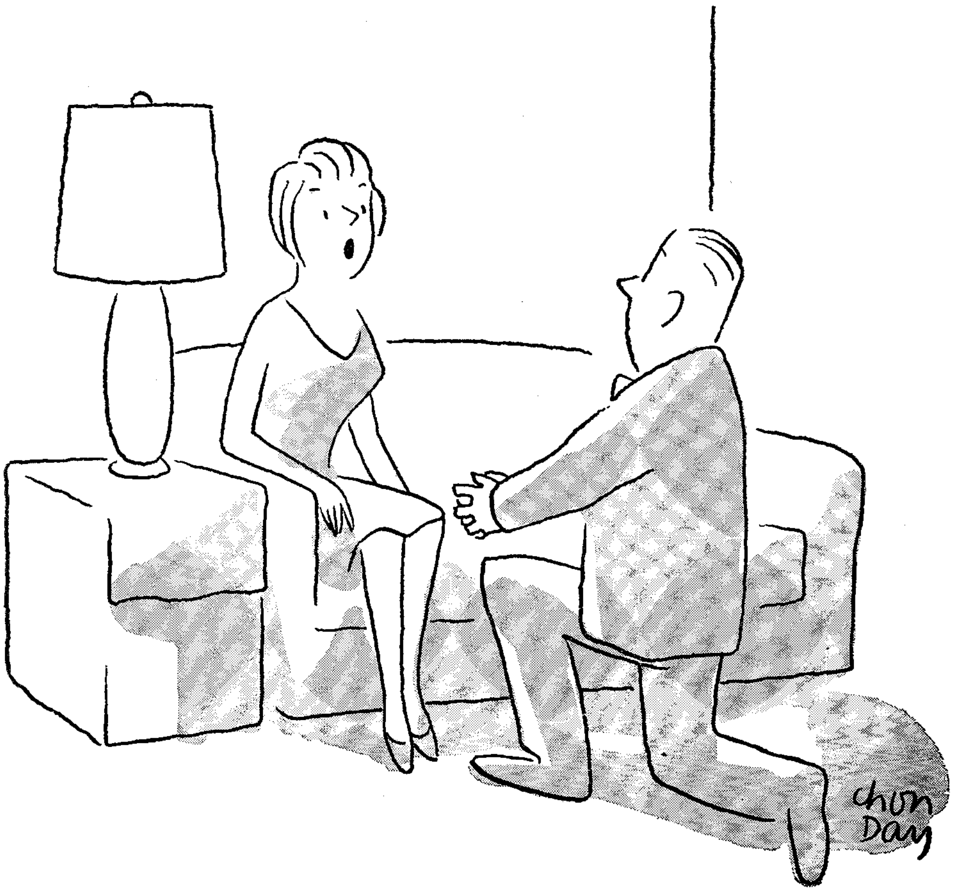
Literary critics of both major parties, reached late today by telephone, were unanimous in their opinion that this passage constituted a clear declaration by Mr. Taylor that he was a candidate. In the same column, Mr. Taylor, who is the author of two celebrated novels, "Nude Howitzer" and "A Slice of Purgatory," and a book of verse entitled "Defenestrations," went on to state:

"The act of political commitment is never casual. It is reminiscent, magical and dendroid, and therefore potentially unexistential and semitotalitarian, but offering a pre-orgasmic tension and membership in the Resistance to the American cancer. . . . One has considered one's qualifications. One is very good, very good indeed, on television, though one is ashamed to admit it, recognizing such talent as possibly constituting a wound to the psyche administered in an old fire-fight against the most dangerous platoons of our culture. One remembers one's participation in a certain television panel during which a senator, a literate enough member of the species, stated his opinion that Dickens, Bill Faulkner, and Hank James were the best writers he had read, and one recalls one's surprised hurt, so like the wound of a woman's refusal, at the calculated omission of oneself. What had one ever done, one wondered, to cause him to drop that sneaky bomb?

"Then, of course, one must weigh the other talent in the room—one's exemplars, historic or potential, in the tiny band of the Committed Literary. There is Jim Jones, once thought perfect Congressional if not Senatorial material, but now hiding in Paris or bubbling inside a scuba rig and not even a registered P.E.N. voter. One feels pity. But the others give hope. Benny Disraeli, a handy lad for his weight in the Mayfair tavern brawls and, later, a Downing Street swinger who won the Suez scuffle even when the Loyal Opposition pulled knives. Dostoevski, whom one will have to take on sooner or later. Gore Vidal, who lost but at least has theatre ribbons and battle stars to show that he was There and came back.

"Yes, one will Go In. And while one is still counting up one's assets, one might as well put down the coolest card of all—one's lack of a platform. One will extemporize it, building it out of one's own store of dialectical lumber and hand-forged anagrammatical tenpenny nails, never knowing week by week, right down to the first Tuesday in November, what the structure will look like in the end, or what kind of shadow its minarets and cupolas will cast across the filthy, tranquillized desert of the American Political Unconscious. One accepts the challenge."

Kumquat, Fla.—Spud Clancy, the colorful baseball manager, today announced that he is a candidate for senator in his home state. Addressing a surprised group of baseball writers in the



"Would that be gross or take-home?"

dugout just after his club had completed its fifth day of spring training here, the grizzled veteran of the baseball wars tossed his peaked cap into the political ring in the course of a typically pungent non-stop monologue that sometimes left his listeners far behind.

"Now, I tell you," he stated at one point, "I read somewhere that feller out West, out in Tulsa or somewhere, that feller who's almost in the same line of work as I am and he coaches that sport where the players is all so big they look like eleven Kluszewskis or eleven Johnny Mizes out here, he turned in his whistle and says he's gonna go to Washington maybe and be a United States senator, and his you might say supporters and fans there announce it's because he is so good at buildin' character out there all these years with his boys. So now he's gonna build character in Washington. Well, that got me to thinkin' and I see right away that he has been building character for maybe fifteen years in a sport in which there is maybe ten games they play every year and that makes one hundred and fifty games of building character for him, which is twelve full games less of character building than I do in even one season, not counting the World Series which I'm not in so much now any more, but I been managing and coaching twenty years so I'm more up on character building than he is and then some. And maybe my character building is even harder than his because not all my players come from where they get to join those Greek clubs and play mandolins and run around all year with them coeds and some of them can't even hit behind the runner they got so little character and I have to start them on character from you might say scratch. So with all this experience I got I decided I'm going up to Washington, too, if they send me, and build a little character on my own."

The Old Wizard then went on to expatiate on Washington and his views of the political life. "I uster know Washington when I was in the other league," he said, "and the fans they got there have a club that's been down in the cellar so long they don't remember what the players look like or what they do for a livin' and they even suspicion maybe the players is mushroom growers or snapshot developers they're down in the cellar so much. And you might say it's just the same with the Senate, which has players that aren't puttin' out but are layin' back and readin' newspapers all the time and only getting up to get a drink of water out of the cooler, and as a club the Senate hasn't been hitting much better than like .195 since the days when Henry Clay was batting leadoff and they was somethin' to see.

"Also, you have to remember I've seen these politicians every year, which is when some of them come out to the ballpark on Opening Day and throw out that honorary first ball to start the season for the photographers, and for goodness sake the way they throw the ball is like your Aunt Hattie throwin' a ball of knitting to the family cat, and I figure that already I know more about being a senator than they know about being a ballplayer if that's the best they can throw. Because what a senator has to make mostly is decisions, and what else do I have to make all day but decisions, such as hit or run and such as whether I should go out there and take the ball away from my pitcher who has just thrown two pitches all the way to the screen and might bean the owner in his box with the next pitch, or leave him in there because the other feller I got waiting in the bullpen has got the other trouble, which is his control is so good his pitches keep hitting the outfield fences all the time on the fly because he hits the other fellers' bats with them? And that's a harder decision than what the senators have to make, which is mostly whether to spend more money out of Fort Knox to build a new bridge over a creek back home so the voters won't get their feet wet on Election Day when they go to town to vote for that senator who remembered how they like to vote without mud all over their feet."

DINOSAURS

We cannot trap them in our zoos, oh, no!
They seem to haunt us everywhere we go:
where deer tracks punctuate the forest paths,
they lumber through to dirty up the snow
and bring the highway and the telegraph;
through aisles of Shopwells pterodactyls skim;
they wedge between our actions and our dreams
and throw their shadows on our movie screens;
brontosaurs thump through private rooms
where Siamese delicately purl
between the porcelains, immune to gun-
smoke. They are the blocks of buildings we pile
up, the spreading empires of the history books
that edge along the spine of our preserves,
making us nervous though they have no nerves.
Bearing in bulk the weight they lack in wit,
they are our steady progress and the lack of it.

—Carolyn Stoloff

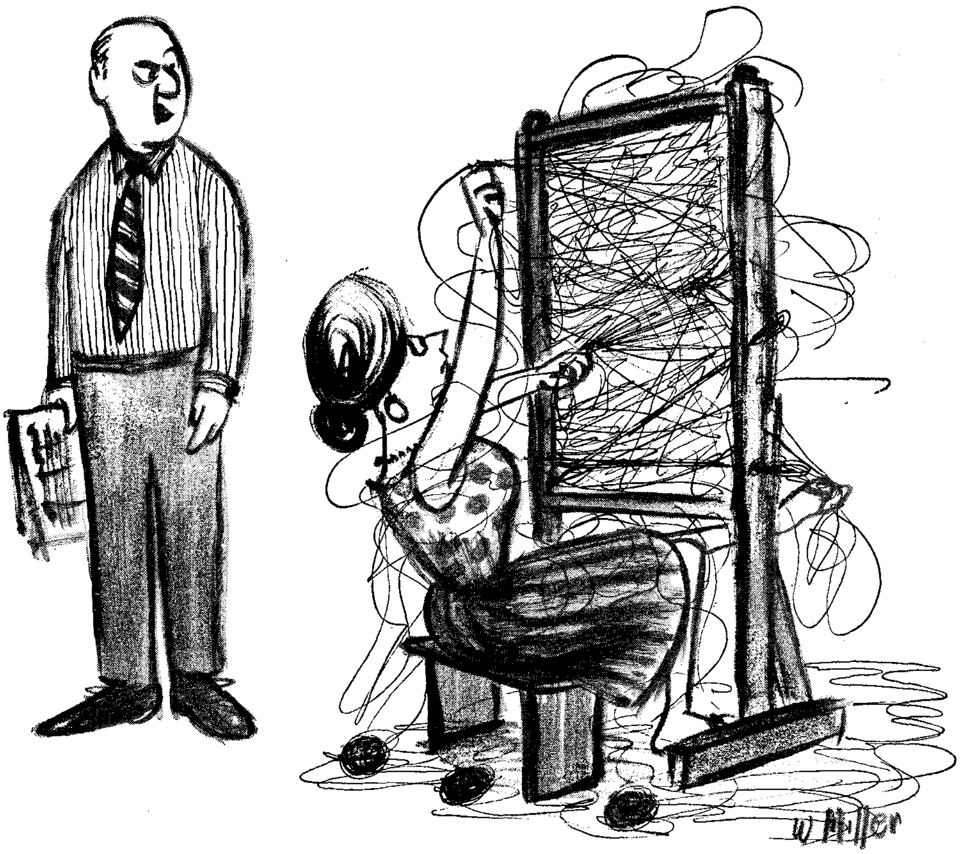
• •

NEW YORK—Political experts of both parties were thrown into turmoil tonight by evidence that Arnold Mainstream, the celebrated playwright, was about to declare himself, or had in fact actually declared himself, a candidate for major political office, perhaps the Presidency. The announcement of Mr. Mainstream's candidacy was made in startling form, being contained in scenes forming part of his new play, "Total Recall," which had its opening performance last night at the Cultural Night Depository Theatre (see drama page for review). On the surface, the seven-hour play is the life story of a successful but troubled orthodontist named Harry, who is tempted by Medicare and by the charms of his blond, deeply spiritual receptionist. After the curtain had descended, however, two New York State assemblymen in the audience agreed that the play had deeper meanings.

"I think he's trying to tell us something," said one solon enigmatically.

"I say he threw in his hat," stated the other. "I mean, if he didn't, what *was* it about? My wife enjoyed it thoroughly."

Other spectators drew attention to the fact that "Total Recall" is played on a fitfully lighted, barren stage that is strewn with crumpled copies of the *National Review* (which may represent Mr. Mainstream's view of the current political arena), and that a spotlight periodically illuminates an American flag at the back of the stage. The flag is hung



"Face it, baby. You don't know the warp from the woof."

• •

upside down—a universal symbol for distress at sea. They also singled out the following scenes from the play as being especially meaningful:

(*Harry, as an adolescent, is discovered brooding over an invisible copy of "Waiting for Lefty" when a spotlight falls on his father, Abe, a gaunt delicatessen proprietor with a black beard, who is wearing a shawl.*)

ABE (*smiting his brow*): My papers! My plans for that big deal I was gonna make! I left them on my desk, in the office at the back of the delicatessen. You gotta get them, Harry. You gotta run get them. Run for the office, Harry!

HARRY: Aw, take it easy, Pop. Why should I run for anything? Everybody else is running, so why me? Besides, you're dead. Whyn't you stay dead, instead of all the time popping up out of the shadows and confusing everybody?

ABE: A little more respect, Harry. Respect must be paid. You hear me! I'm giving you an order, Sonny. You run for my office right now!

HARRY: Aw, O.K., Pop. (*He rises and takes one step forward.*) Well, here I am in the office, already. (*He looks about.*) Say, come to think about it, it's pretty nice here. Nice view of the bridge, only that don't look like Queens over there. Nice desk, nice white telephone. (*Picks up invisible telephone*) Hello. . . . Who's this? . . . Oh, hi ya, Colonel. (*Still into telephone, but now facing the audience directly*) Just wanted to see if you're on your toes. Remember we all have these terrific problems on our mind. We're all very, very troubled. Just don't get bored out there. Don't fall asleep.

(*A spotlight illuminates Abe, who is standing motionless, his head down in sorrow.*)

HARRY (*mature now, ageless. He cries out.*): Aw, Pop, why did you have to go to Loew's Paradise that night? Why did you have to go and leave all us kids crying?

(*Miss America, a lovely, stacked young thing in a trenchcoat, rushes in from the shadows.*)

MISS AMERICA: Oh, Harry, I've just been reading your speeches, and they're just wonderful! They're the loveliest speeches ever made by *anybody!* Everybody is talking about them. We're all so happy you decided to make the campaign.

HARRY: Make the campaign?

MISS AMERICA: Yes, remember when you were young and you ran for president of the dental frat at college? Remember what a great president you made? How happy you were then! The first dentures you made were like symphonies, Harry. You were like a *god* to us! (*She falls to the ground and passionately kisses his kneecaps.*)

HARRY (*stepping over her to address the audience*): Yes! It was all so clear then. The honor of it . . . Back then, before golf and hypocrisy had sullied my drills, before the sickness had spread from one faintly shadowed bicuspid to fill all our skulls. . . . Why must I love all the guilt as if it were my own when there are so many bad dentists in the land, and—here's where I get hung up every time—why should I feel such a hopeful, guilty love for all our bad dentists, those pullers of our sound wisdom teeth, when I can still remember how I once held innocence in these clean, much washed hands? . . . What do you think? Is it ever too late for someone like me—a stranger to myself, with gums riddled with logorrhea—to lift up this lovely girl and speak love and strength to her as I did before the filthy smog of reminiscence misted the clean full moon of my little mirror?

(*The light dims. When it rises again, Harry is bending over Miss America, now a dental patient, with her mouth open.*)

MISS AMERICA: Awpf. Phmp. *Ooog!*

HARRY (*straightening up*): A little tender there? Rinse, please.

MISS AMERICA (*holding her jaw*): Jesus, Harry.

HARRY (*angrily*): There you go! You're doing it again! You're registering your pain on me again. You want to make me the sadist, baby? Is that it? You want me to administer the Novocain again—the old quick drug of platitude? Well, I'm not playing along, see? I am *not* responsible for your malocclusion! . . . (*More softly*) Ah, baby, don't you see it? If you could just grow up and say to yourself, "My bad teeth are my own fault, and Harry doesn't *want* to hurt me like this. It's just that he knows what's good for me. And even if I get bored to death sitting in this chair and looking at his nose from up close like this, I'm going to take it, because Harry knows what's good for me!"

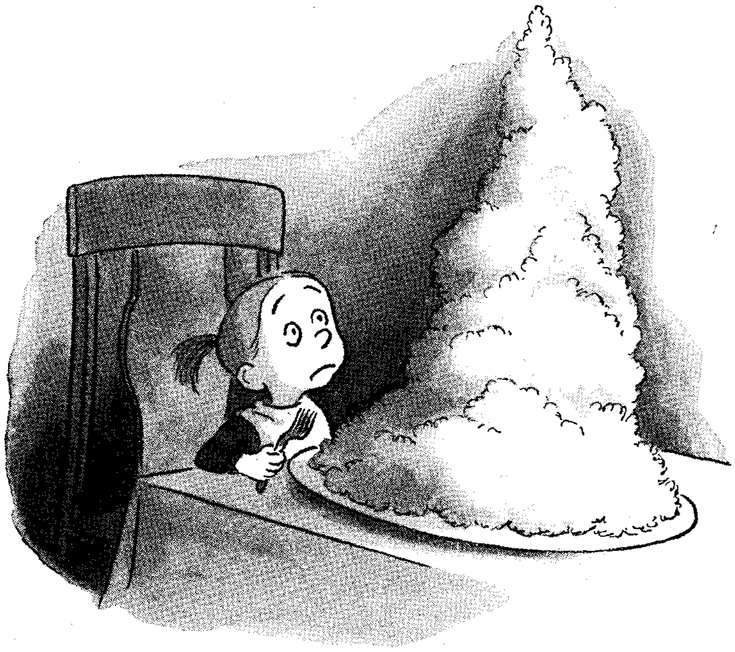
MISS AMERICA: Yeah, but how long is it going to take?

HARRY: Oh, not too long. In a few more weeks or months—say, by next November—you'll have your old, strong bite back! Then this tawdry skein of pain and guilt will fall away, and . . .

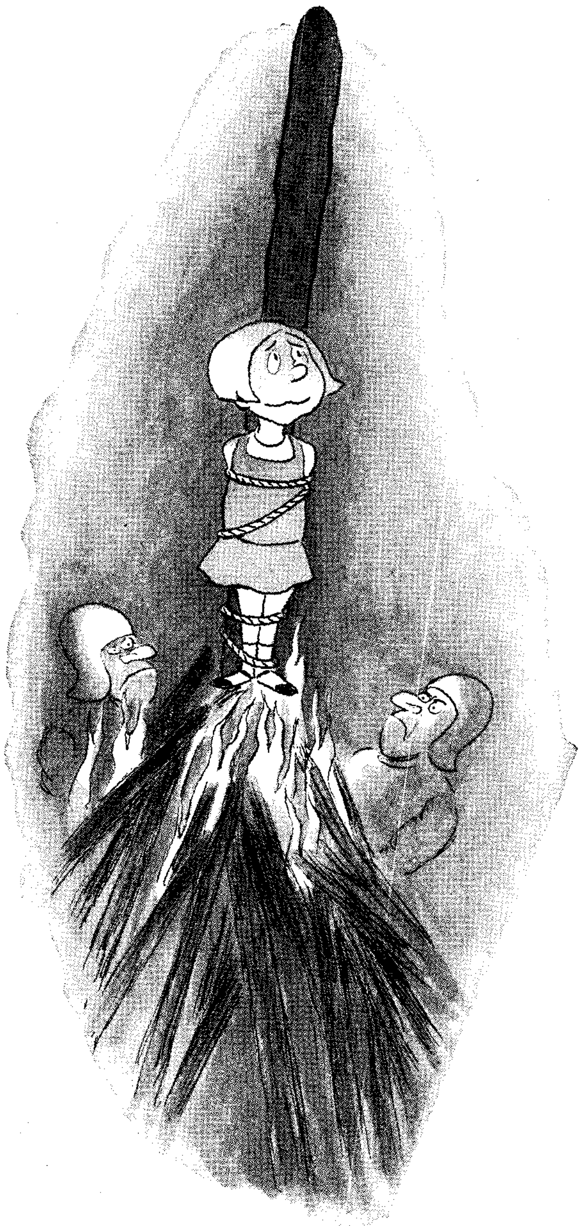
(*As he goes on talking, a spotlight picks out the American flag again, and we see that now it is right side up.*)

—ROGER ANGELL

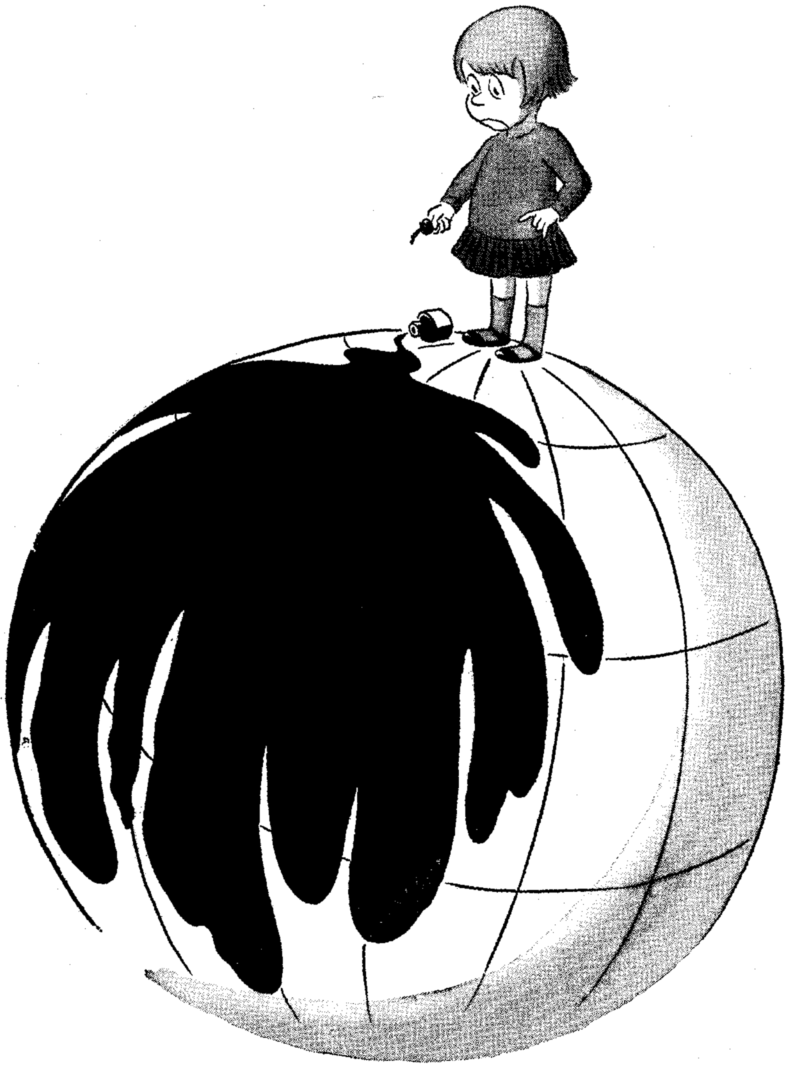
THE GOLDEN YEARS



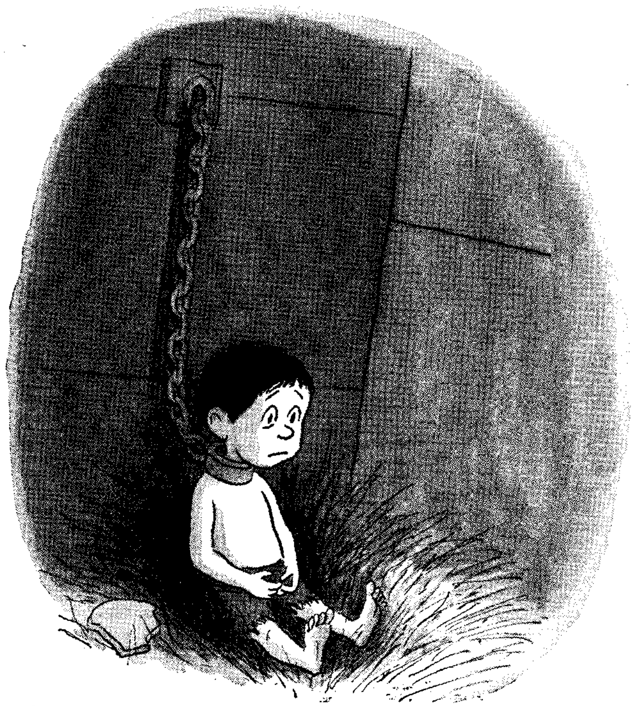
"No dessert until you've eaten all your mashed potatoes."



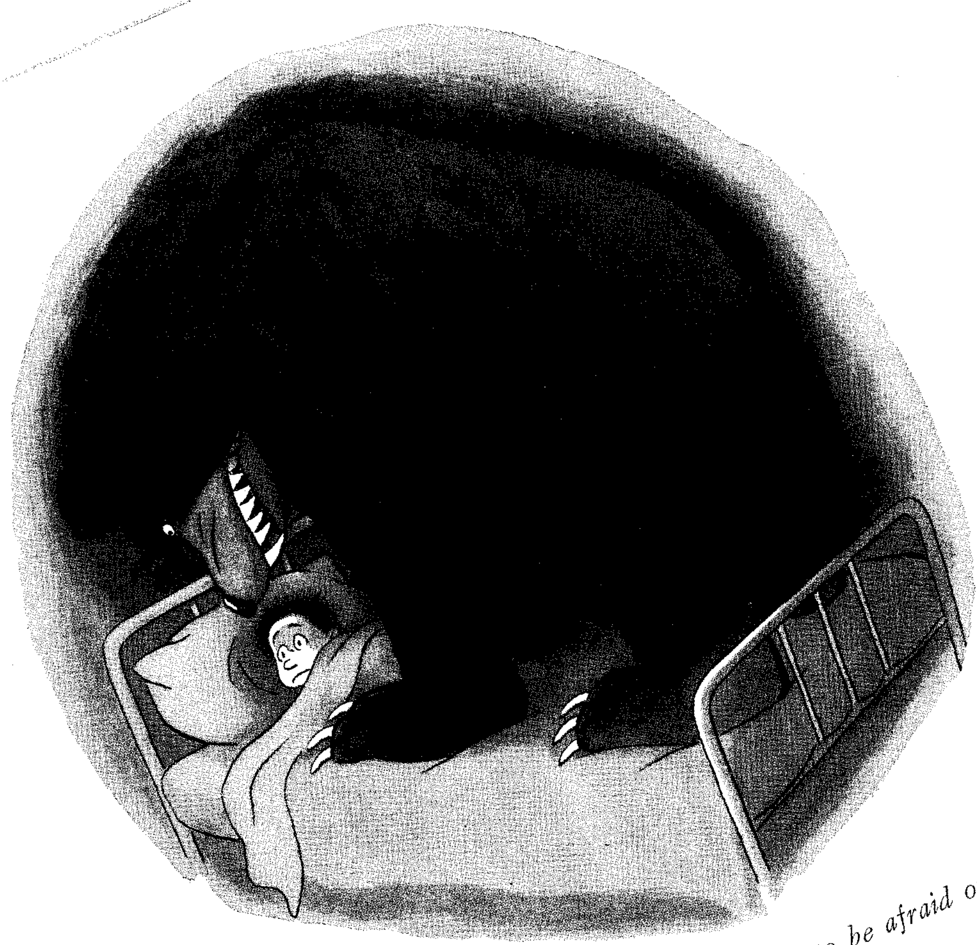
"Be brave. It's not going to hurt."



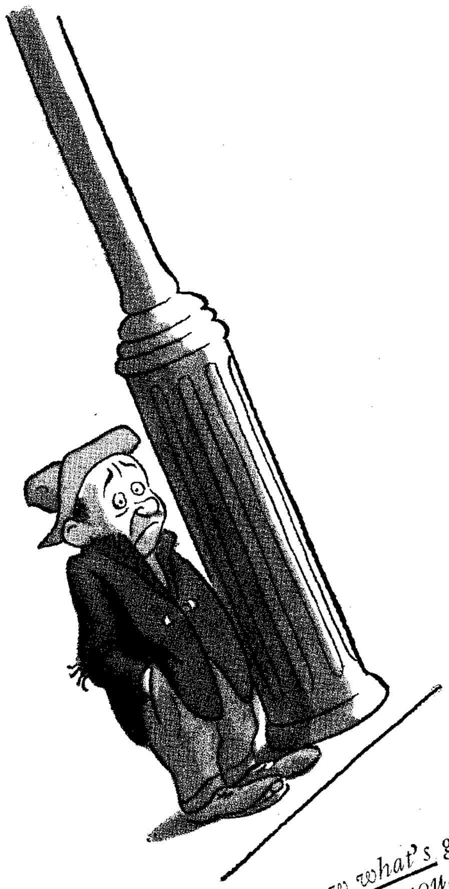
"Now see what you've done!"



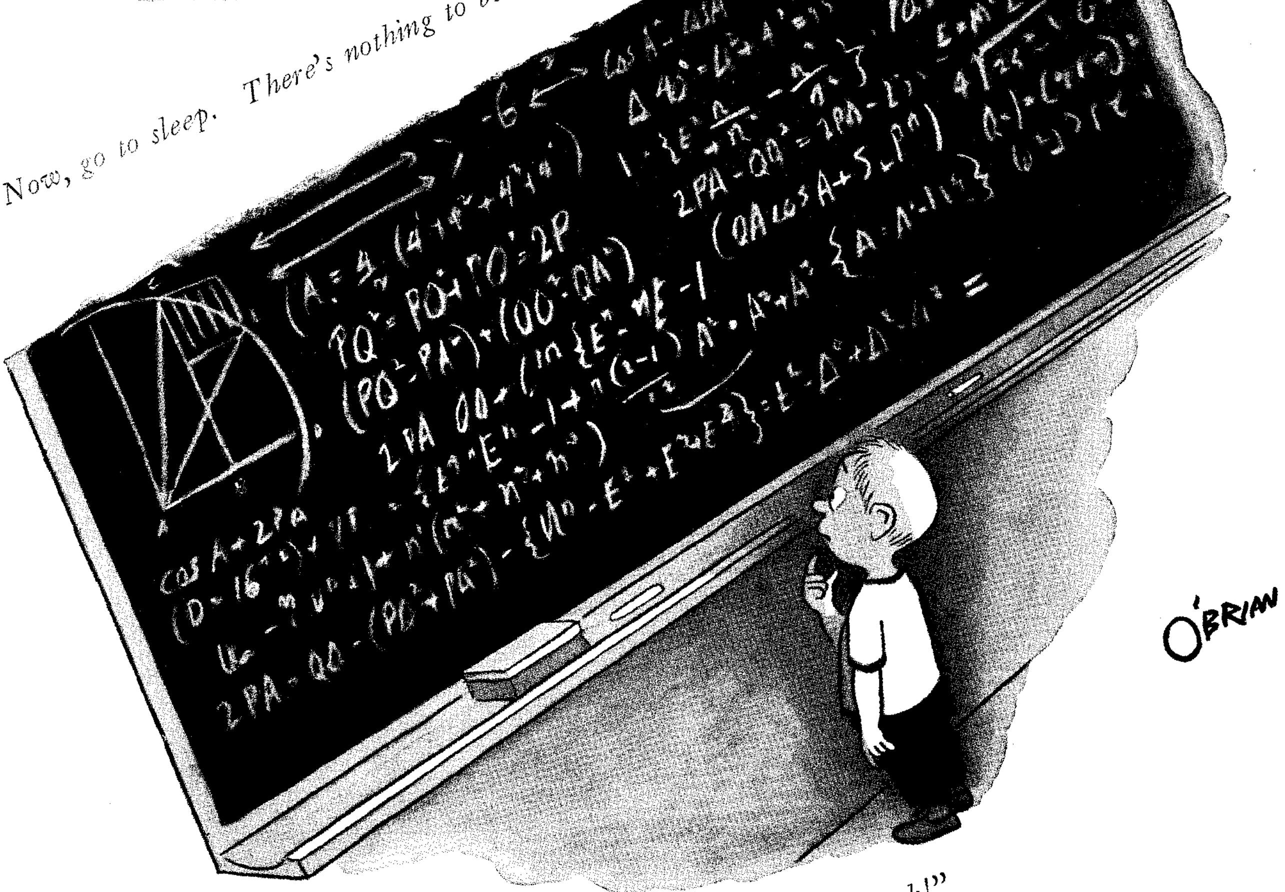
"And stay in your room, young man!"



"Now, go to sleep. There's nothing to be afraid of."



"I don't know *what's* going to become of you."



"Think!"

AN ACT OF REPARATION

Lapsang sooshang—must smell like tar.
Liver salts in *blue* bottle.
Queer de Russy Soap.
Strumpshaw's bill—why *6d.*?
Crumpets.
Waistcoat buttons.
Something for weekend—not a chicken.

SO much of the list had been scratched off that this remainder would have made cheerful reading if it had not been for the last item.

Valerie Hardcastle knew where she was with a chicken. You thawed it, put a lump of marg inside, and roasted it. While it was in the oven you could give your mind to mashed potatoes (Fenton couldn't endure packet crisps), bread sauce, and the vegetable of the season—which latterly had been sprouts. A chicken was calm and straightforward: you ate it hot, then you ate it cold; and it was a further advantage that one chicken is pretty much like another. Chicken is reliable—there is no apple-pie-bed side to its character. With so much in married life proving apple-pie-beddish, the weekend chicken had been as soothing as going to church might be if you were that sort of person. But now Fenton had turned—like any worm, she thought, though conscious that the comparison was inadequate—declaring that he was surfeited with roast chicken, that never again was she to put one of those wretched commercialized birds before him.

"Think of their hideous lives, child! Penned up, regimented, stultified. They never see a blade of grass, they never feel the fresh air, all they know is chicken, chicken, chicken—just like us at weekends. Where is that appalling draft coming from? You must have left a window open somewhere."

"What do you think I ought to get instead? I could do liver-and-bacon. But that doesn't go on to the next day."

"Can't you get a joint?"

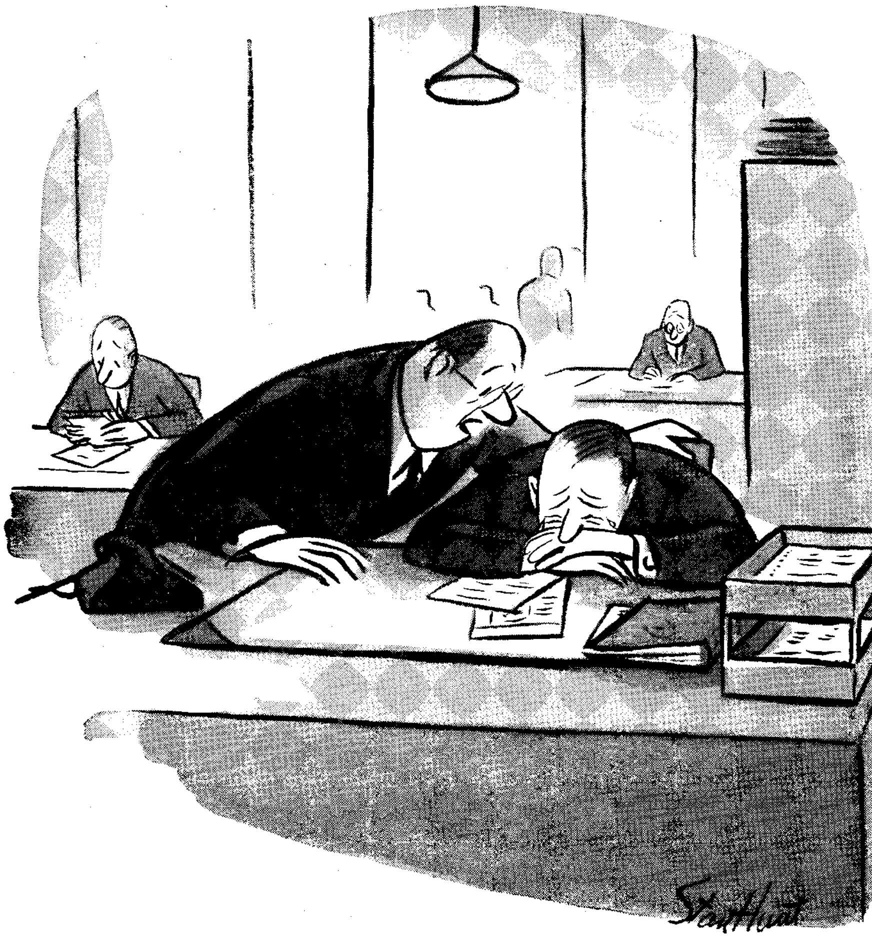
A joint. What joint? She had never cooked a joint. At home, Mum made stews. At the Secretarial College there was mince and shepherd's pie. No doubt a joint loomed in the background of these—but distantly, and in other hands. When she and Olive Petty broke away from the college to share a bed-sitting-room and work as dancing partners at the town's new skating rink, their meals mainly consisted of chips and salami, varied by the largesse of admirers who took them to restaurants. Fenton, as an admirer, had expressed himself in *scampi* and *crêpes Suzette*—pronounced "crapes," not "creeps"—with never a mention of joints. Gray-haired, though with lots of it, he was the educated type, and theirs was an ideal relationship till Mrs. Fenton, whom he had not mentioned either—not to speak of—burst out like a tiger, demanding divorce. The case was undefended. Six months later to the day, Fenton made an honest woman of her. Brought her down to earth, so to speak.

Marriage, said the registrar, was a matter of give-and-take. Marriage, thought Valerie, was one thing after another. Now it was joints. Sunk in marriage, she sat at a small polished table in the bank, waiting for Fenton's queries about his statement sheets to be thoroughly gone into, meanwhile enjoying the orderliness and impersonality of an establishment so unlike a kitchen or a bedroom.

And at an adjoining table sat the previous Mrs. Hardcastle, who for her part had come to withdraw a silver teapot from the bank's strong room, examining with a curiosity she tried to keep purely abstract the young person who had supplanted her in Fenton's affections. Try as she might, abstraction was not possible. Conscience intervened, compunction, and stirrings of guilt. It was all very well for Isaac; he had not drawn Abraham's attention to the ram in the thicket. It was all very well for Iphigenia, who had not suggested to the goddess that a hind could replace her at the sacrificial altar. Isaac and Iphigenia could walk off with minds untroubled by any shade of responsibility for the substituted victim. But she, Lois Hardcastle, writhing in the boredom of being married to Fenton, had snatched at Miss Valerie Fry, who had done her no harm whatever, and got away at her expense. And this, this careworn, deflated little chit staring blankly at a shopping list, was what Fenton had made of her in less than six months' matrimony.

"Oh dear!" said Lois, sighing heavily.

Hearing the sigh and the exclamation, Valerie glanced up to discover who was taking on so. She could see nothing to account for it. The woman was definitely middle-aged, long past having anything to sound tragic about. Indeed,



"We permit quite a bit of latitude around here, Redfield, but we do ask our employees to try not to cry on gloomy days. It makes things so much harder all around."

she looked remarkably healthy and prosperous, was expensively made up, wore a wedding ring, had no shopping bags—so why should she jar the polish and repose of a bank by sighing and exclaiming “Oh dear”? Leg of lamb, leg of pork, leg of—did nothing else have legs? Beef must, but passed them off under another name. A bank clerk came up with a sealed parcel, saying, “Here it is, Mrs. Hardcastle. If you’ll just sign for it.”

“Here, you’ve made a mistake! Those aren’t Mr. Hardcastle’s—” As Valerie spoke, she saw the parcel set down in front of the other woman—Fenton’s other one. For it was she, though so smartened up as to be almost unrecognizable. What an awkward situation! And what a pity she had drawn attention to herself by saying that about the parcel. Fortunately, Fenton’s other one did not appear to have noticed anything. She read the form carefully through, took her time over signing it, exchanged a few words with the clerk about the time of year before he carried it away. Of course, at her age she was probably a bit deaf, so she would not have heard those giveaway words. The giveaway words sounded on in Valerie’s head. She was still blushing vehemently when the other Mrs. Hardcastle looked her full in the face and said, cool as a cucumber, “Mrs. Lois Hardcastle, now. What an odd place we’ve chosen to meet in.”

Pulling herself together, Valerie replied, “Quite a coincidence.”

“Such a small world. I’ve come to collect a teapot. And you, I gather, are waiting for Fenton’s statement sheets, just as I used to do. And it’s taking a long time, just as it always did.”

“There were some things Mr. Hardcastle wanted looked into.”

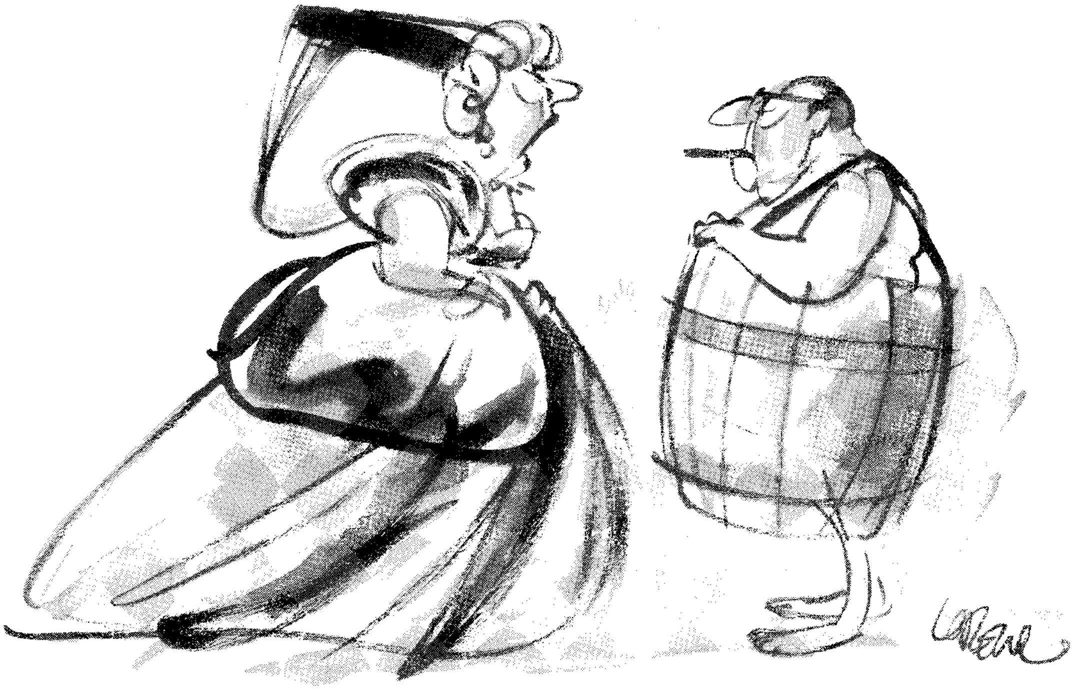
Not to be put down, Mr. Hardcastle’s earlier wife continued, “Now that the bank has brought us together, I hope you’ll come and have coffee with me. I’m going back to London tonight, so it’s my only chance to hear how you both are.”

“I don’t know that I can spare the time, thank you all the same. I’m behindhand as it is, and I’ve got to buy a joint for the weekend.”

“Harvey’s or Ensten’s?”

“Well, I don’t really know. I’d rather thought of the Co-Op.”

“Excellent for pork.”



“Well, you’re not going as Fiscal Irresponsibility with me!”

“To tell the truth, I’ve not bought a joint before. We’ve always had a chicken. But now he’s got tired of chicken.”

Five months of love and chicken . . . “I’m afraid you’ve been spoiling him,” said Lois. “Keep him on cold veal for a few weeks and he’ll be thankful for chicken.”

“I hadn’t thought of veal. Would veal be a good idea?”

“Here come your statement sheets. Now we can go and have some coffee and think about veal.”

“Well, I must say, I’d be glad of it. Shopping gets me down.”

Tottering on stiletto heels and still a head shorter than Lois, the replacement preceded her from the bank, jostling the swinging doors with her two bulging, ill-assembled shopping bags. Lois took one from her. It was the bag whose handle Fenton, in a rush of husbandry, had mended with string. The string ground into her fingers—as fatal, as familiar, as ever.

The gray downs grew into lumps of sin to Guenevere in William Morris’s poem, and as Fenton’s wives sat drinking coffee the shopping bags humped on the third chair grew into lumps of sin to Lois. They were her bags, her burden; and she had cast them onto the shoulders of this hapless child and gone flourishing off, a free woman. It might be said, too, though she made less of it, that she had cast the child on Fenton’s aging shoulders and hung twenty-one consecutive frozen chickens round his neck—a clammy garland. Apparently it was impossible to commit the simplest act of selfishness, of self-defense, even, without paining and inconveniencing others. Lost in these reflections, Lois forgot to keep the conversation going. It was Valerie who succored it. “Where would one be without one’s cup of coffee?”

For, considering how handicapped she was with middle age and morality, Fenton’s other one had been putting up a creditable show of sophisticated broadmindedness, and deserved a helping hand—the more so since that sigh in the bank was now so clearly explainable as a sigh of regret for the days when she had a husband to cook for. Lois concurred that one would be quite lost without one’s cup of coffee. “And I think it’s such a mistake to put milk in it,” continued Valerie, who with presence of mind had refused milk, black coffee being more sophisticated. Two sophisticated women, keeping their poise on the rather skiddy surface of a serial husband, was how she ideally saw the situation. For a while, she managed to keep conversation on a black-coffee level: foreign travel, television, the guitar. But you could see the poor thing’s heart wasn’t really in it; grieving for what could never again be hers, she just tagged along. Yes, she had been to Spain, but it was a long time ago. No, unfortunately, she had missed that program. “I never seem to have enough time. Do have another cake.” She seemed to have time enough now. The cake lay on her plate, the coffee cooled in her cup; still she sat brooding, and frowned as though she were calculating some odds, hatching some resolution. Could it be that she was going to turn nasty? All of a sudden, she looked up and exclaimed, "I know. Oxtail."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Oxtail. Instead of a joint. Come on."

Well, if it made her happy . . .

It certainly did. A wife Fenton hadn't given her an idea of, a wife as animated and compelling as a scenic railway, swept Valerie to the butcher's, summoned old Mr. Ensten himself, made him produce a series of outlandish objects totally unlike Valerie's conception of what could be called a joint, chose out the most intimidating of the lot, stiff as a poker and a great deal longer, watched with a critical eye as he smote it into coilability, swept on to a greengrocer to buy carrots, garlic, celery, and button mushrooms, then to a grocer's shop, bafflingly small, dusky, and undisplaying, where she bought peppercorns, bay leaves, and a jar of anchovies, finally to a wine merchant where she bought half a bottle of claret. Whirled on in this career, consulted and assenting over God knew what next, abandoning all thought of the rest of her shopping list, Valerie fell from gasps to giggles. Why peppercorns, when pepper could be got ready ground? Why anchovies, when there was no thought of fish? And garlic? Now it was claret.

"And a taxi, please."

As though it were perfectly normal for wine merchants to supply taxis, the taxi was fetched. Valerie was put into it; the parcels and shopping bags were put in after her.

"Seventeen Windermere Gardens," said Lois.

Once, escaping from the Secretarial College, Valerie and Olive Petty bought half-crown tickets for a Mystery Drive. The bus, thundering through a maze of small streets, had taken them past the Corporation Gas Works into the unknown. It had dived into woods, skirted past villages with spires and villages with towers, shown them an obelisk on a hilltop, a reservoir, a bandstand, an Isolation Hospital, a glimpse of the sea, a waterfall, a ruined castle. Then, with a twirl through the outskirts of some unknown town, it set them down by the War Memorial, a stone's throw from the Secretarial College. Now it was to be the same thing. The Mystery Shopping Excursion would end at 17 Windermere Gardens. All that remained was to say something calm and suitable.

A HILL

In Italy, where this sort of thing can occur,
I had a vision once—though you understand
It was nothing at all like Dante's, or the visions of saints,
And perhaps not a vision at all. I was with some friends,
Picking my way through a warm, sunlit piazza
In the early morning. A clear fretwork of shadows
From huge umbrellas littered the pavement and made
A sort of lucent shallows in which was moored
A small navy of carts. Books, coins, old maps,
Cheap landscapes, and ugly religious prints
Were all on sale. The colors and noise,
Like the flying hands, were gestures of exultation,
So that even the bargaining
Rose to the ear like a voluble godliness.
And then, when it happened, the noises suddenly stopped,
And it got darker; pushcarts and people dissolved,
And even the great Farnese Palace itself
Was gone, for all its marble; in its place
Was a hill, mole-colored and bare. It was very cold,
Close to freezing, with a promise of snow.
The trees were like old ironwork gathered for scrap
Outside a factory wall. There was no wind,
And the only sound for a while was the little click
Of ice as it broke in the mud under my feet.
I saw a piece of ribbon snagged on a hedge,
But no other sign of life. And then I heard
What seemed the crack of a rifle. A hunter, I guessed;
At least I was not alone. But just after that
Came the soft and papery crash
Of a great branch somewhere unseen falling to earth.

And that was all, except for the cold and silence
That promised to last forever, like the hill.

Then fingers came through, and prices, and I was restored
To the sunlight and my friends. But for more than a week
I was scared by the plain bitterness of what I had seen.
All this happened about ten years ago,
And it hasn't troubled me since, but at last, today,
I remembered that hill; it lies just to the left
Of the road north of Poughkeepsie, and, as a boy,
I stood before it for hours in wintertime.

—Anthony Hecht

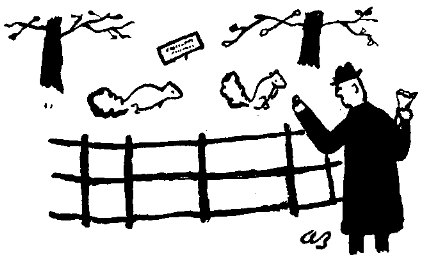
• •

"Such an unexpected pleasure to meet you. You've quite changed the day for me."

"But I'm coming, too. I'm coming to cook the oxtail. I hope you don't mind."

"Mind? My God, I'd be thankful! And more."

The ring of sincerity transformed the poor girl's voice. To say "transfigured" it would, however, be going too far. Transformed it. Unmuzzled it.



NO act of reparation, thought Lois, sitting in the taxi, can be an exact fit. Circumstances are like seaweed: a moment's exposure to the air, an hour's relegation to the past tense, stiffens, warps, shrivels the one and the other. The impulse to ease even a fraction of the burden she had imposed on that very different Miss Valerie Fry of the divorce proceedings—an impulse first felt in the bank as a philosophic acknowledgment of a faint, almost pleasurable sense of guilt, which at the word "joint" had fleshed itself in the possibility of a deed, and a compassion against which she had soon ceased to struggle (for only someone in a state of utter dejection could

"Oh, it's early yet. What do you say we have one for the money, two for the show, three to make ready, and four to go?"

have eaten three of those appalling little cakes)—would fit neither the offense nor the moment. Probably even the medium was ill chosen. She happened to like oxtail herself, but very likely the girl would have preferred rolled ribs. Only one static element would resist the flux of time: Fenton's planetlike, unconjectural course. The Borough Offices where he worked as an architect closed at midday on Saturday. The planetlike course then took him to lunch at the Red Lion, and then to a healthful swim in the public baths, and then to his club; and he would be home at six.

"I'm afraid, as I wasn't expecting you, there won't be more than bread and cheese," said the voice, now back in its muzzle.

"Nothing I should like better. It will give us more time to cook in. When does Fenton usually get home?"

"Four, or thereabouts."

Even Fenton wasn't the same. She glanced with admiration at the young person whose society was two hours more alluring than hers had been, then at her wristwatch.

"Well, if I don't dawdle over my bread and cheese, that should be long enough. At any rate, it should be well on its way by then."

"By then? All that time to cook a tail? You *must* be fond of cooking!"

The tone of spontaneous contempt, thought Lois, was just what anyone trying to apply an act of reparation might expect, and therefore what she deserved.

The taxi turned down Windermere Terrace. Seeing the iteration of small houses, each carefully designed to be slightly at variance with the others, each with a small identical garage and a small front garden for demonstration of individuality, Lois observed that in some of the gardens the ornamental shrubs had grown larger, in others had died. They entered the house.

"I should think it must feel a bit queer to you, coming back like this," Valerie said.

"No. Rather homelike. What a pretty new wallpaper—new wallpapers, that is." A pink wall with squiggles, a blue wall with stripes, a yellow wall with poodles, kiosks, and the Eiffel Tower, a black wall with marbling. And did Fenton come home two hours earlier to gaze on these?

"I put them all on myself. And one with fishes in the bathroom. I expect you know your way to the bathroom?"

"I must not, will not, be censorious," said Lois to herself. And Valerie, arranging ready-sliced bread and processed cheese for two, muttered to her four walls, when she was left alone with them, "If she goes on being a condescending old ray of sunlight, I'll murder her."

There was no time to expect that Lois knew her way to the kitchen. She was in it in a flash.

"I haven't really got round to decorating this yet. To tell the truth, I'm not all that stuck on cooking."

"Where do you keep the large stewpan?"

The large stewpan was traced to the cupboard under the stairs, where it held jam pots and spiders. But at some time it must have been used, for Lois had left it clean. The cooking knives were rusty, the wooden spoons had been used to stir paint. At the bottom of the flour canister lurked a small grayish heap that might possibly be a dead fairy. Moths and skewers were in every drawer she opened. Without a flutter of pity, of compunction, of remorse, of any of the feelings that should accompany an act of reparation as parsley and lemon accompany fried plaice or red-currant jelly jugged hare, Lois searched, and cleaned, and sharpened, and by quarter to three the oxtail was in the large stewpan, together with the garlic, carrots, bay leaves, peppercorns, and celery.

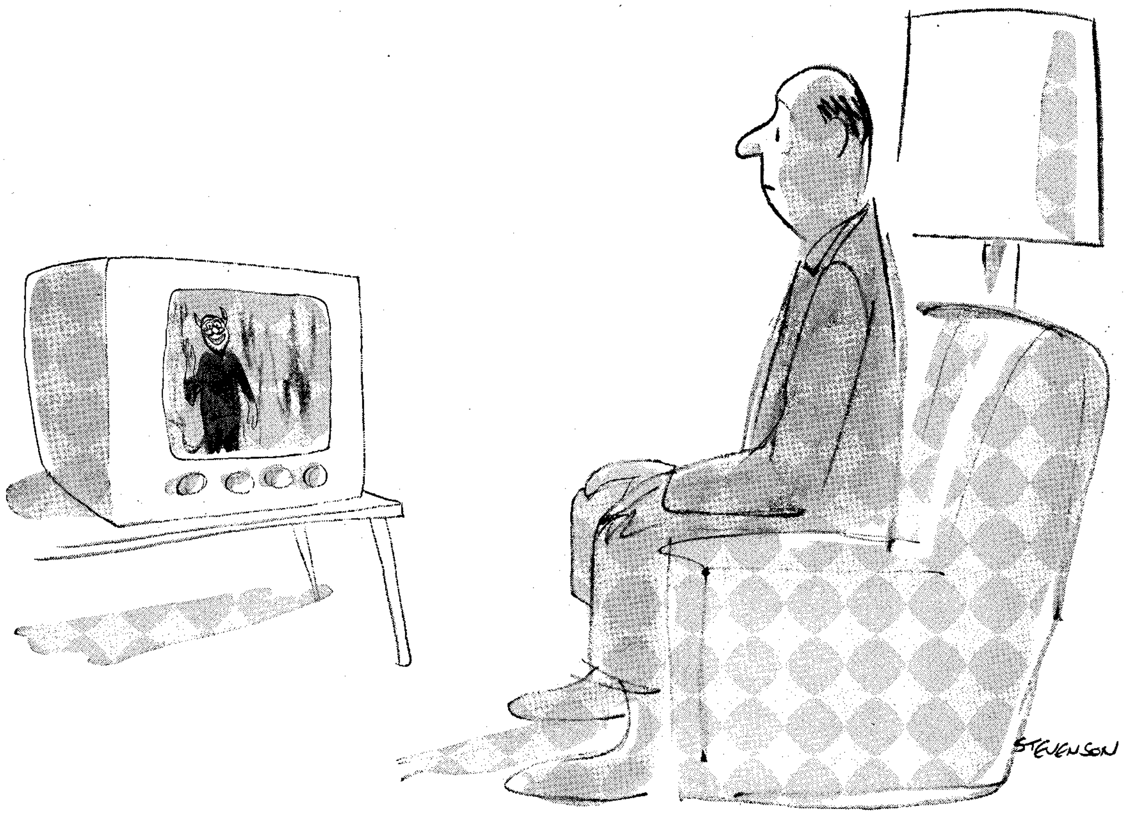
"What about the mushrooms?" Valerie inquired. She had rubbed the mushrooms and did not intend to see them slighted.

"They go in later on."

"Well, as you seem to be managing all right, perhaps I'll . . ."

"Yes, do."

ONE of the things Fenton particularly liked about Valerie was her habit of awaiting him. A man likes to be awaited. At the end of a dull day's architecture, to find a wife quietly sitting, undistracted by any form of employment, not even reading a book, but just sitting and waiting and ready to look pleased is very agreeable. Today he happened to be forty minutes later than usual, a conversation with a man called Renshaw having delayed him. His expectations were forty minutes livelier, and as he closed the garage and walked toward his door, he said to himself that there was really quite a dash of the Oriental in him. The discovery of this dash—he had not been aware of it till Valerie—had even reconciled him to the prospect of baked beans or scrambled eggs on cold toast, and having to wait a long time for them, if such was the price of being awaited. Besides, he always had a good substantial lunch at the Lion. But today Valerie was awaiting him amid a most exhilarating smell of cooking. It would be gross to comment on it immediately; to mulct her of



"So come on down!"

• •

the caresses of reunion, to fob off her proper desire to hear what he had been doing all day. And though she did not comment on his unpunctuality, he was at pains to tell her of his unforeseen encounter with Renshaw—not the Renshaw who skated and had been instrumental in bringing them together but his cousin E. B. Renshaw—to recount what E. B. Renshaw had said, and to give a brief account of his character, career, and accomplishments as a slow bowler. Only then did he say, "No need to ask what you've been doing. What a wonderful smell! What is it?"

"Oxtail."

"Of course! Oxtail. I thought I knew it."

"Do you like oxtail?"

"Immensely—when it's not out of a tin. I can smell that this isn't."

"Oh, no!"

He snuffed again. Lois had added the mushrooms and the anchovies and was now administering claret.

"Delicious! What's in it?"

"All sorts of things. Button mushrooms."

Her smile struck him as secretive—no wonder, with this talent up her sleeve. And all performed so casually, too, so unobtrusively; for there she sat, reposeful, not a hair out of place, none of the usual cook's airs of flurry and inattention, not a single "Just wait one moment" while he was relating his day and the meeting with E. B. Renshaw.

"When will it be ready?" he said with ardor.

"Not just yet. Do you like my nail varnish? It's new. I bought it today."

"Very pretty. Do you think you ought to go and stir it?"

"Oh, no! She'll do all that."

" 'She'?" Had Valerie gone and got a cook? A cook from whom such odors proceeded would demand enormous wages, yet might almost be worth it. " 'She'? What she?"

"Your other wife. She's in there. She's been doing it all the afternoon."

"Do you mean Lois?"

"Of course I mean Lois. You haven't any other wives, have you?"

This pertness when referring to his previous marriage was customary, and did not altogether displease. Now he didn't even notice it. He had a situation to grapple with, and the better to do so removed part of it off his knee.

"How did this happen?"

"We met at the bank—she'd gone there for some teapot or other. We couldn't sit there glaring at each other, so we began to talk."

About him, of course. What confidences had been exchanged? What invidious—

"She told me you liked cold veal."

A total misrepresentation. Lois had always been malicious, seizing on some casually expressed liking to throw in his teeth. "What else did she say?"

"Nothing much. I had to do most of the talking. And before I knew where I was, she was wanting to come and cook you an oxtail. I couldn't very well stop her, could I? Of course I paid for it. The worst of it is, she was in such a rush to get here that I hadn't a chance to ask Strumpshaw about that sixpence, or to get the waistcoat buttons or the right liver salts or your China tea. She isn't what I'd call considerate."

"I shall have to go and see her."

He would have to open the kitchen door, take the full assault of that bewitching smell, see Lois cooking as of old—an unassimilable answer to prayer. For of course she mustn't come again, she mustn't go on doing this sort of thing; nor was he a man to be won back by fleshpots. Yet he knew himself moved. Poor Lois, making her way back almost like an animal, forgetting her jealousy, her prejudice, all the awful things she had said at the time of the divorce, and trampling on convention and *amour-propre*, just to cook him a favorite dish. What had impelled her to this? Remorse, loneliness, an instinctive longing to foster and nourish? For many years her feeling for him had been almost wholly maternal—which made her insistence on the divorce even more irrational. What had set it off? Seeing the teapot, perhaps. They had both been fond of the teapot. It was Georgian.

Or was it all a deliberate scheme to lure him back?

He sprang to his feet, straightened his waistcoat, left the sitting room, entered the kitchen. It was empty. She had gone. Tied to the handle of the stewpan was a visiting card, on the back of which she had written, "This will be ready by seven. It should simmer till then. *Don't let it boil.*"

—Sylvia Townsend Warner

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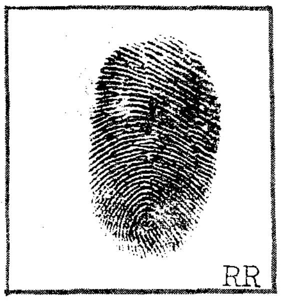
The Australian and New England circulation of Time magazine's South Pacific edition will be made available as separate regional units, starting May 1, 1964.
—*Anny, a trade publication.*

High time, too.

PROFILES

MOVING OUT

UNLIKE many of the other young painters now active on the New York art scene, Robert Rauschenberg often feels personally responsible when his work is misunderstood. This is an appealing trait, but one that can lead him into difficult situations, as it did last spring at the opening of a major retrospective exhibition of his work at the Jewish Museum, on upper Fifth Avenue. Opening night was restricted to the museum's regular membership—a rather different group of people from the large and enthusiastic art crowd that had come to a preview the evening before—and some of the members were totally unprepared for the kind of art they found on the walls of their venerable institution. In the first room, for example, the visitor was greeted by an immense work, in seven panels, entitled "White Painting," upon which no image—in fact, no mark of any kind—could be detected. Next to this were two entries, each called "Black Painting," one consisting of black pigment uniformly applied to canvas, the other (in three panels) of black pigment unevenly applied over a base of torn and crumpled newsprint. Passing on, the viewer was confronted by an enormous red painting ("Charlene"), whose surface was enlivened with mirrors, bits of cloth and wood, part of a man's undershirt, a flattened parasol, postcards, comic strips, innumerable drugstore reproductions of Old Master paintings, and even its own source of light, in the form of an unfrosted electric-light bulb that flashed off and on. In the far corner of the room hung the work that is usually thought to be the most shocking of Rauschenberg's works—a real quilt and a real pillow, liberally daubed with oil paint and matter-of-factly entitled "Bed"—while in the middle of the floor stood "Monogram," one of what he calls his "combines;" its central feature is a stuffed Angora goat encircled at midriff by an automobile tire. The reactions of the Jewish Museum members to all this were varied and intense. Some left the premises precipitately, others walked about looking dazed, and more than a few brought their dismay to the attention of the artist, an extremely friendly, responsive, and clean-cut thirty-eight-year-old Southerner of medium height and maximum charm, who made earnest efforts to get to the bottom of their complaints. One such conversation he remembers in detail. A middle-aged woman came up to him midway through the evening and asked why he was interested only in ugly things. "She really wanted to know," Rauschenberg recalls. "You could see that she wasn't just being hostile. Well, I had to find out first of all what she meant by 'ugly,' and so we talked about that for a while, and it seemed that what bothered her was the materials I'd chosen to use, and the way they were put together. To her, all my decisions seemed absolutely arbitrary—as though I could just as well have selected anything at all—and therefore there was no meaning, and that made it ugly. So I told her that if I were to describe the way she was dressed, it might sound very much like what she'd been saying. For instance, she had feathers on her head. And she had this enamel brooch with a picture of 'The Blue Boy' on it pinned to her breast. And around her neck she had on what she would call mink but what could also be described as the skin of a dead animal. Well, at first she was a little offended by this, I think, but then later she came back and said she was beginning to understand. She was really serious about it, and intelligent. The thing was, she just hadn't been able to *look* at the pictures until somebody helped her."

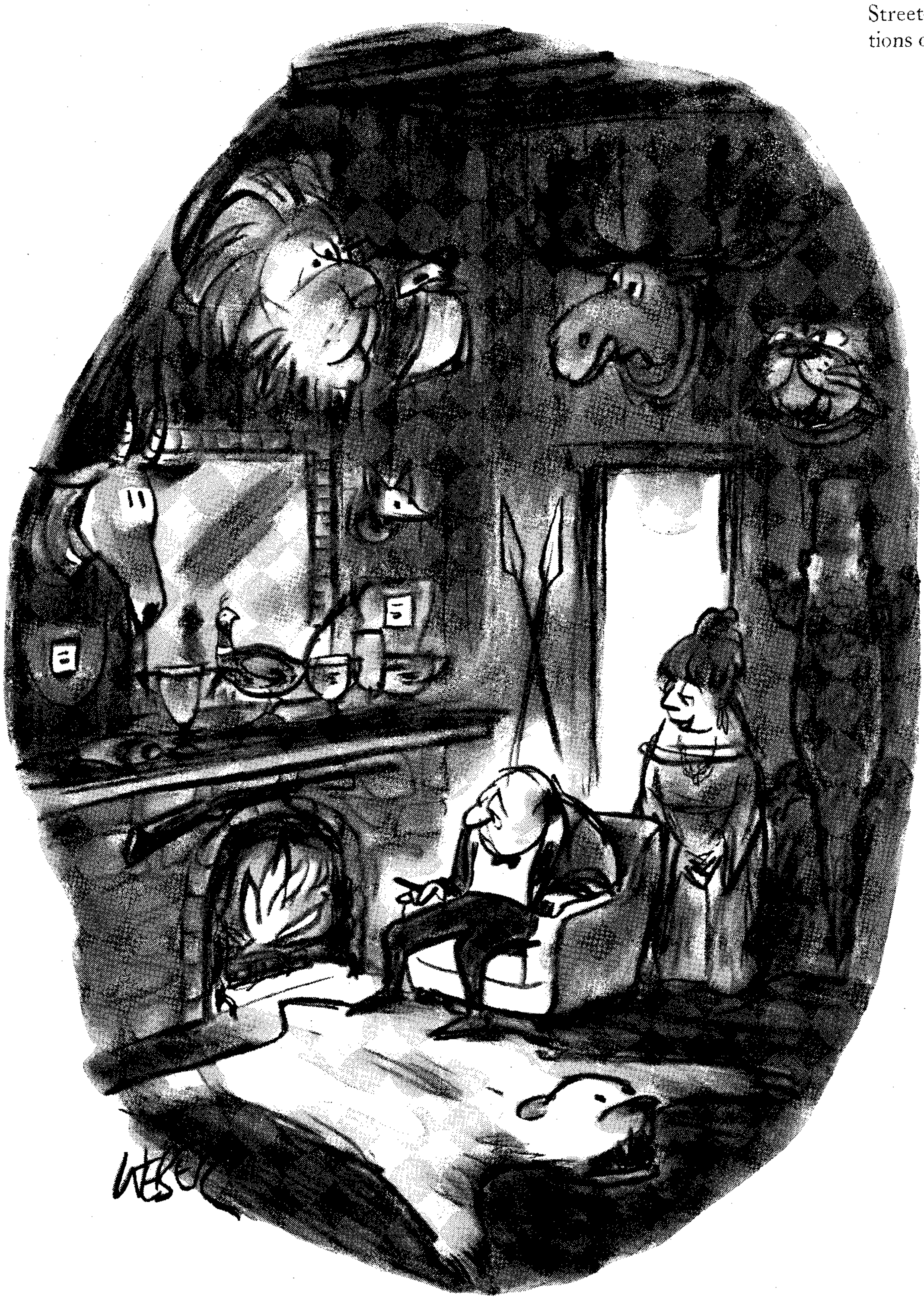


SELF-PORTRAIT

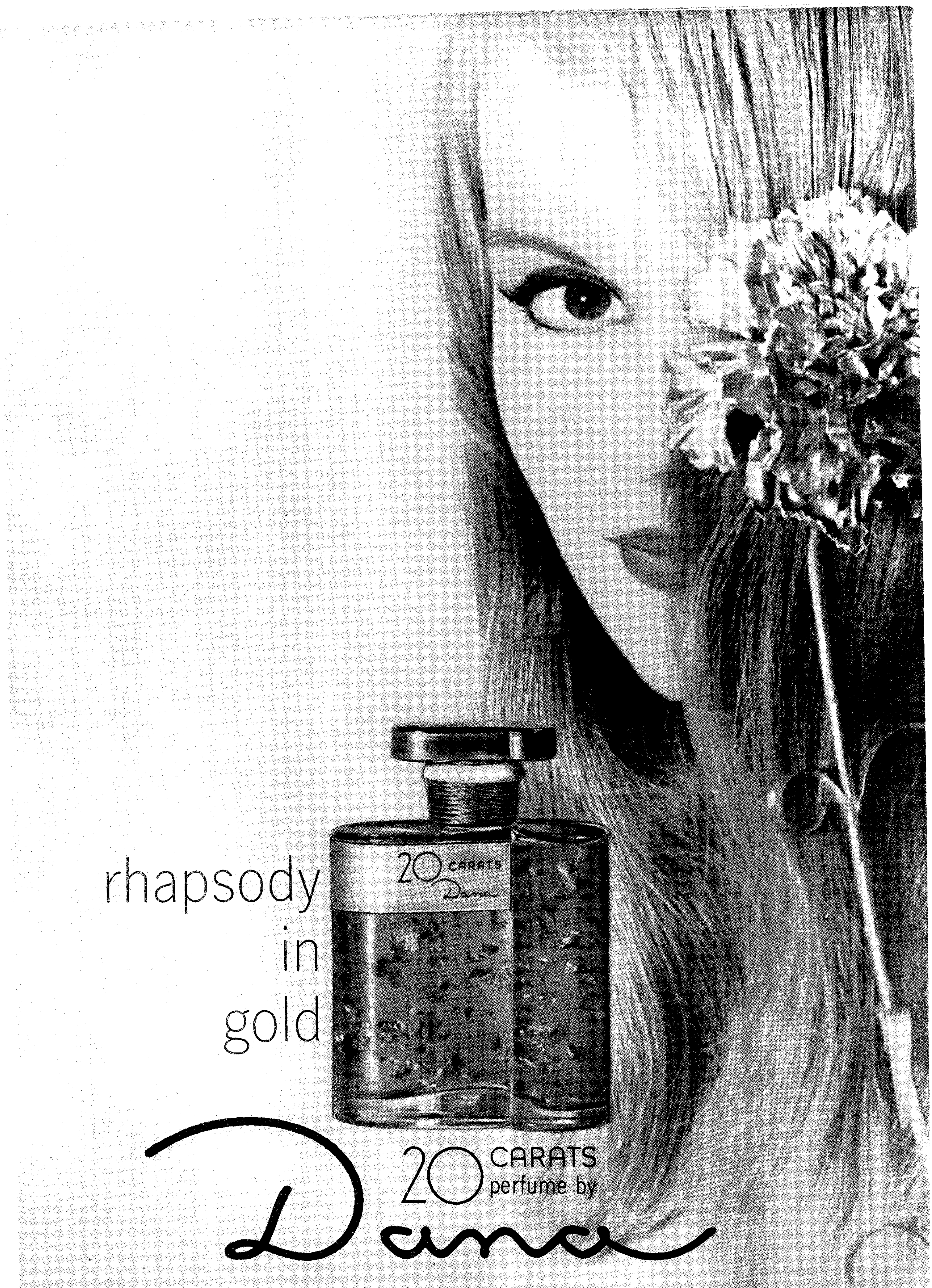
Although many people still find Rauschenberg's work distasteful, and even disturbing, to look at, a substantial number of collectors, museum officials, dealers, and even art critics have come around in the last three years to seeing things his way—enough of them, in any case, to establish his reputation as an extremely influential artist. What's more, he shows signs of becoming a phenomenally popular one. A major Rauschenberg retrospective now being shown at the Whitechapel Gallery, in London, is drawing the largest crowds ever seen at the gallery, which has had to take on extra guards for the occasion, and it has thoroughly dazzled the local press. The London *Times* called it "the most exhilarating art exhibition in London," and the *Sunday Telegraph* described Rauschenberg as "the most important American artist since Jackson Pollock." For a young man whose work had until recently been viewed as a rather bad joke, this sort of recognition is highly gratifying, and also somewhat alarming—too easy acceptance, he sometimes fears, can result from misunderstanding as readily as can no acceptance at all.

Together with Jasper Johns, who is five years younger, Rauschenberg has often been referred to as the co-founder (or co-perpetrator, depending on one's point of view) of the pop-art school, which has so brashly turned its back on the Abstract Expressionist painting that made New York the center of the postwar international art world and is pursuing an art that takes its highly realistic subject matter from commercial advertising, comic strips, and mass-produced commodities. There is some justification for describing Rauschenberg as "the Old Master" of the new painting—a phrase first applied to him by Dr. Alan Solomon, the Jewish Museum's dynamic young director. He was certainly one of the first artists to involve himself seriously with subject matter of this kind, and in the course of his protean development since 1948, as Dr. Solomon's retrospective exhibition made amply clear, he has either foreshadowed or grappled directly with most of the ideas, attitudes, and techniques that the pop artists have now adopted. At the same time, it has become increasingly evident that Rauschenberg's course is uniquely his own, and that he really has no more in common with the pop artists than he has with the Abstract Expressionists of the preceding artistic generation. For one thing, he almost never repeats himself. While many of the pop practitioners tend to play endless variations on the same theme, Rauschenberg's only consistent trait as an artist has been to move on, once he has explored an area, into fresh and often astounding new terrain. One of the few "accidents" in a painting that he will not accept, in fact, is an unplanned resemblance to something that he (or some other artist) has done before; when this happens, he paints it out. Rauschenberg prefers to be unfamiliar with what he is doing, and he often feels that what really motivates him as a painter is curiosity—"to see what makes a picture." "Bob has always been able to see beyond what others have decided should be the limits of art," Jack Tworkov, one of Rauschenberg's relatively few admirers among the older generation of Abstract Expressionist painters, said not long ago. "Twentieth-century art has been a constant expansion of these limits, of course—people once thought that Cézanne had gone as far as you could go. But Bob always wants to go still further. Look at what he did with collage. If it was all right to make pictures with bits of pasted paper or metal or wood, he asked, then why couldn't you use a bed, or even a goat with a tire? He keeps asking the question—and it's a terrific question philosophically, whether or not the results are great art—and his asking it has influenced a whole generation of artists."

In a rather cryptic statement that has been widely quoted, Rauschenberg once said, "Painting relates to both art and life. Neither can be made. I try to act in the gap between the two." Whatever this statement means to Rauschenberg (its interpretations are legion), it does serve to suggest the brash, nervy balancing act that characterizes his best work, and also his preoccupation with two of the big questions of twentieth-century art: What is the nature of art itself, and what is the nature of reality? "I don't want a picture to look like something it isn't," he said some time ago. "I want it to look like something it is. And I think a picture is more like the real world when it's made out of the real world." Because he has spent most of the last ten years living and working in sections of lower Manhattan that are not noted for their elegance—first in loft buildings on Fulton, Pearl, and Front Streets, and currently on Broadway near Twelfth Street—the objects, images, and sensations of his real world have tended to be somewhat inelegant, particularly since Rauschenberg until fairly recently was making no money to speak of, and depended for his materials partly on what he came across in the course of the day's activity. Toward all these materials, however, his attitude has always been one of cheerful and nearly total acceptance. He is unfailingly surprised when someone regards an object in one of his works as ugly. He never thinks that anything he uses is ugly at all, and sometimes he finds his salvaged objects strikingly beautiful. "I really feel sorry for people who think things like soap dishes or mirrors or Coke bottles are ugly, because they're surrounded by things like that all day long, and it must make them miserable," he said recently. Whenever he uses such objects as these in a "combine," Rauschenberg always respects their integrity, never altering their appearance to the point where they function merely as formal shapes in the composition, and never allowing them to serve merely symbolic ends. The objects and fragments come through relatively intact, with strong overtones of their life in the real world before they embarked upon their present life in art. And in his best works they seem to belong, to be miraculously *right*, in the context of the painting. Very recently, Rauschenberg abandoned the use of concrete objects in favor of a technique involving the use of silk-screened images applied to canvas. The silk screens are very expensive, and the new technique thus reflects Rauschenberg's current



"Why don't you go out and kill something, dear?"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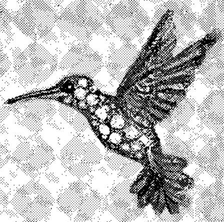

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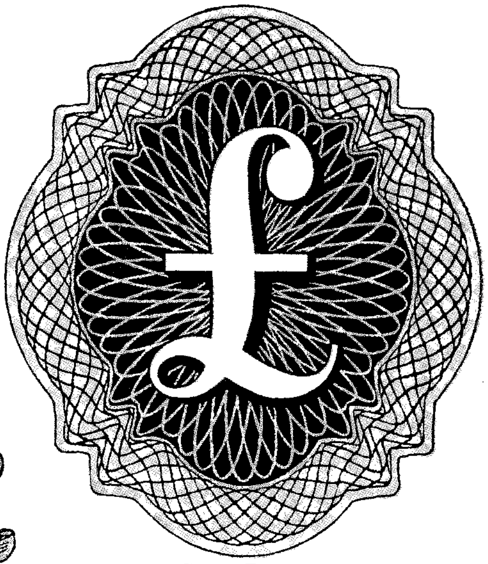
affluence; having managed for most of his career to get along on almost no money at all, he is now one of the small group of American painters whose new work is usually sold even before it reaches their dealers, at prices ranging from five thousand to fifty thousand dollars a painting. If success has enlarged the field of possibilities open to him, however, few of his friends see much indication that it has altered his style of living. "He worries more now over what people are saying about him," claims one somewhat disgruntled fellow-artist, "and he devotes a lot of thought to what he won't wear when he goes out socially." On the whole, though, Rauschenberg's zest for exploration seems unimpaired, and his attitude toward painting and toward life in general is pretty much the same as it always has been—one of sheer delight.

THE origins of this attitude are somewhat perplexing. Artists have, of course, come from every conceivable sort of background, but not many have grown up in an environment that would appear to be less conducive to aesthetic development than the small Gulf Coast refinery town of Port Arthur, Texas, where Rauschenberg spent his first eighteen years. (His grandfather, a Berlin doctor, had settled in Texas and married a full-blooded Cherokee.) "It wasn't until I left Texas to go into the Navy that I realized there was such a thing as an artist," Rauschenberg said recently. "When I was a child, it was very easy to grow up in Port Arthur without ever seeing a painting." The Rauschenbergs lived modestly—his father worked for a local utility company—and the major social occasions were family get-togethers (there were a great many aunts and uncles) and regular attendance at the Church of Christ, an austere denomination that frowned on social dancing. Rauschenberg had always done a lot of drawing in school, to the detriment of his grades, but he saw nothing unusual in this until he got to the Navy boot camp in Farragut, Iowa, in 1942, where he found, to his great surprise, that his ability to make recognizable pencil sketches of fellow-recruits was looked upon as a highly enviable skill. The first real paintings he ever saw were in the Henry E. Huntington Art Gallery, in San Marino, California. He had been sent from boot camp to the Navy Hospital Corps School in San Diego, and on one of his first liberties he went to the gallery, where he had heard there was some great art. The experience left him

United States



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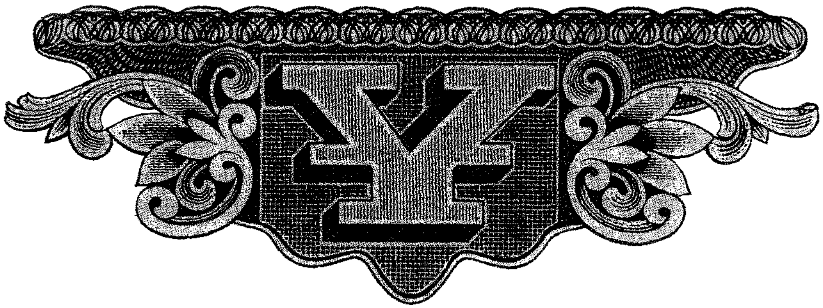

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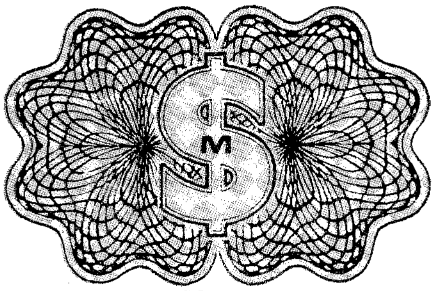

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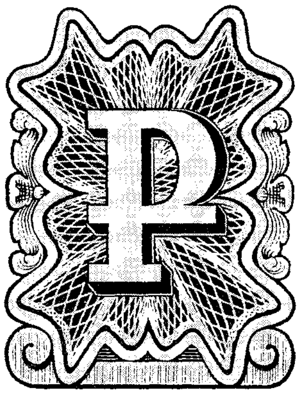
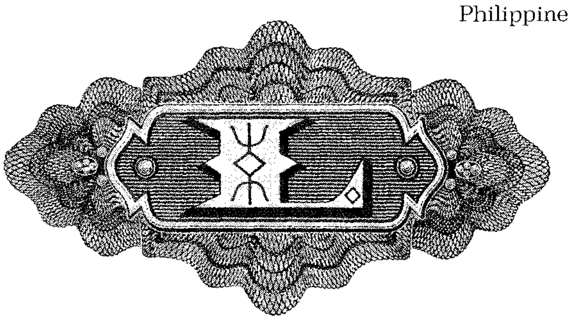


Philippines

West Germany



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"pretty shook up," he recalls. Three pictures in particular stuck in his mind: "There was Reynolds' portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse—an enormous brown thing—and then there was 'The Blue Boy' and 'Pinkie' [Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of the young Sarah Moulton-Barrett], which I remembered having seen on the backs of some playing cards. I just looked at them with a kind of fascination and awe." Painting suddenly began to seem to Rauschenberg like something that it was possible to do, although it was some time before he seriously thought of it as something that *he* could do.

In 1946, after three years as a neuropsychiatric technician in naval hospitals in California, Rauschenberg received his discharge and went home to Port Arthur—or, rather, to what he thought was home; his family had moved to Lafayette, Louisiana, in the meanwhile, and, as Rauschenberg puts it, "none of us were ever much good at writing letters." Rauschenberg found his family a day later, but the reunion was a brief one, since he stayed only a few weeks. "I was so restless and so changed," he says. "Everybody felt that way, I guess. Anyway, by then I thought I knew more about Los Angeles than anyplace else, so I went back there." Being a civilian in Los Angeles, he soon found, was not quite the same as being a sailor on leave, and when a Kansas City girl he met suggested that he study at the Kansas City Art Institute under the G.I. Bill of Rights, he instantly agreed.

Although he was very excited about going to art school, Rauschenberg says, he was too naïve to get much out of it; he actually learned more from some outside jobs he took to help support himself, doing advertising and display work for local merchants. "I'd found that in order to be an artist you had to go to Paris, and I was saving up for that," he said recently. "I took all those jokes very seriously then." In the fall of 1947, after a year in Kansas City, he had enough money for his passage, and came East for the first time, to board one of the converted troopships that ferried students to Europe in those days.

In 1947, Paris was still recovering from the war, and Rauschenberg found it depressing. He enrolled at the Académie Julian, but he got little benefit from his studies. "The criticism was once a week in French, and I didn't understand any French," he says. "The other students were hung up on whether their stuff should look like Matisse or Picasso. I saw my first Matisses and Picassos in Paris, but they didn't really

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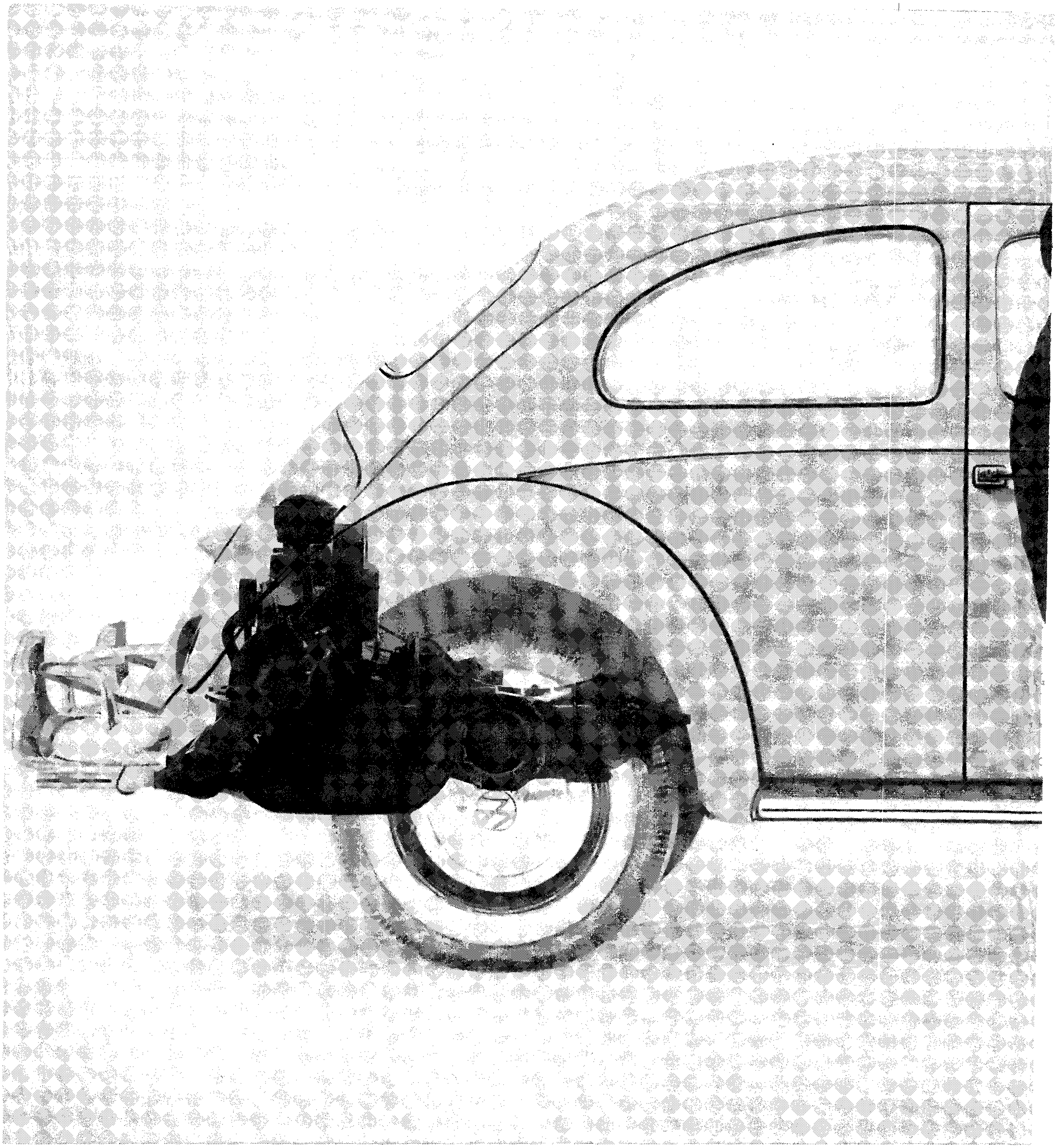

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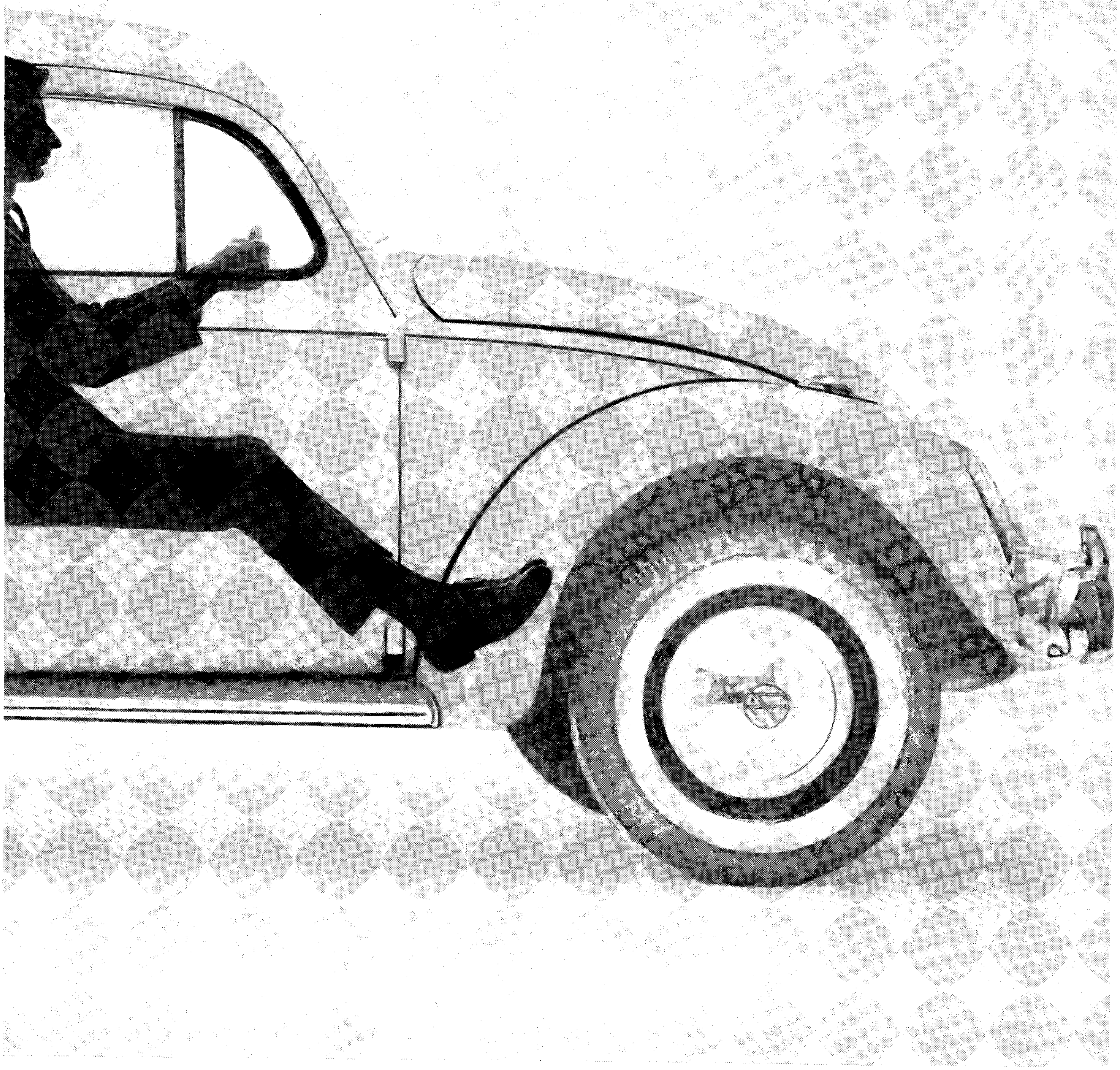

a Volkswagen has so much legroom in front.

more legroom in front.

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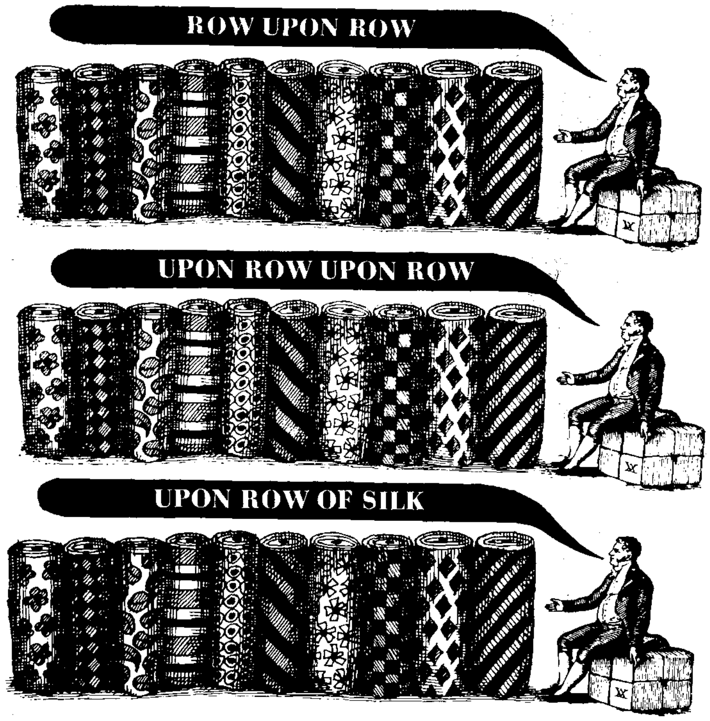
make much sense to me. I simply wanted to learn to paint." The one tangible result of Rauschenberg's brief attendance at the Académie was his meeting with Sue Weil, a young New York art student with whom he immediately fell in love. The couple soon stopped going to classes and took to painting what they saw in the streets of Paris—in Rauschenberg's case, portraits and some rather Expressionistic cityscapes. They did a lot of their painting in the dingy front room of their *pension*, just off the Boulevard Raspail. "We were scared of the *concierge*," Rauschenberg recalls, "and whenever one of us spilled a drop of paint on the grimy old Oriental rug there, we'd go around and carefully put a drop of the same color in several other places, to equalize it. After a while, the room began to seem brighter and brighter."

Although Rauschenberg found sheer sensual joy in the act of painting, he eventually came to the conclusion that if he was ever to move forward, he would have to have discipline. One day in mid-August of 1948, he picked up a copy of *Time* and read that "the greatest disciplinarian in the United States" was Josef Albers, then head of the Fine Arts Department of Black Mountain College, in North Carolina. As it happened, Sue Weil was getting ready to go home and enter Black Mountain herself, and as soon as he had managed to save up enough money for his return passage, Rauschenberg joined her there, entering college midway through the fall term of 1948.

It is generally agreed that the two greatest art teachers of the present day are Hans Hofmann and Josef Albers. Albers, with his Bauhaus background and his geometrical purity of style, would appear to represent the polar opposite of the loose, free-swinging kind of painting that Rauschenberg now exemplifies, and Rauschenberg himself has defined the basic difference between them. "Albers' rule is to make order," he said last summer. "As for me, I consider myself successful only when I do something that resembles the lack of order I sense." Nevertheless, there is no doubt that Albers' teaching was a crucial element in Rauschenberg's development, and no one is more aware of this than Rauschenberg. "Albers was a beautiful teacher and an impossible person," he said recently. "He wasn't easy to talk to, and I found his criticism so excruciating and so devastating that I never asked for it. Years later, though, I'm still learning what he taught me, because what he taught had to do with the entire visual world. He didn't teach



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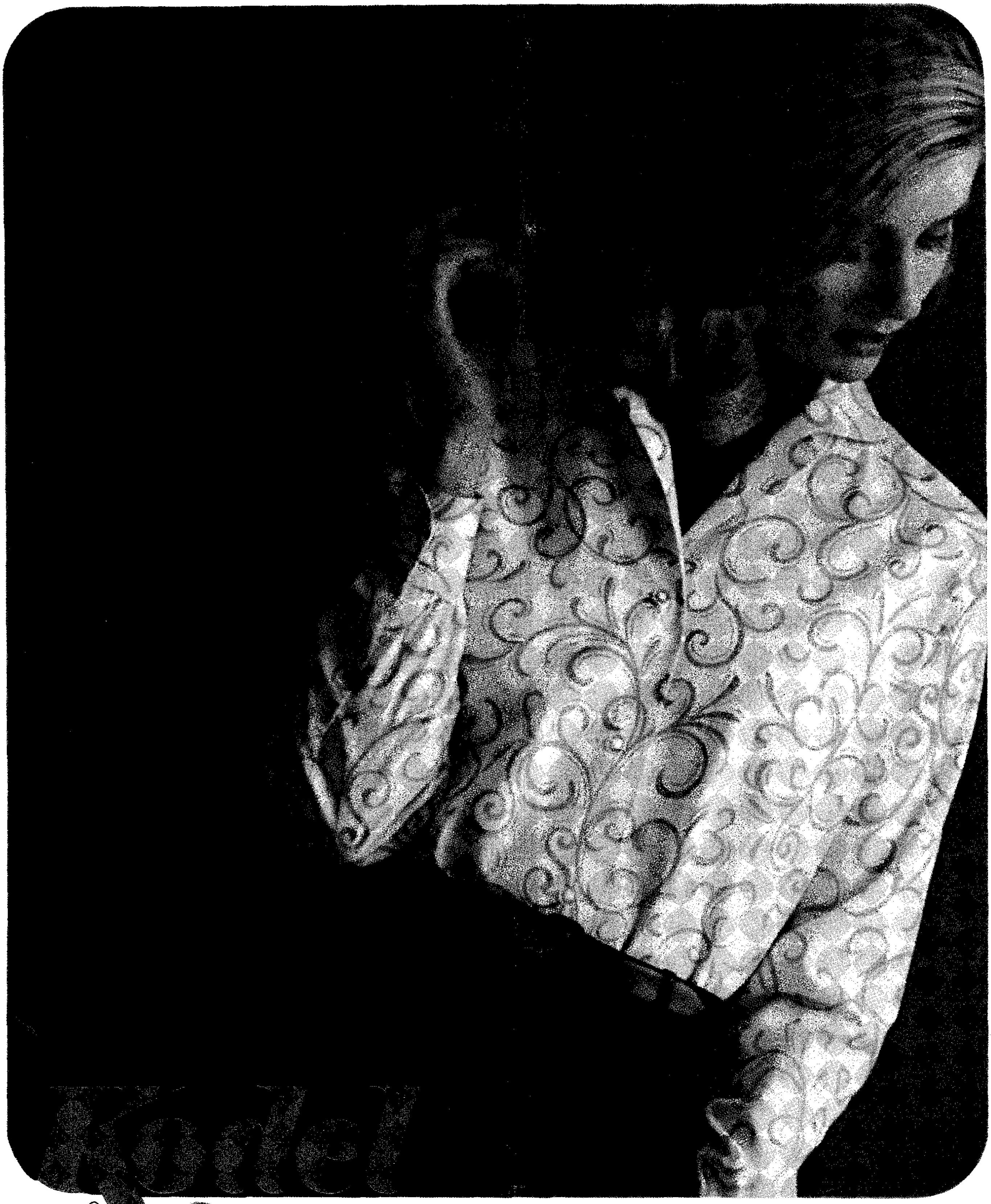

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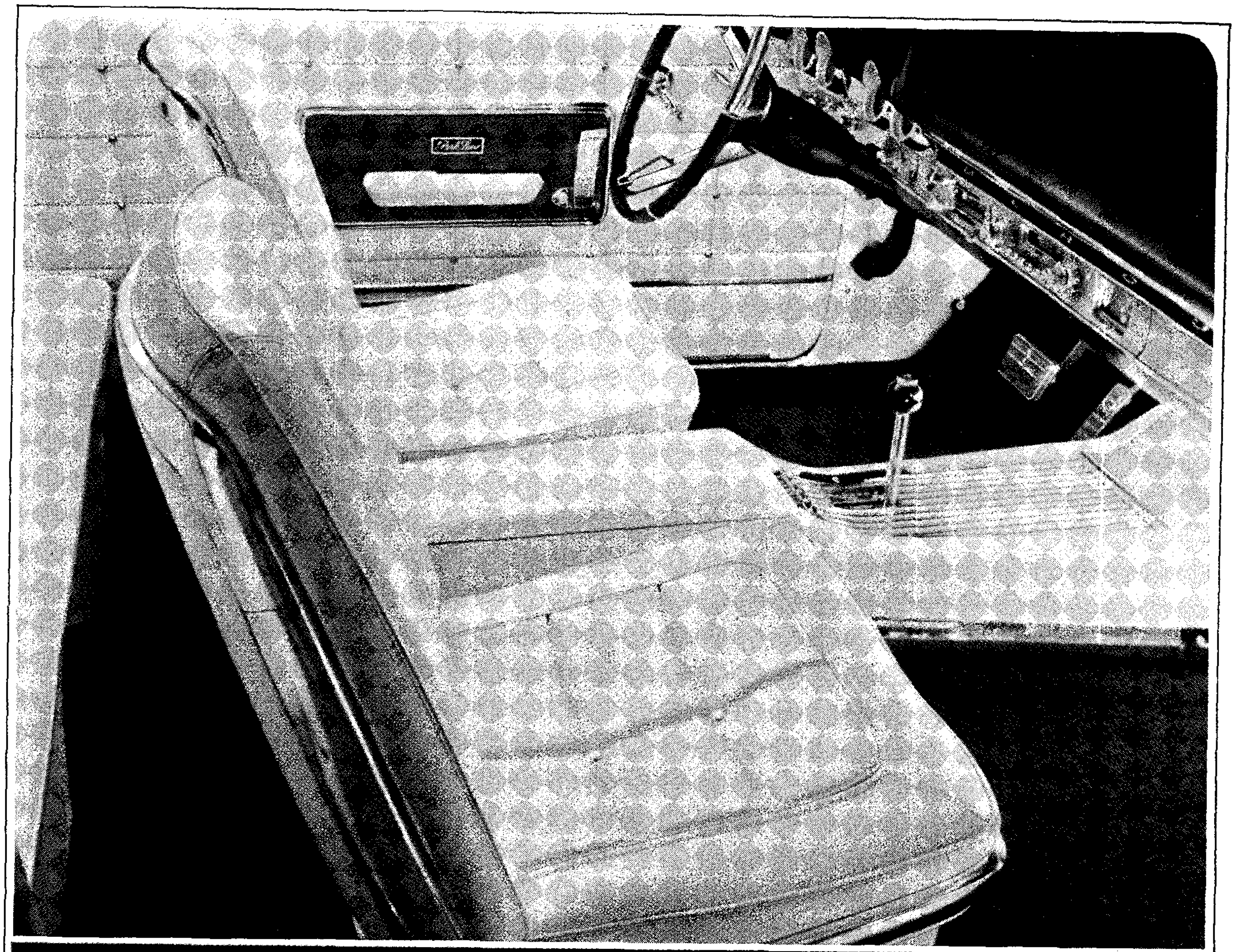

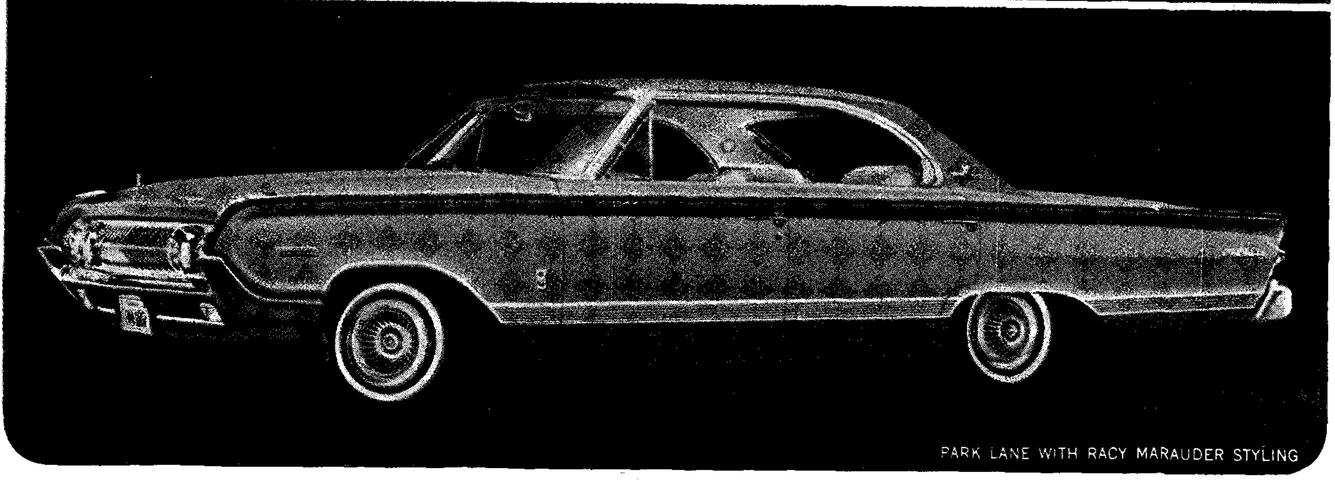

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you how to 'do art.' The focus was always on your personal sense of looking. When he taught watercolor, for example, he taught the specific properties of watercolor—not how to make a good watercolor picture. When he taught drawing, he taught the efficient functioning of line. Color was about the flexibilities and the complex relationships that colors have with one another. I consider Albers the most important teacher I've ever had, and I'm sure he considers me one of his poorest students. Coming from Paris, entering in the middle of the term, and showing all that wildness and naïveté and hunger, I must have seemed not serious to him, and I don't think he ever realized that it was his discipline that I came for. Besides, my response to what I learned from him was just the opposite of what he intended. When Albers showed me that one color was as good as another, and that you were just expressing a personal preference if you thought a certain color would be better, I found that I couldn't decide to *use* one color instead of another, because I really wasn't interested in taste. I was so involved with the materials separately that I didn't want painting to be simply an act of employing one color to do something to another color, like using red to intensify green, because that would imply some subordination of red. I was very hesitant about arbitrarily designing forms and selecting colors that would achieve some predetermined result, because I didn't have any ideas to support that sort of thing—I didn't want color to serve me, in other words. That's why I ended up doing the all-white and the all-black paintings—one of the reasons, anyway."

It took several more years for Rauschenberg to reach the austerity of all-white and all-black, but he was clearly moving in that direction when he left North Carolina, in the summer of 1949. For the next three years, he was in New York, studying intermittently at the Art Students League (first under Vaclav Vytlacil and then under Morris Kantor), living as cheaply as possible, and supporting himself by odd jobs. He also continued to see a lot of Sue Weil, and in the spring of 1950 they were married. That summer, which they spent at the Weil family house on Outer Island, off the coast of Connecticut, Rauschenberg and his wife began experimenting with blueprint paper, placing various objects on sheets of it and exposing them to sunlight, in much the same way that Man Ray had made his early "rayograms" on photo-

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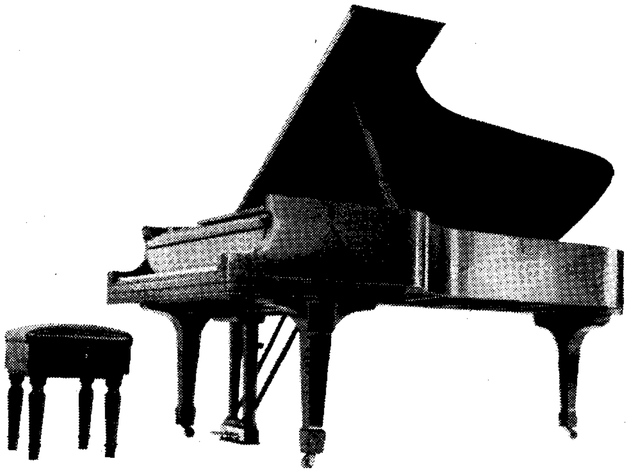

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graphic paper. (Rauschenberg himself had become interested in photography while at Black Mountain; he is now an accomplished photographer and was represented in the Museum of Modern Art's photographic collection long before the Museum ever gave him serious recognition as a painter.) The results of the blueprint experiments pleased them so much that they kept on experimenting that fall, when they got back to New York and moved into a tiny ground-floor apartment in the West Nineties. Now that Rauschenberg was married and a prospective father (Christopher Rauschenberg was born in 1951), the idea of making some money occurred to him, and he took some of the blueprints to *Life*, which bought them and ran a "Speaking of Pictures" department on the Rauschenbergs in April, 1951. Not long afterward, he managed to sell the idea to the display director of Bonwit Teller, Gene Moore, who used the blueprints to decorate the store's windows later in the year.

That same winter, Rauschenberg bundled up a group of his paintings and took them along to Betty Parsons, in her Fifty-seventh Street gallery. "I just went up to see her with a bunch of paintings under my arm," he says. "I didn't know how you were supposed to do those things. She asked me, in her low voice, did I want criticism? I said no, I didn't. The pictures were finished. It's hard to say what I did want—just a response of some kind. Betty Parsons' was then the liveliest gallery around, and I just wanted to see what would happen. She asked me if I wanted a show. That really hadn't even been in my mind; nothing in my experience had led me to think in those terms. 'If you want a show,' she said, 'you can't have one before May, because everything is booked.' So I had a show at the Betty Parsons in the spring."

Recalling this first meeting, Mrs. Parsons said recently, "I was instantly fascinated by his work. Oils, mostly, and predominantly white. I could see right away that he was on his own tangent—that he wasn't influenced by anyone else." Rauschenberg's work at that period was semi-abstract—or, rather, abstract with figurative signs and symbols, such as black arrows and hands, and flowerlike sequences of forms. His technique, thanks to Albers, was quietly controlled, and his palette was almost exclusively black and white. A few months later, when Mrs. Parsons went to Rauschenberg's studio to select pictures for the show, she found that he had

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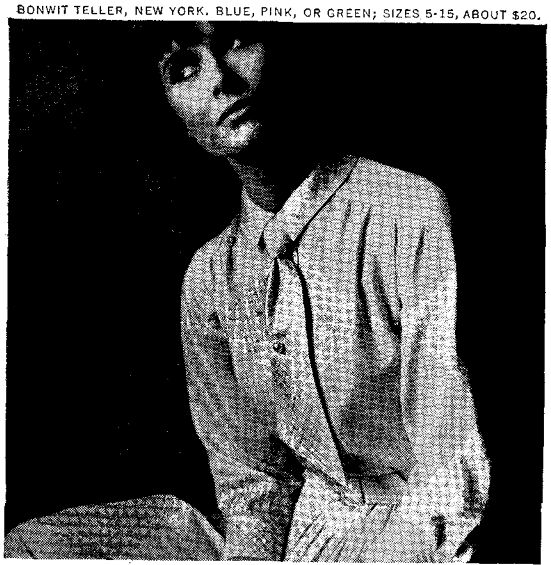

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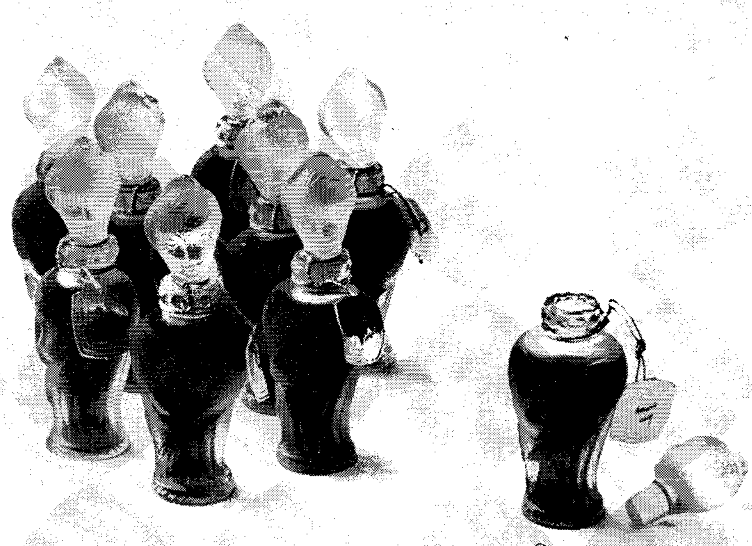

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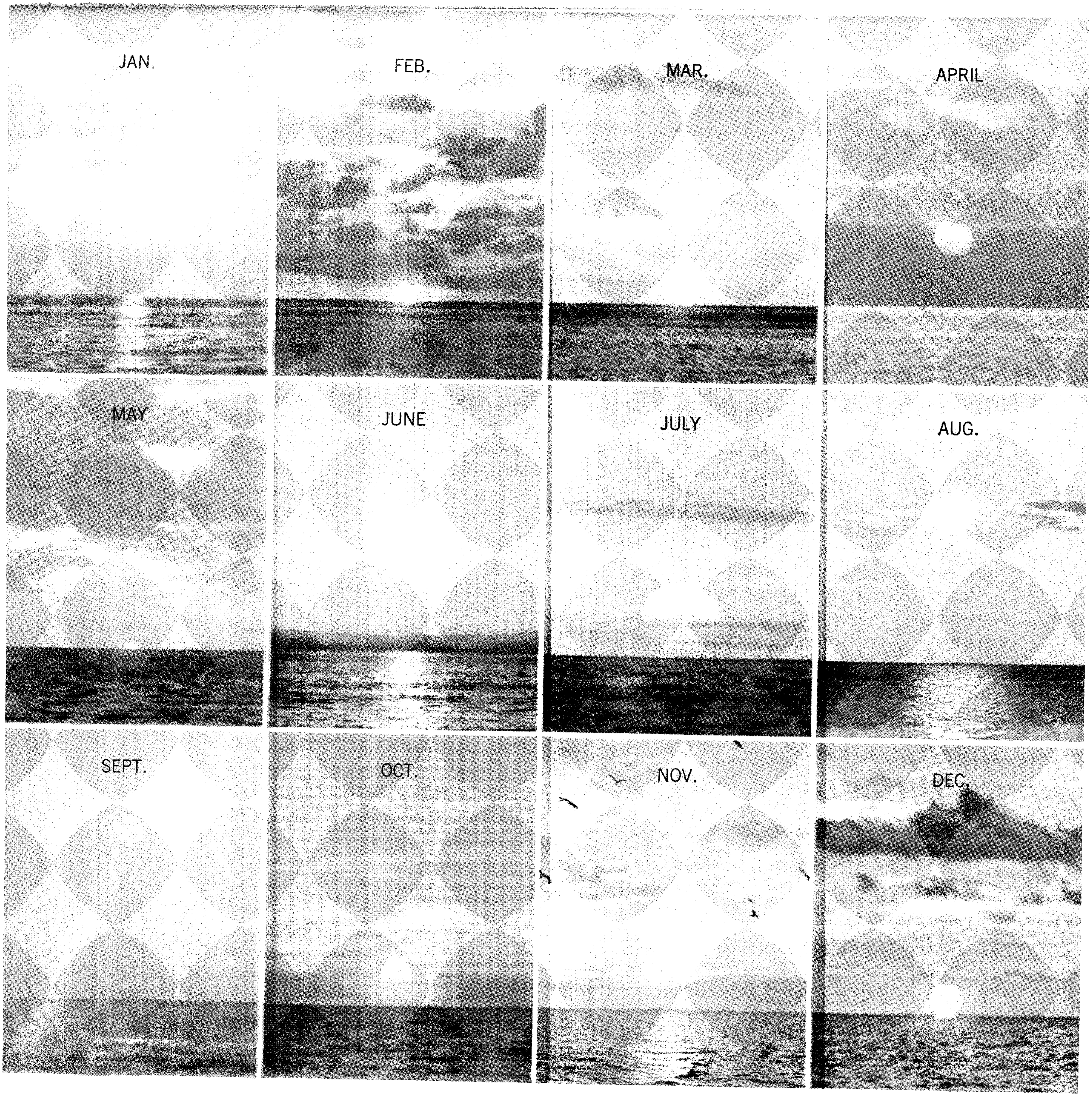
painted over most of the canvases she had seen earlier. "Today I wouldn't do that," Rauschenberg says. "I'd know that an early picture might be better than something I was working on right now. But then I just thought, Oh, the next thing will be much better!" There was more than enough work for a show, in any event, because Rauschenberg was then painting five pictures a day. (His energy has always been prodigious.) The exhibition opened on May 14th; it was received with bare civility by the critics ("stylish doodles in black and white," wrote the *Times*' Stuart Preston) and ignored by the public. Only one picture from this period survives today—a painting consisting entirely of numbers pencilled into a white ground—and it hangs in Rauschenberg's studio. The others were destroyed in a fire at the Weils' summer home on Outer Island.

Right after the Betty Parsons show, Rauschenberg's pictures started to go black—"night plants," as he describes them—with forms emerging mysteriously from darkness. He rubbed dirt into white pigment to make rough-textured grays, and he used some red lead, but no other colors. He was still, he feels, reacting to Albers' being such a good teacher and to his own unwillingness to make color "serve" him. These somewhat sombre experiments led directly to the extraordinary series of paintings that he did in the summer of 1952 at Black Mountain College, to which he had returned, uninvited, as a sort of painter-in-residence. (Albers had by then left to teach at Yale, but Rauschenberg still looked upon Black Mountain as a kind of second home.)

All sorts of interpretations have been advanced for the all-white and all-black paintings of that summer, which is hardly surprising. The white paintings are blank canvases, painted flat white, on which the "picture" is continuously being created by elements outside it—by the shadows of people passing back and forth, by light and shade, by countless tiny reflections. Far from echoing Malevich's famous "White on White," Rauschenberg's white paintings have been seen as the purest possible statement of the idea that life (that is to say, environment) can enter directly into art; they have also been seen as definitive proof of the impossibility of creating a void (one might have thought science had already proved this, but art takes nothing for granted); they have even been seen as clarion manifestoes of the right of the artist in our chaotic era to choose to do nothing at all (as that indubitable artist Marcel Duchamp



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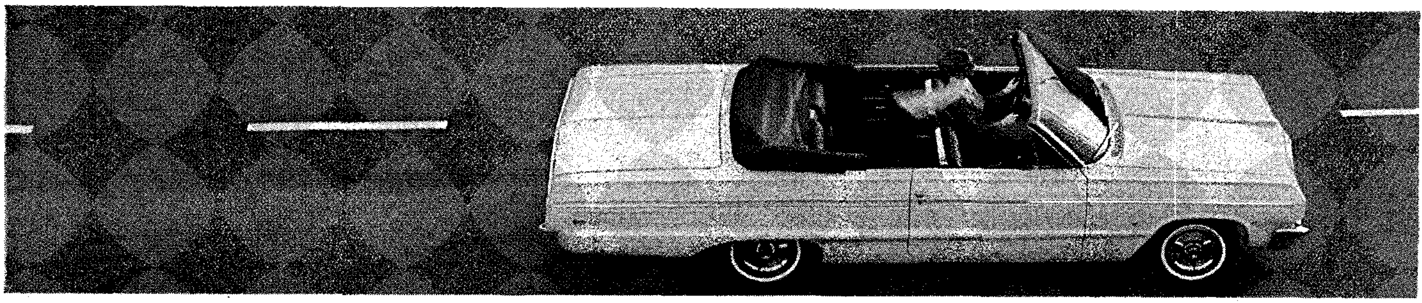

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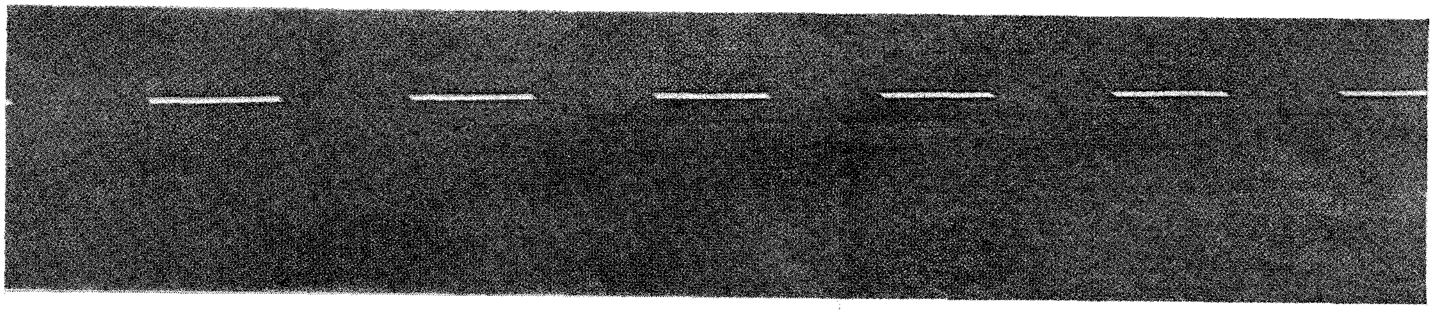

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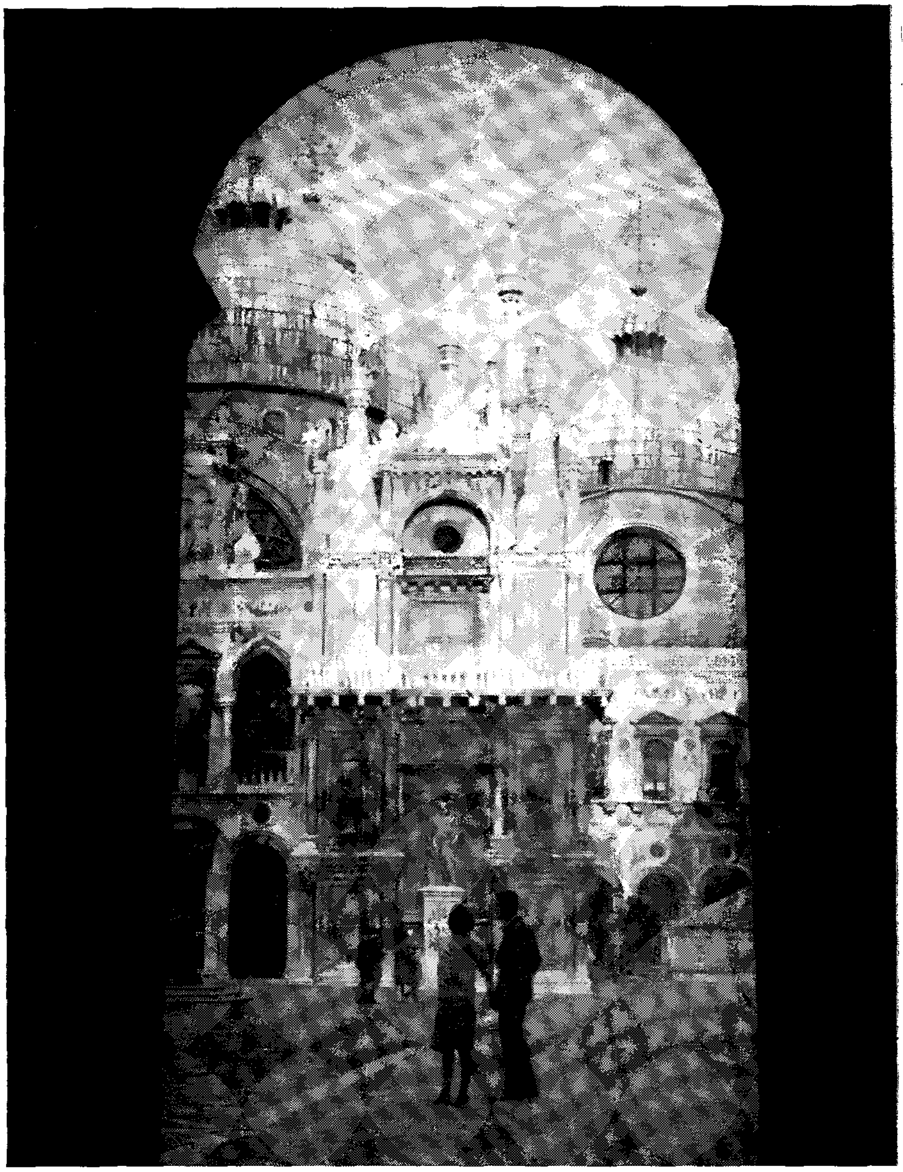
has proved by not painting anything for forty-five years); and, of course, they have been seen as practical jokes—"anti-art" gestures, mere provocations. Rauschenberg does not consider them jokes or gestures of any kind. Moreover, he makes it plain that nothing he has done has ever started with an *idea*. "I always thought of the white paintings as being not passive but very—well, hypersensitive," he said last spring. "So that one could look at them and almost see how many people were in the room by the shadows cast, or what time of day it was."

In his black paintings, Rauschenberg began by pasting torn and crumpled newspaper to the canvas, "to make a lively ground, so that whatever I did would be in addition to something that was already there, so that even the first stroke in the painting would have its position in a gray map of words." Although some of the paintings appear at first glance to be entirely black, closer examination reveals the newsprint showing through in places, and also reveals many gradations of tone. "With the black ones, I was interested in getting complexity without their revealing much—in the fact that there was much to see but not much showing," Rauschenberg explains. "I wanted to show that a painting could have the dignity of not calling attention to itself. In both the blacks and the whites, there was none of the familiar aggressiveness of art that says, 'Well, here it is, whether you like it or not.' "

What Rauschenberg was getting at was a kind of painting in which the artist—his personality, his emotions, his ideas, his taste—would not be the controlling element. He was thus moving in a direction contrary to the highly subjective art of the New York Abstract Expressionists—the so-called "action painters," who have sought to make their own encounter with paint and canvas the subject of their art. "I don't want a painting to be just an expression of my personality," Rauschenberg has said. "I feel it ought to be much better than that. And I'm opposed to the whole idea of conception-execution—of getting an idea for a picture and then carrying it out. I've always felt as though, whatever I've used and whatever I've done, the method was always closer to a *collaboration* with materials than to any kind of conscious manipulation and control."

In his groping toward an art that was not guided by personal taste or self-expression, Rauschenberg found a pow-



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erful ally that summer. John Cage, the well-known avant-garde composer, who is twelve years Rauschenberg's senior, was also at Black Mountain, working on his first major composition for magnetic tape. The two men had already met, in New York, and Cage even owned a painting from Rauschenberg's show at the Betty Parsons. (This would have been a second survivor from the show if Rauschenberg had not wandered into Cage's apartment one day in 1953 and, finding no one home, proceeded to paint a black composition on top of it, thinking that Cage would like the new one more.) It was at Black Mountain, though, that they got to know each other well and discovered a remarkable affinity in their attitudes. In a sense, they approached their respective arts from diametrically opposed points of view. Cage, an intellectual if ever there was one, not only had worked his way through the theories of Arnold Schoenberg, Edgard Varèse, Anton Webern, and the other pioneers of modern music but had also steeped himself in Hindu and Buddhist philosophy, including Zen, and his music was a kind of distillation of many arduous mental journeys. Rauschenberg, never much of a reader, has always been guided primarily by instinct and direct apprehension. And yet, starting from these opposite poles, they have often reached strikingly similar conclusions. Cage's famous "silent" piece for piano, in which the pianist sits at the keyboard for several minutes without striking a note or making any other sound, is a kind of musical counterpart of Rauschenberg's white paintings (which Cage himself once described, in a poetic essay on Rauschenberg, as "airports for the lights, shadows, and particles"). It was inevitable, of course, that the spirit behind the white paintings and the silent piano piece would be attacked as irresponsible and "anti-art," particularly by the more sobersided artists. Cage, having been exposed to accusations of this sort for a good deal longer than Rauschenberg, had learned how to ignore them, and although he himself has pointed out that he never taught Rauschenberg anything or influenced his way of working—"What Bob is, what he does, all comes out of himself," Cage says—there is no question but that he was able to give the younger man a great deal of welcome encouragement at a critical point in his career. Nor was he the only one to do so; Jack Tworkov, one of the leaders of the Abstract Expressionist school, who had come down to teach at Black Mountain that sum-

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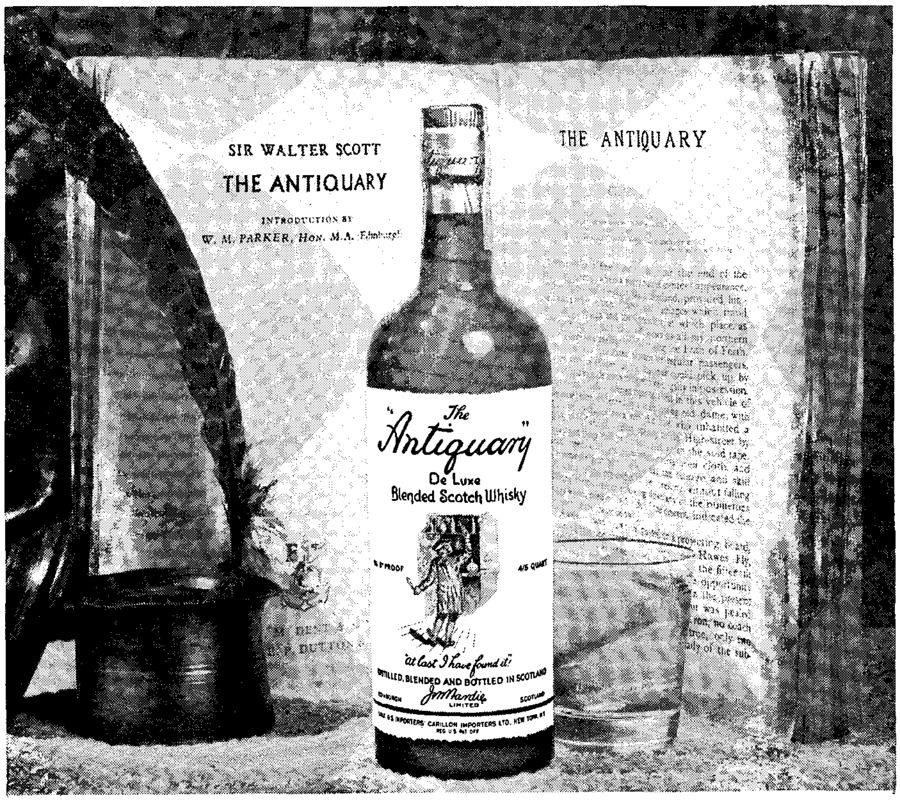
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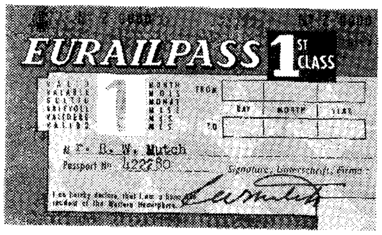

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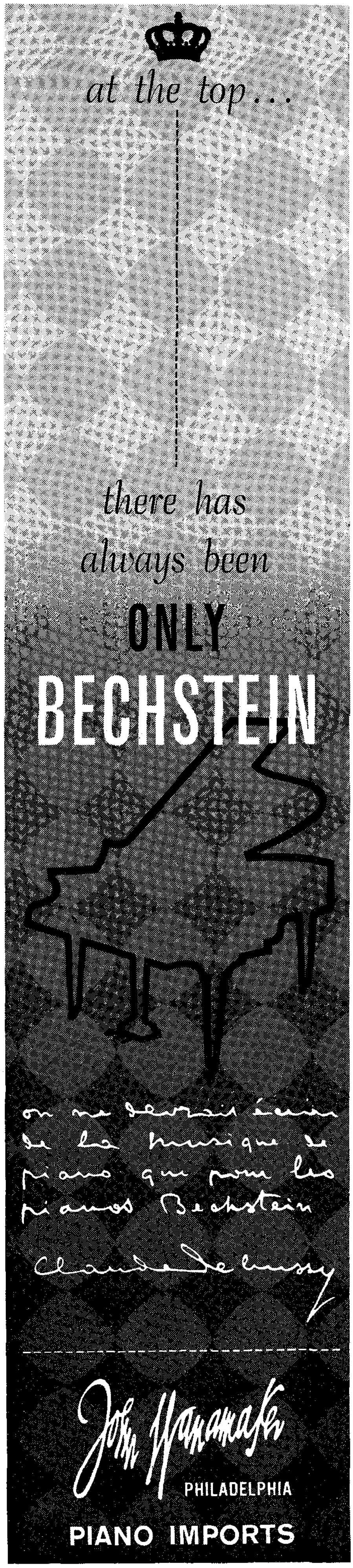
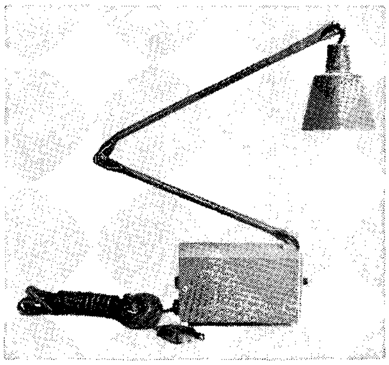
mer, was immediately attracted to Rauschenberg's work. In spite of this encouragement from people whose opinions he valued, however, the summer was a painful one for Rauschenberg. His marriage was breaking up, and that fall he and his wife were divorced. Despondent and uncertain, he went to Rome with a friend, and then, when he was nearly out of money, struck off alone for North Africa, where he had heard that Americans could make a lot of money working at United States military installations. Having used his last fifty dollars to fly to Casablanca, he presented himself at the employment office of a large construction company. For once, advance reports proved deliriously accurate. He was taken on as a shopkeeper at three hundred and fifty dollars a week.

Three months later, when he had saved up a thousand dollars, he quit and began wandering around North Africa. He took a bus as far south as he could go, to the edge of the Sahara, and then made his way by slow stages to Spanish Morocco. He had decided arbitrarily to do no painting in North Africa, but the need to do *something* led him to construct a variety of strange, fetishlike objects—lengths of rope, for instance, in which bones, painted sticks, and other oddments were tied and tangled, and rough wooden boxes with stones or other found materials inside. Returning to Rome after five months, he met the owner of the Galleria dell'Obelisco—the only Roman gallery then showing work by such contemporary Italians as Burri and Afro—and, much to his amazement, the gallery owner offered to exhibit the North African objects. The dealer labelled them "*scatole contemplative*" (thought boxes), and obviously considered them a great joke. A surprising number of the objects were sold, however, and another avant-garde gallery, in Florence, asked to exhibit them. Rauschenberg went up to Florence for the opening. An eminent Florentine critic reviewed the show, which he called, as a starter, "a great psychological mess." His conclusion, eloquently expressed several columns later, was that all of Rauschenberg's works should be thrown into the river. Rauschenberg was considerably impressed by the suggestion. "I'd made enough money from sales to buy my passage, and I was leaving for home in a few days, but I had packing problems," he says. "I thought to myself, What a wonderful idea!" Putting aside a few *scatole contemplative* as gifts for friends, he gathered up all the rest of his works, went





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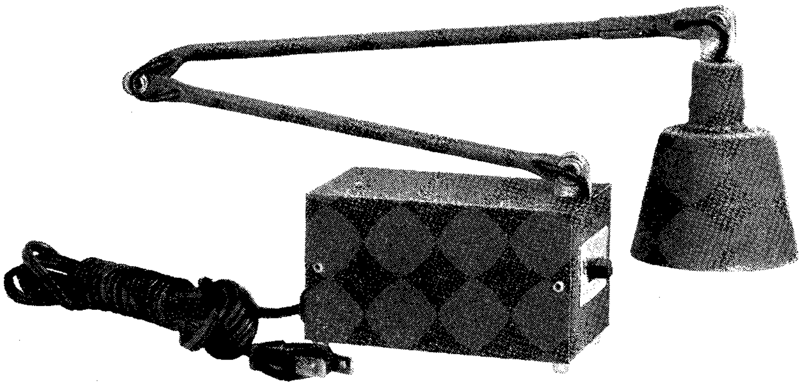

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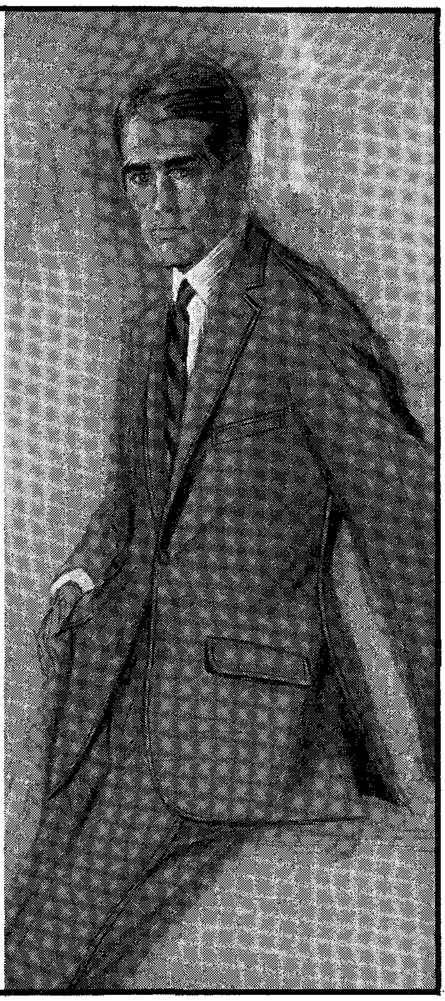

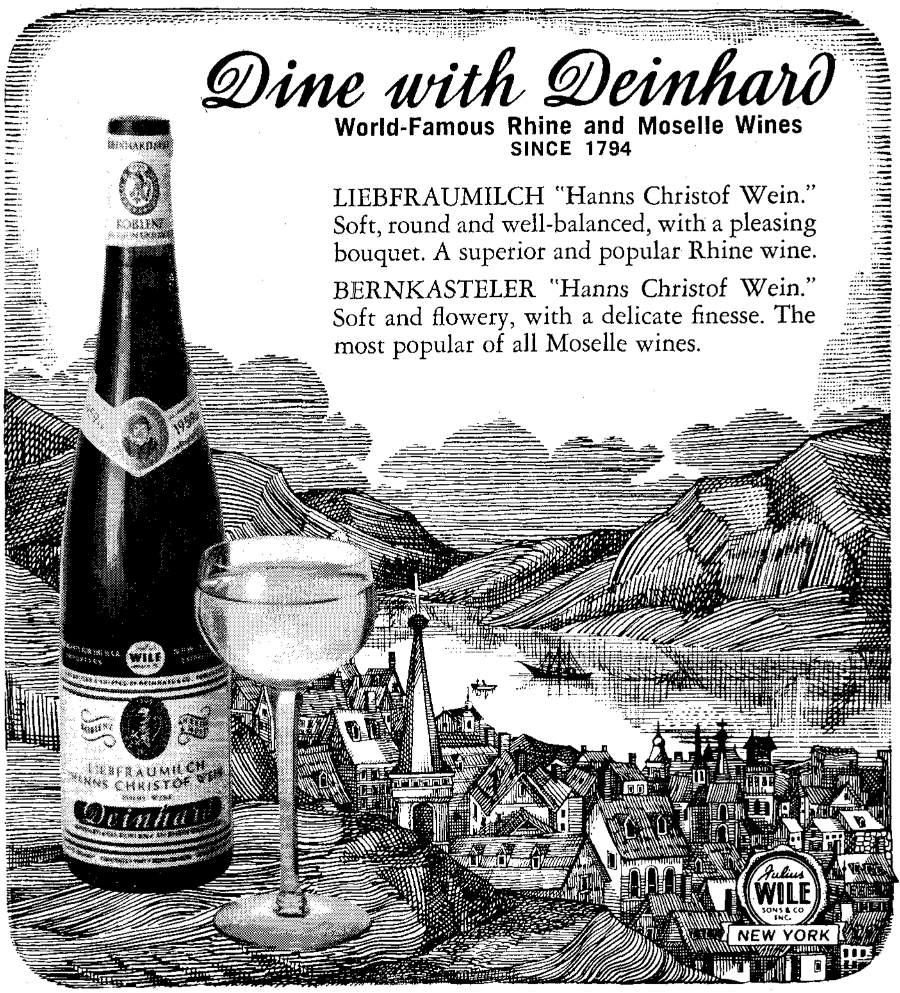

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out before dawn on a quiet Sunday morning, found a secluded spot along the Arno, and threw them in. Then he wrote the critic a letter saying, "I took your advice."

Returning to New York in the summer of 1953, Rauschenberg found lodging in an old loft building on Fulton Street, not far from the fish market. Lower Manhattan appealed to him not only because it was cheap but because the city there has the look and feel of a seaport, which it quickly loses uptown. For many months, he slept on fish boxes salvaged from the market, and lived on a strict food budget of fifteen cents a day. In the hot weather, he rose early, worked until the air in the loft became stifling, and then took the ferry to Staten Island, spending the rest of the day on the beach. He would come back late in the afternoon, usually carrying some bit of flotsam he had picked up on the beach, and work until late at night. He was experimenting with sculpture then, using whatever materials he could find—rocks dug up on his block by Consolidated Edison workmen, pieces of lumber ("Con Edison's lumber is full of knotholes"), scrap metal. In his bottomless curiosity to see "what is a picture and what isn't," he even tried making pictures out of dirt, which he packed into boxlike frames. (Later, when some birdseed that had accidentally fallen into a dirt painting began to sprout, he got the idea of making a "living" picture, with real grass and moss.) Most of these curious works were presented to the public that September at the Stable Gallery, a former riding stable at Seventh Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street, and the show established Rauschenberg as the *enfant terrible* of the New York art world.

Eleanor Ward, who had opened the Stable the year before, had been on the lookout for promising avant-garde painters. She had come down to Fulton Street one day, and had seen and liked Rauschenberg's black paintings. The show, which also featured black-and-white abstractions by Cy Twombly, was something of an upheaval. "One well-known critic was so horrified that he came out literally clutching his forehead," Mrs. Ward recalled recently. "I lost friends over that show. A great many people really thought it was immoral. Ten years ago, you could still shock people, remember, and some of the people it shocked the most were other artists. Nothing sold, of course, and I had to remove the guestbook, because so many awful things were being written in it."

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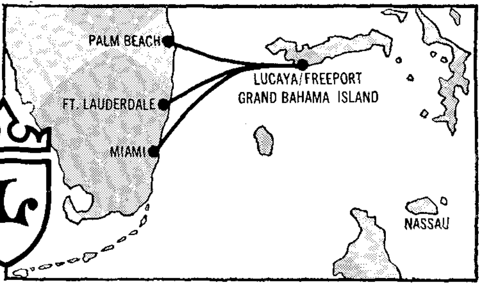

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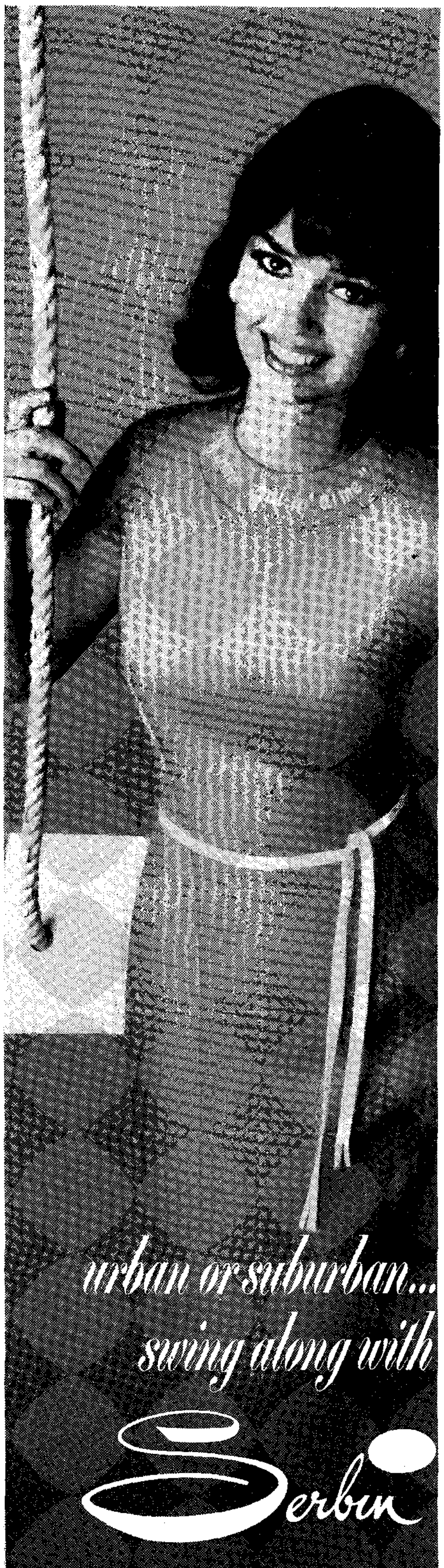

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afterward, Rauschenberg received very little sympathy from other painters. His only real encouragement, in fact, came from the little group of avant-garde musicians and dancers around John Cage and Merce Cunningham, who was becoming one of the most interesting modern-dance choreographers. Cage, for example, commissioned Rauschenberg to design the program for a week of Cunningham dance concerts at the Theatre de Lys. (Cage rejected the design but paid him anyway.) Another composer, Earle Brown, bought a black painting for the odd sum of $26.30, which represented a refund he had received that day from the Telephone Company. Rauschenberg knew most of the New York painters by this time. He went regularly to the Artists' Club—that informal, freewheeling seminar in a loft on Ninth Street where for several years artists met weekly to discuss, usually with great heat, the new art they were forging—even though he usually had to walk all the way uptown and back to save the subway fare. But he felt somewhat isolated from the main current of Abstract Expressionist painting, and he had trouble with the language being used. "The kind of talk you heard then in the art world was so hard to take," he recalled recently. "It was all about suffering and self-expression and the State of Things. I just wasn't interested in that, and I certainly didn't have any interest in trying to improve the world through painting."

All this may have had some bearing on Rauschenberg's rather bizarre decision that winter to erase a drawing by Willem de Kooning, the most revered of the Abstract Expressionists. Rauschenberg stoutly denies that this was merely a gesture, and defends it on purely aesthetic grounds. "I had been working for some time at erasing, with the idea that I wanted to create a work of art by that method," he says. "Not just by deleting certain lines, you understand, but by erasing the whole thing. Using my own work wasn't satisfactory. If it was my own work being erased, then the erasing would only be half the process, and I wanted it to be the whole. Anyway, I realized that it had to be something by someone who everybody agreed was great, and the most logical person for that was de Kooning. So I went to his studio and explained to him just what I had in mind. I remember that the idea of destruction kept coming into the conversation, and I kept trying to show that it wouldn't *be* destruction, although there was always the chance that if it didn't work out there would be a terrible

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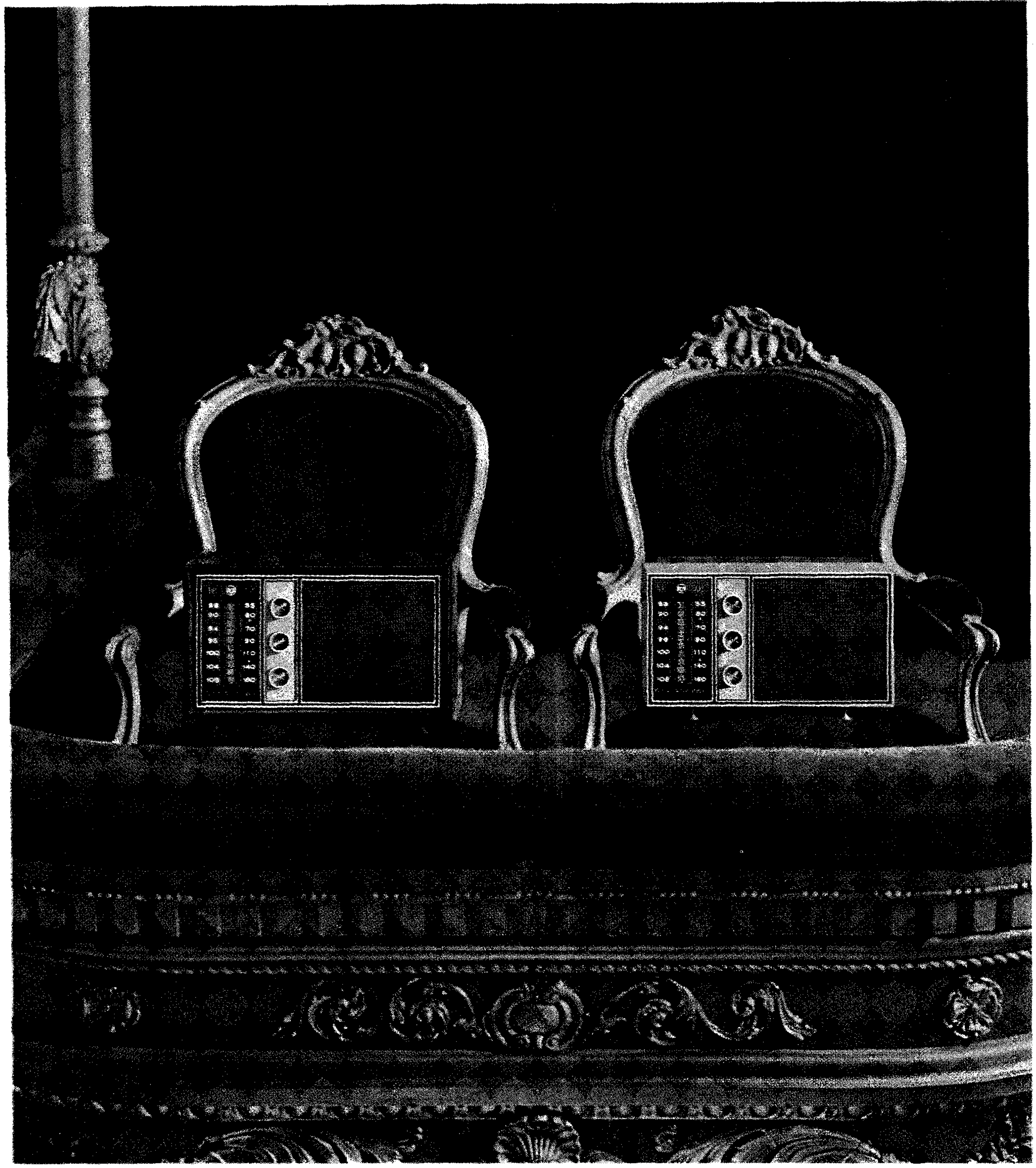

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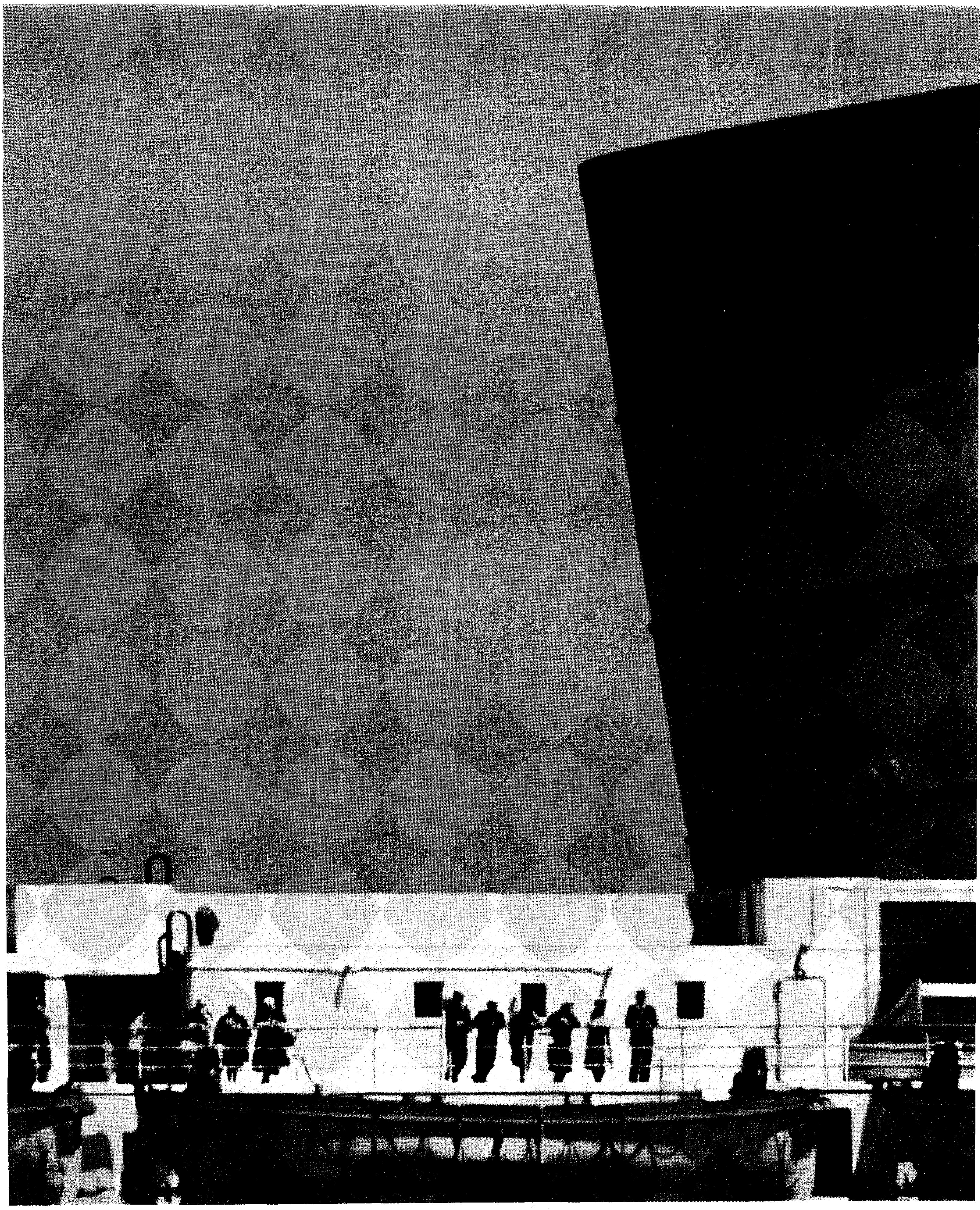

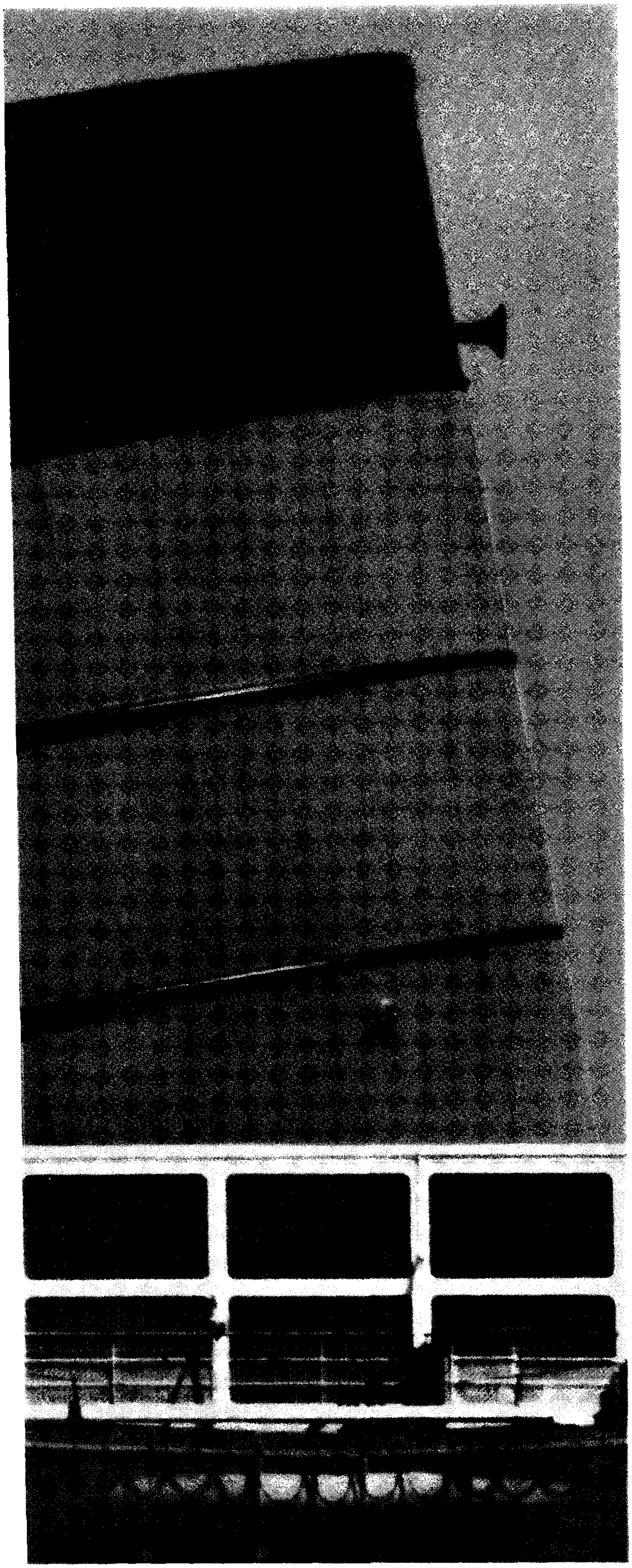

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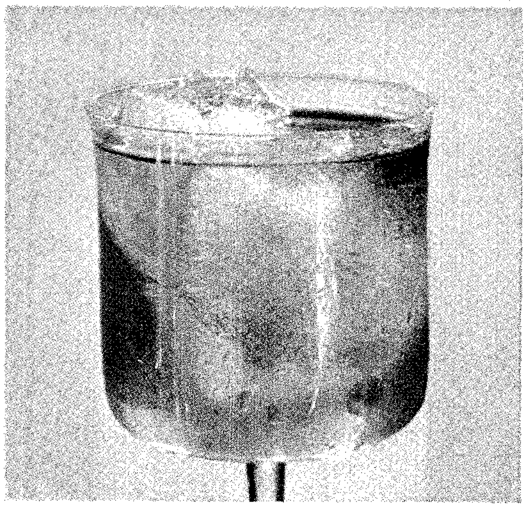

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waste. At first, he didn't like the notion much, but he understood, and after a while he agreed. He took out a portfolio of his drawings and began thumbing through it. He pulled out one drawing, looked at it, and said, 'No, I'm not going to make it easy for you. It has to be something I'd miss.' Then he took out another portfolio, and looked through that, and finally he gave me a drawing, and I took it home. It wasn't easy, by any means. The drawing was done with a hard line, and it was greasy, too, so I had to work very hard on it, using every sort of eraser. But in the end it really worked. I *liked* the result. I felt it was a legitimate work of art, created by the technique of erasing. So the problem was solved, and I didn't have to do it again." The erased de Kooning, framed, now hangs in Rauschenberg's studio, the faint, ghostly shadow of its original lines just detectable on the white paper. The inscription underneath reads:

Erased de Kooning Drawing
Robert Rauschenberg
1953

It has always been rather difficult for anyone to dislike Rauschenberg personally. His exuberance, energy, and high spirits are infectious, and his spontaneous enthusiasm for work by other artists, even when it is very different from his own, is especially winning. Some of the older-generation Abstract Expressionists who welcomed his company got around the aesthetic problem posed by his work by writing him down as basically non-serious. Jack Tworkov, on the other hand, continued to give him full, active, and generous support, and in 1954 talked his own dealer, Charles Egan, into going down to Fulton Street to see Rauschenberg's new work. The result was that Rauschenberg joined the Egan Gallery—which then had Franz Kline, Philip Guston, and several more of the top Abstract Expressionists on its roster—and exhibited there in December of that year.

The new paintings were predominantly red and decidedly aggressive. "I'd heard so much criticism of the black paintings," Rauschenberg explains, "and so many accusations of my being 'anti-art' and of 'Well, if he hates it all that much, why does he paint?' that I thought I'd better find out whether there was any truth in them. The black paintings and the white ones had misrepresented themselves, and I had already had *that* experience. So the next move was obviously to try some other color, and I picked the color I found the hardest to work with, which was red." The red paintings were very red, very

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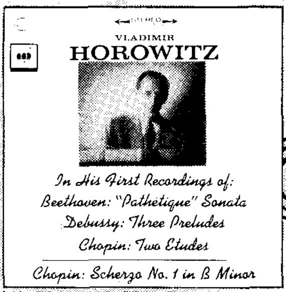
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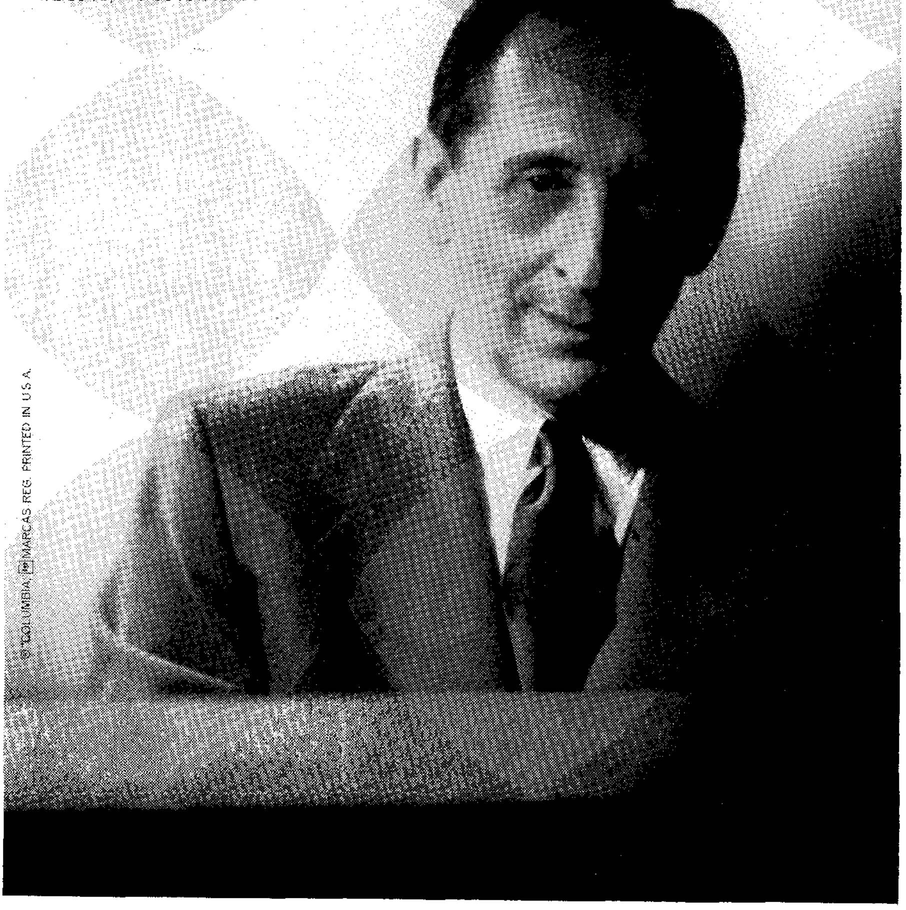

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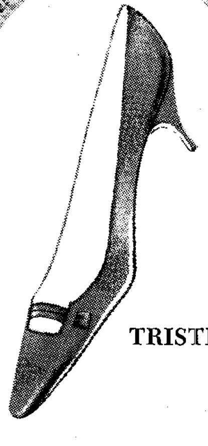
large, and thickly populated with elements of collage. They culminated in "Charlene," the huge work that was included in the 1963 Jewish Museum retrospective. The Egan show opened shortly before Christmas (Egan called it "Joyeux Noël") and was extended through January of 1955. Leo Castelli, Rauschenberg's present dealer, recalls it vividly. "It was an astonishing event," he said recently. "Something like Coney Island, with umbrellas turning and lights flashing. It seemed altogether new and unprecedented, not related in any way to anything else." Two pictures were sold from the show, and there were even a few favorable reviews. As usual, though, the public and most artists reacted to it with hostility, and Rauschenberg's claim to the title of *enfant terrible* began to appear incontestable.

Soon after the Egan show, Rauschenberg moved to a loft studio on Pearl Street, and there came into contact with Jasper Johns, who had a studio in the same building. Johns, whose work later struck some observers as even stranger than Rauschenberg's, was unknown at the time. He had not had a New York exhibition, and he had met very few artists. It was his implacably logical idea that since the surface of a canvas is flat, nothing should be painted on it but flat objects. He did not care to produce an illusion with perspective, or, indeed, to produce an illusion of any kind; it was the fact, the reality, that interested him. This led him to paint such things as flags, targets, and numbers (an especially clear example—one cannot paint an "image" of the number 7, say; one can only paint a 7), which took on, as a result of his striking and "painterly" talent, an intensity and power that many people find somewhat ominous. For the next five years, Johns and Rauschenberg had studios in the same building, saw one another's work daily, and gave each other, as Rauschenberg puts it, "the permission to do what we wanted." In order to understand this statement, it is necessary to realize that the Abstract Expressionist school was at this time becoming widely recognized as the first native American style of painting to exert a profound international influence. The so-called "action painters" had made New York, not Paris, the center of the postwar art world, and the pull in the direction of Abstract Expressionism was so powerful that anyone who wanted to work in a different direction had, as Rauschenberg says, "to start every day moving out from Pollock and de Kooning, which is sort of a long way to have to go to start from." Al-



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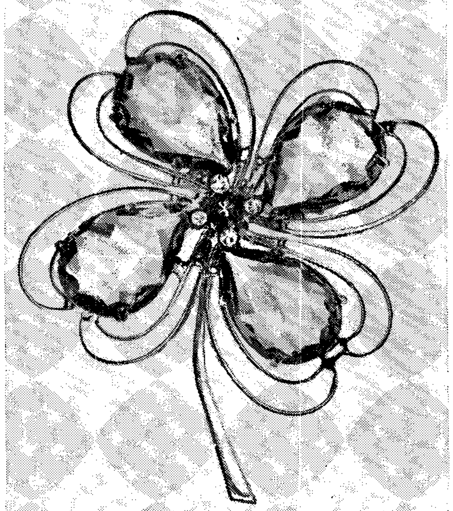

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though Rauschenberg and Johns both had their roots in the Abstract Expressionist style, they *were* moving out in a different direction, for they had both largely rejected the notion that self-expression in any form—including that of action painting—should be the basis of their art. The daily stimulus of seeing each other's work almost certainly saved them both a great deal of self-doubt.

In spite of their close association, their work is not at all alike. The differences involve not only technique—Johns' being precise, elegant, orderly, and Rauschenberg's rough, casual, slapdash—but general attitude as well. Johns' work seems rather cerebral in comparison with Rauschenberg's pictorial outbursts. If Johns can be said to have influenced the pop artists who now paint deadpan representations of soup cans and comic strips, Rauschenberg's influence is to be seen in the more hazardous creations of Jim Dine and Claes Oldenburg, where a precarious balance between ugliness and beauty is often attempted and sometimes achieved. The fundamental difference in their attitude shows up in an anecdote told by John Cage. "When they moved from Pearl to Front Street, I offered to help, and brought over my station wagon," he recalls. "Bob's attitude was that if any of his work were damaged en route, it wouldn't concern him at all—it would just be part of the painting's natural life. Jasper's attitude was that if something happened to one of his paintings, he would have to work on it—not just repair the damage but work on the whole painting, since any change would reopen the aesthetic problem for him."

"CHARLENE" was the last of Rauschenberg's red paintings. "I'd begun to notice that when you were walking down the street, or were in a theatre or in any group of people, the mass, no matter how colorful, never looked *tonal*," Rauschenberg said a while ago. "Somebody might be wearing a bright-red tie or green shoes, but somehow such things were absorbed, and all you saw was a general no-color, in which no tone stood out. I began trying to put this quality of pedestrian color into my paintings." He also discovered a new way to get beyond his own taste. In hardware stores on Canal Street he found that he could buy, at a discount, cans of paint whose labels had come off, so that there was no way of knowing what color he was going to use until he got a can home and pried off the lid. The major painting of this new series was "Rebus," in which he feels that he got exactly the quality

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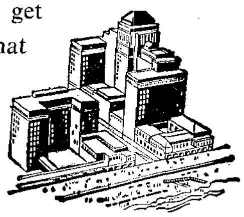

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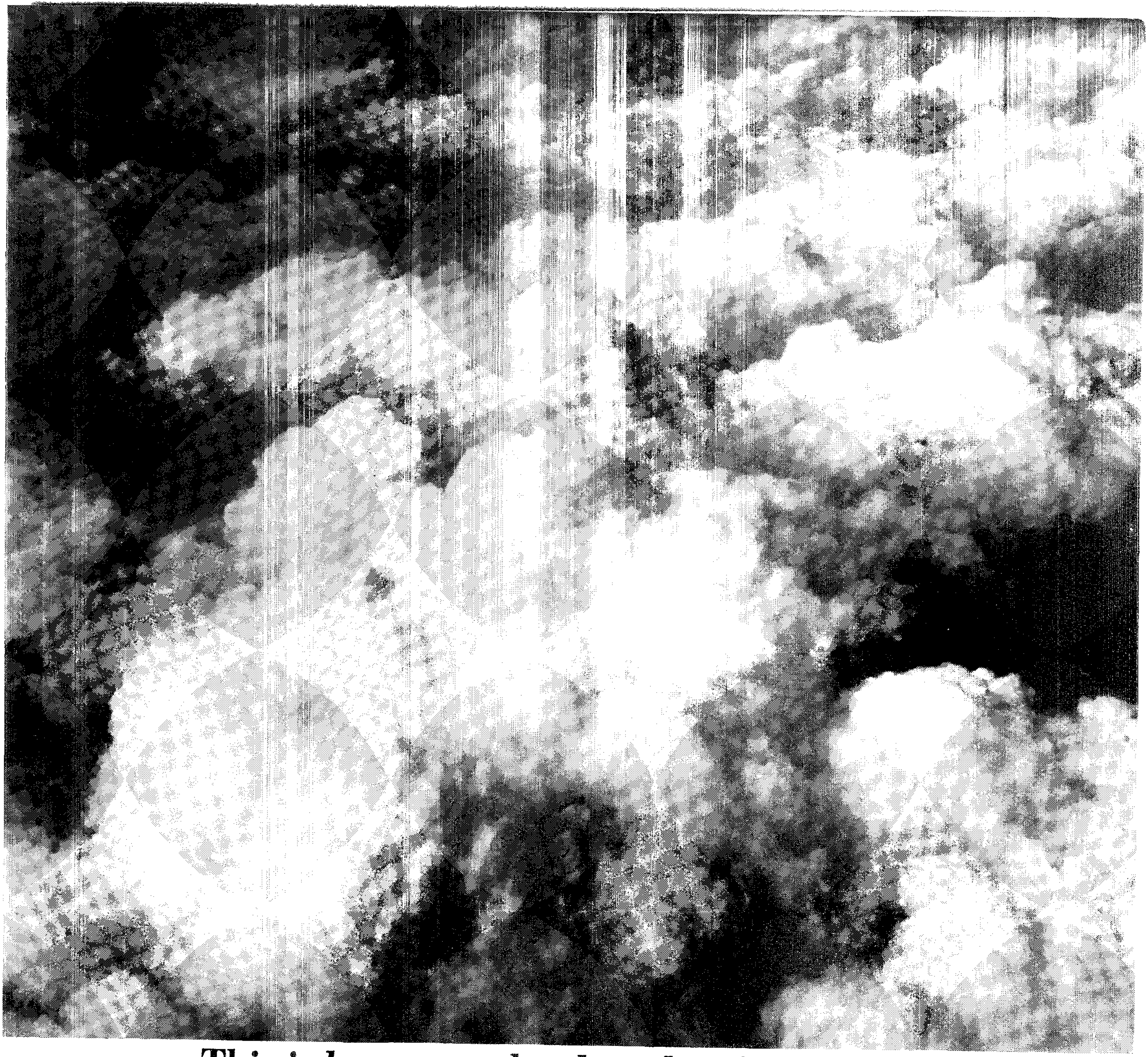

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of lean, unprogrammed, nondescript color that he was after. "Rebus" was painted on cheap dropcloths, which were all that Rauschenberg could afford at the time; it has since been remounted on canvas. Some critics consider it one of the most important pictures of the decade. It is owned by the artist and is now on extended loan to the Metropolitan Museum.

Another work that belongs to this period is the notorious "Bed," although its effect on most viewers suggests that it is anything but nondescript or pedestrian. Rauschenberg insists that he had no intention of shocking anyone with "Bed." He simply woke up one May morning with the desire to paint but nothing to paint on, and no money to buy canvas. His eye fell on the quilt at the foot of his bed. The quilt had come up from Black Mountain with him, and he had slept under it for several winters. The weather was getting warm, though, and next winter seemed a long way off. He made a stretcher for the quilt, just as though it were canvas, and started to paint. Something was wrong, though; the quilt pattern was too self-assertive. Rauschenberg added his pillow. "That solved everything—the quilt stopped insisting on itself, and the pillow gave me a nice white area to paint on," he says. The finished work not only has caused a great many people intense discomfort (more than one viewer has said that it looks like a bed in which an axe murder has been committed) but has figured prominently in an international cultural *crise*. In 1958, at the first Festival of Two Worlds, in Spoleto, "Bed" was part of an exhibition of work by twelve young American artists. The whole exhibition so outraged the Italian authorities at the Festival that they refused to hang it. Eventually, however, after much transatlantic wrangling and an anti-censorship appeal to the International Association of Art Critics, the American contributions *were* hung—with the sole exception of "Bed," which was sequestered in a back room. Rauschenberg is perplexed by such reactions. "I think of 'Bed' as one of the friendliest pictures I've ever painted," he said recently. "My fear has always been that someone would want to crawl into it." On the other hand, Rauschenberg has never believed that the function of art should be to make the beholder feel relaxed or uplifted, and he is not at all displeased to think that his own pictures make people restless. "If you don't change your mind about something when you confront a picture you've not seen before," he once said, "either you're

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a stubborn fool or the painting is not very good."

In the middle and late fifties, Rauschenberg's work took on more and more of a restless, brash, try-anything quality that was guaranteed to keep viewers from feeling relaxed. He had begun to think of his work as a kind of reporting, and action photographs from magazines and newspapers—struggling athletes, dancers in motion, violent street incidents—were cropping up again and again in his compositions. Now a sense of expanding feeling and assurance apparently encouraged him to use larger and larger objects as collage elements. The doors that open, the street signs, the assorted stuffed livestock—chickens, a pheasant, an eagle with wings outspread—that appear in certain pictures of this period did not make his work any more acceptable to the uninitiated viewer; they can, however, be seen as a logical development of the collage technique that began with the Cubist collages of Picasso and Braque. Western art until that time had always sought, by means of the Renaissance discovery of vanishing-point perspective, to lead the viewer's eye into the illusionistic space of the painting. The Cubists abandoned perspective to paint "flat," and in the Picasso-Braque collages of 1911-12, the surface of the picture actually began to extend outward, toward the viewer. The implications of this revolutionary step have been explored in various ways by a great many subsequent painters, all of whom have embraced collage as a method of incorporating "reality" into the picture without imitating it. As usual, Rauschenberg was willing to push the whole idea a lot further. If a painting could be made with boards, string, or scrap metal, as Tworkov put it, then why not with a chicken? Rauschenberg's stuffed birds, which he picked up from taxidermists' shops or received as gifts from friends, are usually attached somewhere outside the picture surface, perching atop the frame or looming out from beneath it. "There wasn't any special idea behind this," he says. "I just liked working with these things as objects, and I liked the fact that a picture could come out into the room."

Strolling along Seventh Avenue one day, Rauschenberg paused to look in the window of a store that sold office furniture. Gazing morosely back at him was one of the strangest creatures he had ever seen—a large stuffed Angora goat with curving, backswept

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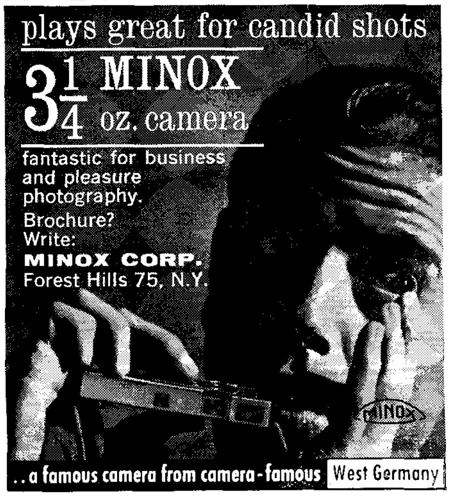
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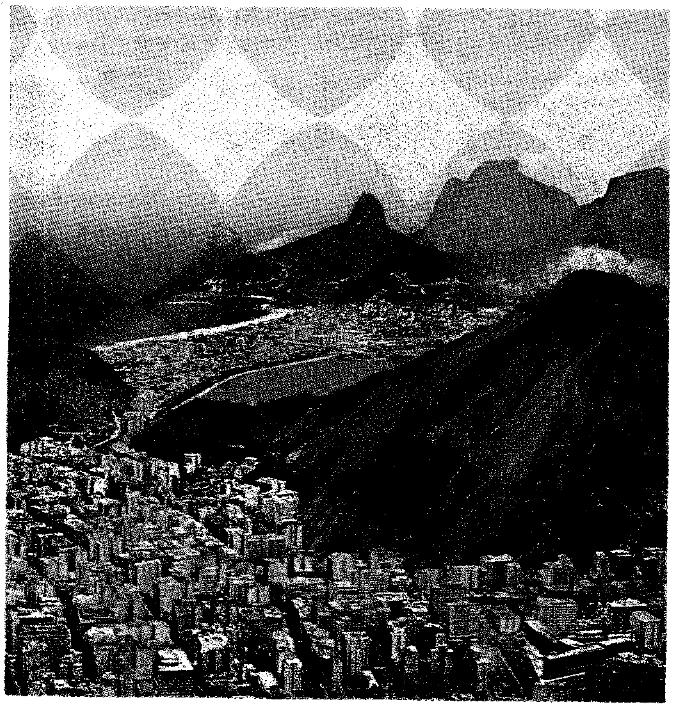

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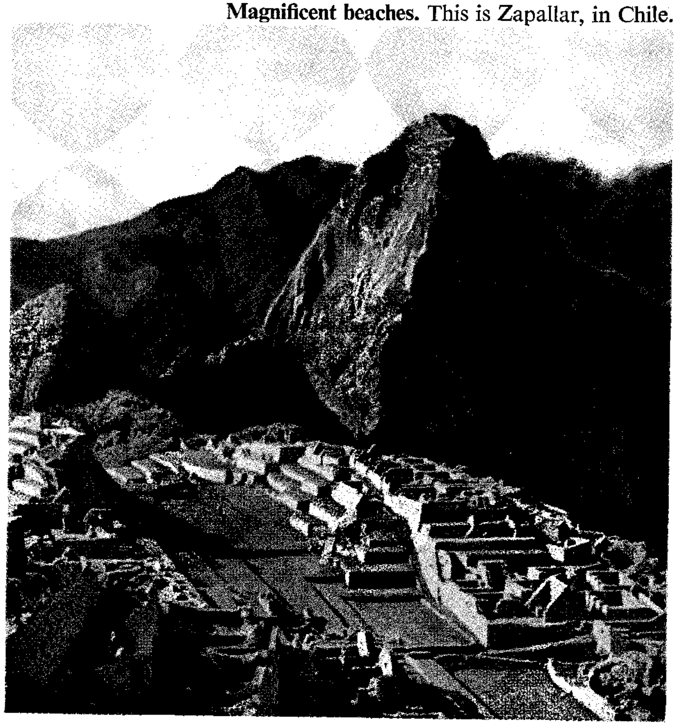

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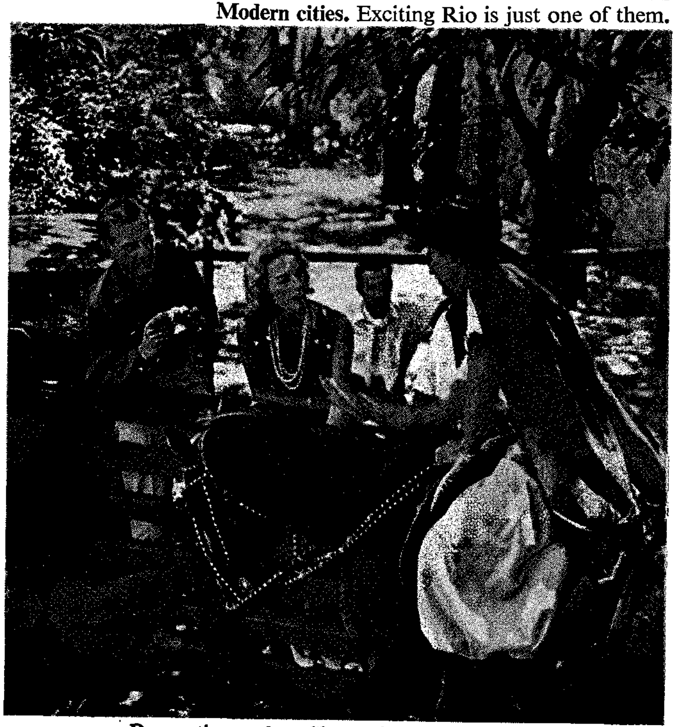

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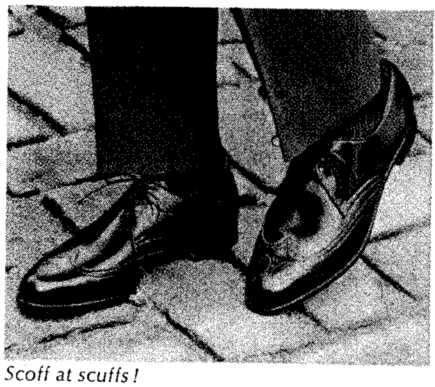

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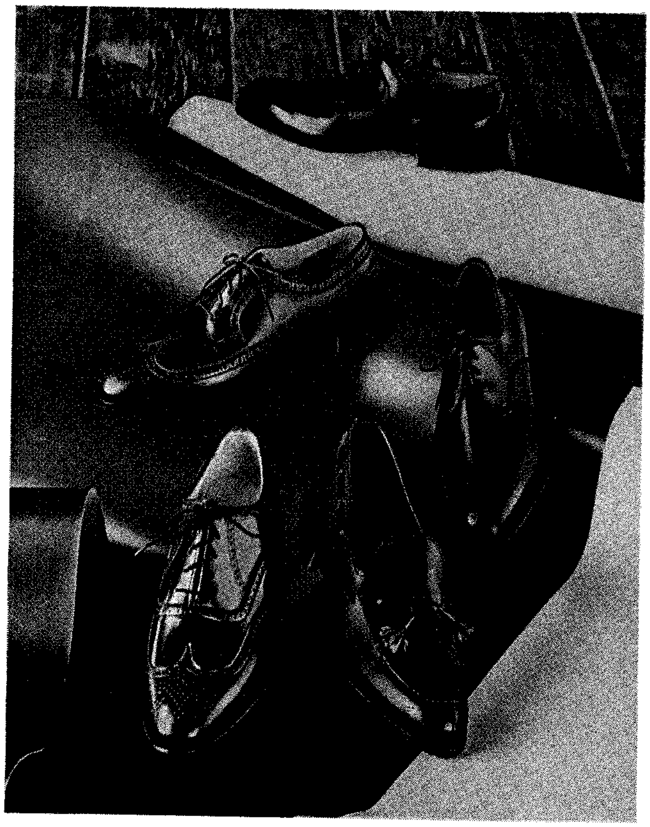

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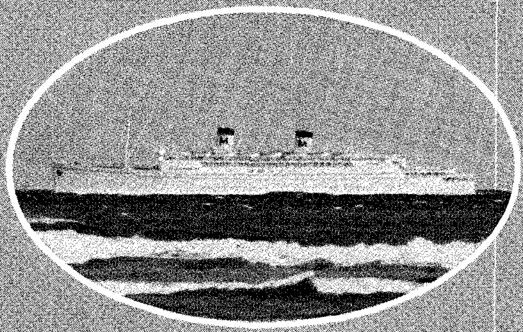

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horns and a thick, curly fleece that hung almost to the floor. He immediately went inside and asked the price. The store owner was somewhat reluctant to sell the trophy, which he had bought sight unseen at a railroad auction (it had been in a crate with some other unclaimed merchandise), but Rauschenberg talked him into letting it go for thirty-five dollars—fifteen down and twenty on account. When he got the goat home, he saw that the long, ropelike fleece was thick with dirt and that the animal's muzzle had been badly bashed in. He set to work with rug shampoo, and scrubbed away at the fleece until it was several dozen shades lighter. Then he turned his attention to the damaged muzzle. After hours of painstaking plastic surgery, though, it still looked discolored and uneven on one side. Rauschenberg decided to conceal this defect with paint, which he applied in a thick impasto to the goat's cheeks. "So many people ask me why I put all that awful paint on his face," Rauschenberg said recently. "It's what seems to bother people the most. But, you see, I know exactly why I did it!"

The problem then was how to use such an extraordinary object in a picture. "I'd never used anything as large as that," Rauschenberg says, "and for a long time I couldn't make it fit—couldn't make it look as though it belonged there." He worked on the goat, off and on, for three years, and its present version was preceded by two others. "In the first version, I had it resting on a high shelf in the painting—flat against it, with light bulbs set underneath. That was no good, because there was only one side of him showing, and I felt it was a terrible shame not to be able to see all of him. Next, I tried mounting him with his rear end to the canvas, but that was awful—it looked as though he was *pulling* it." It was at this point that Rauschenberg had the inspiration of placing an automobile tire around the goat's middle. The tire, whose treads he painted white, seemed to him to be "something as familiar and unavoidable as the goat"—something that could function as powerfully as the goat in the plastic sense but that had an everyday reality that tended to balance the extremely exotic look of the goat. The third, and final, version was such a simple and obvious solution, Rauschenberg says, that he was amazed it had not struck him sooner. He made an "environment" for the goat—a flat, horizontal wooden platform on which it could stand. The platform is painted

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and collaged in Rauschenberg's customary manner, with such random objects as a tennis ball, a rubber heel, a shirt sleeve, and numerous action photographs from magazines and newspapers. Standing thoughtfully among these images, the goat, with its painted face and its encircling tire, looks oddly at home. Since it is a freestanding object and cannot be hung on a wall, it can hardly be called a painting, even under the most elastic definition. Nor is it sculpture, since painting figures importantly in it. As a result of this ambiguity, Rauschenberg decided to call it a "combine." It is probably his most famous single work. It has travelled extensively in Europe and the United States, and has been subjected to all sorts of praise and considerable abuse. In Milan last year, it collapsed under the weight of an Italian art lover who sat on its back so that his wife could take his picture; Rauschenberg was obliged to have its right front leg repaired by an expert at the Museum of Natural History. At the moment, the goat is "resting" in Rauschenberg's studio, and it may not be on public view again for some time. The artist has so far resisted all offers to buy it.

In the early fifties, while continuing to work with undiminished energy on his paintings and combines, Rauschenberg became increasingly involved with avant-garde music and dance activities in New York. He designed costumes and sets for Merce Cunningham's troupe, and also collaborated on several occasions with Paul Taylor, a gifted former protégé of Martha Graham's. Taylor's dance ideas used to be a good deal more experimental than they are now, and in 1954 he put on, with Rauschenberg's assistance and (one suspects) under Rauschenberg's influence, a recital at Hunter College that was the scandal of the season. The program consisted of seven dances. The "music" for the first was in the form of a tape recording of the telephone voice that announces the time of day over and over. Another number, called "Duet," was a static piece; the curtain went up on Taylor and his female partner, who held the same pose without moving until the curtain went down again. The pièce de résistance, however, was a dance called "Resemblance." Rauschenberg's "set" for this work was a dog, of medium size and indeterminate breed, which was rented from a professional trainer and was paid the highest salary in the company, because it was insured against biting. The dog's function was to come onstage and sit down, which would be the

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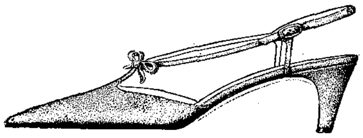

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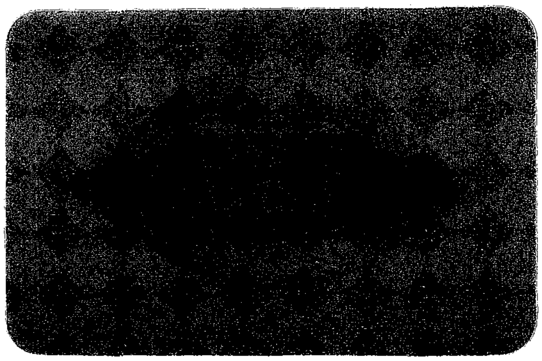

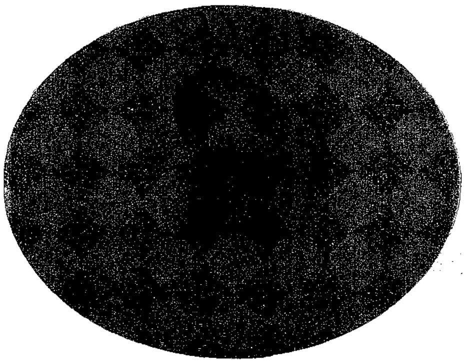

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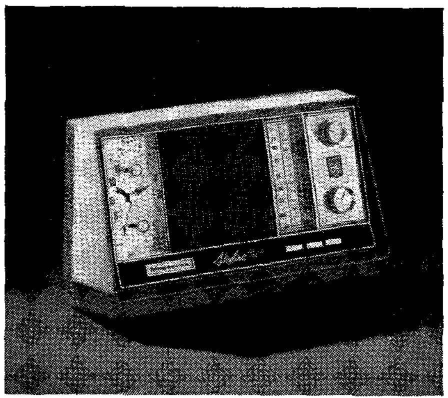

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cue for the dance to begin; when he got up and went off, the dance would stop. During rehearsals, though, the dog apparently took an immediate and violent dislike to John Cage's "Water Music," which was being used as the score. (It is full of loud and unexpected sounds.) "He kept whining and running off into the wings at every loud noise," Taylor recalls. "As a result, his trainer filled him so full of tranquillizers just before the performance that the poor animal didn't know what he was doing. He wandered onstage, but instead of sitting down he just ambled out front and took a good, long look at the audience. The effect was marvellous; you couldn't have choreographed anything better. Then he turned around and went offstage. It was really superb. We only had to pay half his fee, too, because he hadn't done what he was supposed to do." The critics present were thoroughly outraged, however, and Taylor, though he recalls the incident fondly, has since moved in a somewhat more traditional direction.

Although Rauschenberg's own work did not really begin to sell until 1959, his standard of living took a sharp turn for the better in 1955. During that year, he and Jasper Johns suddenly discovered that they could support themselves comfortably by doing occasional commercial jobs for Gene Moore, who was then in charge of window displays for both Bonwit's and Tiffany's. The painters collaborated on these jobs, using a fictitious name (Matson Jones) to rule out any possible connection with their serious painting. What they did, for the most part, was to make astonishingly realistic, meticulously executed "natural" settings for the jewelry to be displayed in Tiffany's windows: a miniature highway, complete with white line and telephone poles, over which a diamond bracelet was negligently draped; a sinister, murky-looking swamp, with tree trunks rising from slimy water and a few emeralds glittering like snake's eyes in the mud; a wintry forest on the morning after an ice storm, with snow on the ground and real diamonds looking as though they had just fallen in showers from the icy branches. From time to time, Moore would place one or two of their serious paintings in a Bonwit window, not because he liked the work (he didn't) but because he felt that it was part of his job as a display director to show what was going on in New York. He says that he got a lot of complaints from customers about Rauschenberg's pictures, and relatively few about Johns'.

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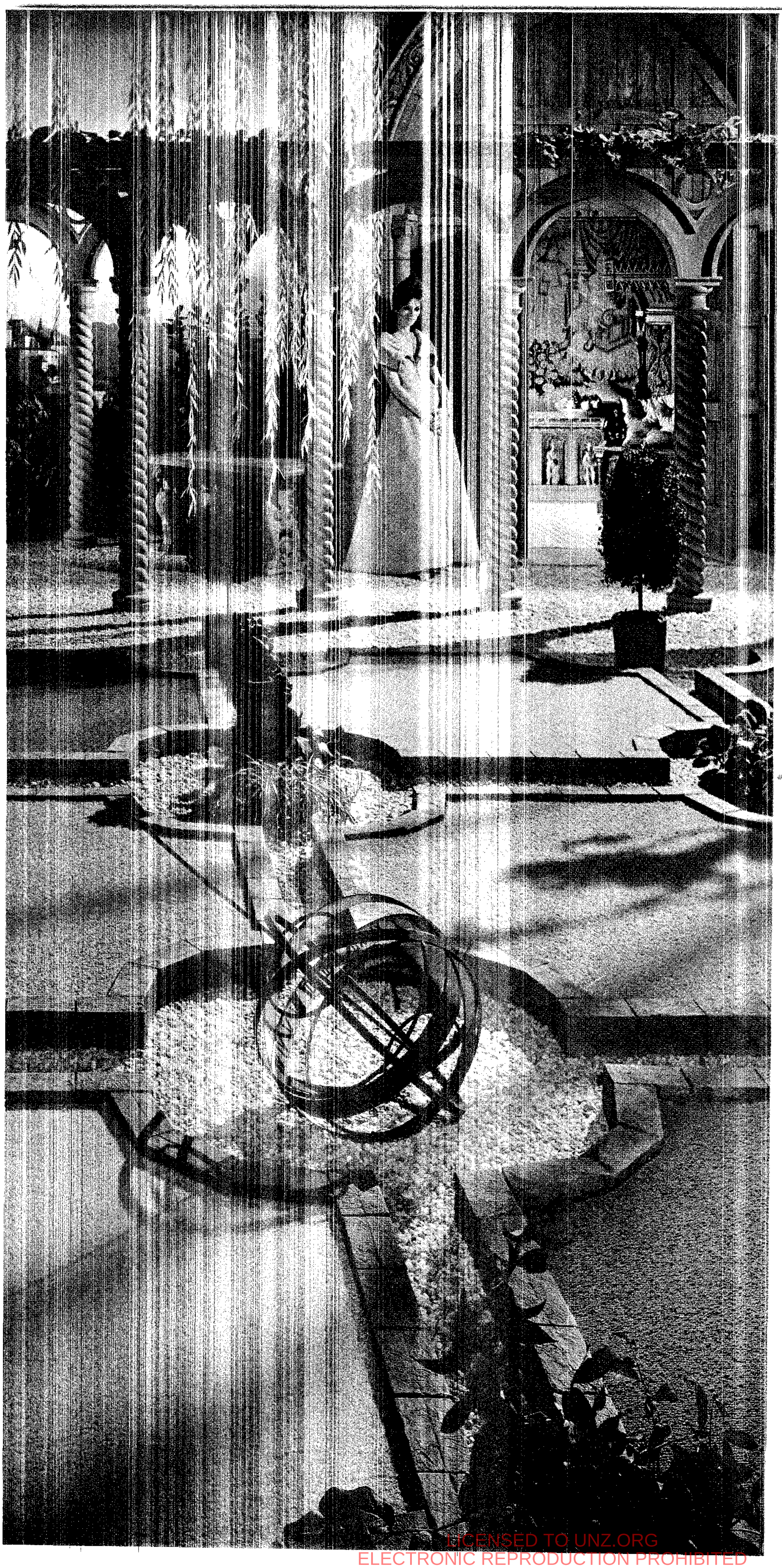

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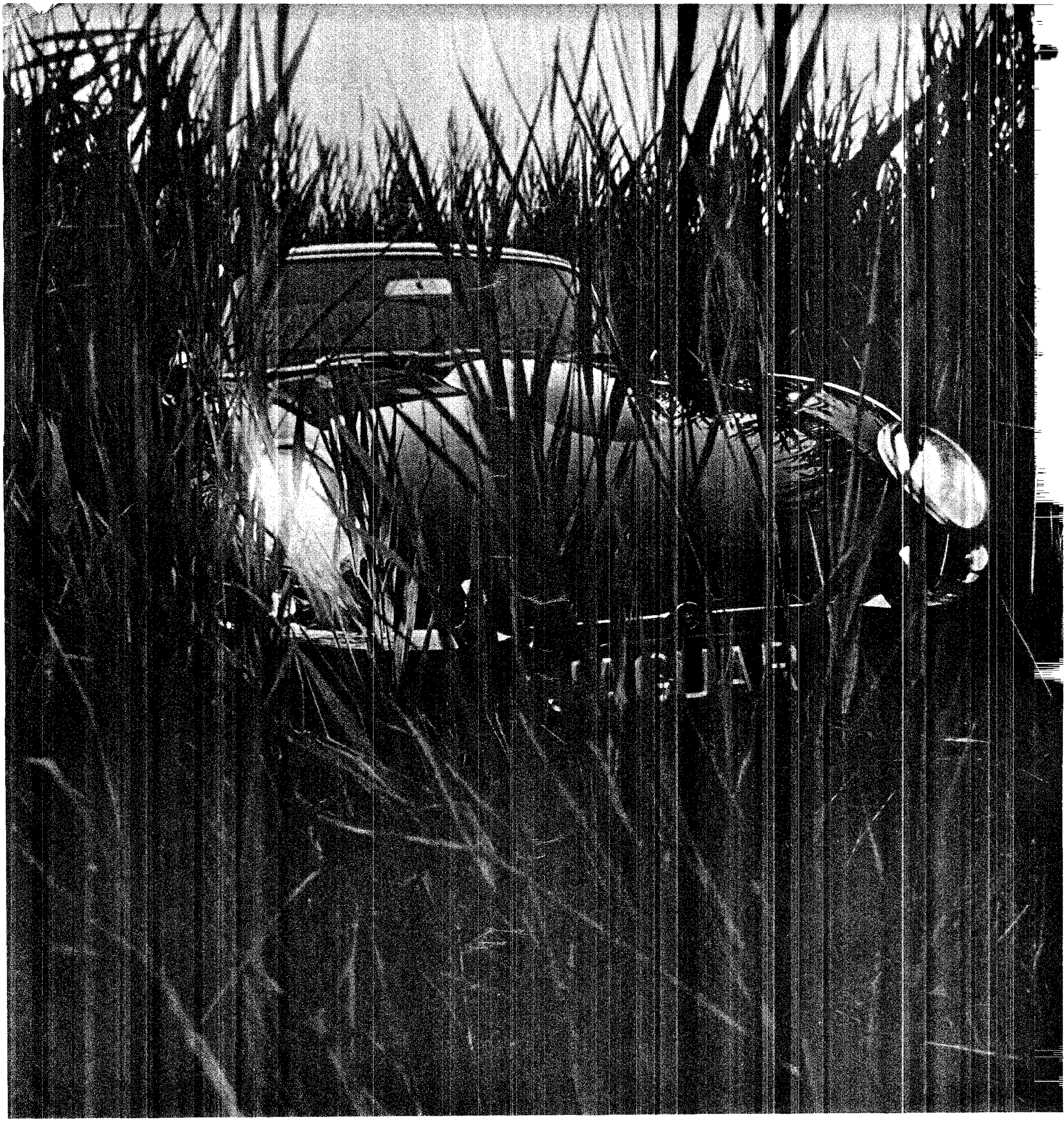

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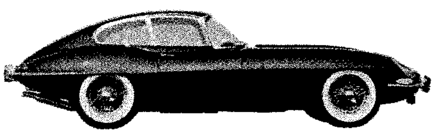

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has responded more readily to Johns' work than to Rauschenberg's. It was not until 1958, though—nearly ten years after Rauschenberg's first show at the Betty Parsons—that Johns had a major one-man exhibition in New York, at the Leo Castelli Gallery. The show was spectacularly successful. Alfred Barr, the Museum of Modern Art's highly respected director of collections, was so enthusiastic that he bought three pictures for the museum and urged all his friends to see the show. *Art News* put a Johns target on its cover. Almost overnight, Johns acquired an international reputation and a market. A Rauschenberg show three months later was equally sensational—it included "Rebus," "Bed," and a chicken-bearing combine called "Odalisk"—but, as usual, there were few sales. A woman who bought a relatively inoffensive Rauschenberg from this show later sold it back to Castelli, explaining that she had been keeping it in a closet because the delivery boys all laughed when they saw it hanging on the wall. Rauschenberg was still the *enfant terrible*. Characteristically, though, he was overjoyed by Johns' success.

Even Rauschenberg's detractors concede that he has always been exceptionally generous toward other artists. He is staunchly loyal to John Cage, Merce Cunningham, and his other friends in the music and dance world, who have had no success to compare with the current boom in the art market; in 1958, Rauschenberg, Johns, and a volatile entrepreneur named Emile De Antonio pooled their talents and their funds to sponsor a major New York concert of Cage's music at Town Hall, and last year Rauschenberg donated several large paintings that were sold for the benefit of the Foundation for Contemporary Performance Arts, an organization dedicated to getting engagements for experimental music, dance, and theatre groups. He has also been warmly sympathetic to much of the new work being done by painters younger than himself. "Bob made me see my own work differently," Jim Dine, one of the best of the pop artists, said recently. "He was really enthusiastic about it four years ago, and he talked about it to other people, and I'll never forget that."

EARLY in 1959, Rauschenberg started to work on a series of thirty-four illustrations for Dante's "Inferno," a project that was to occupy almost all his time for the next two years. He had been wanting for some time to

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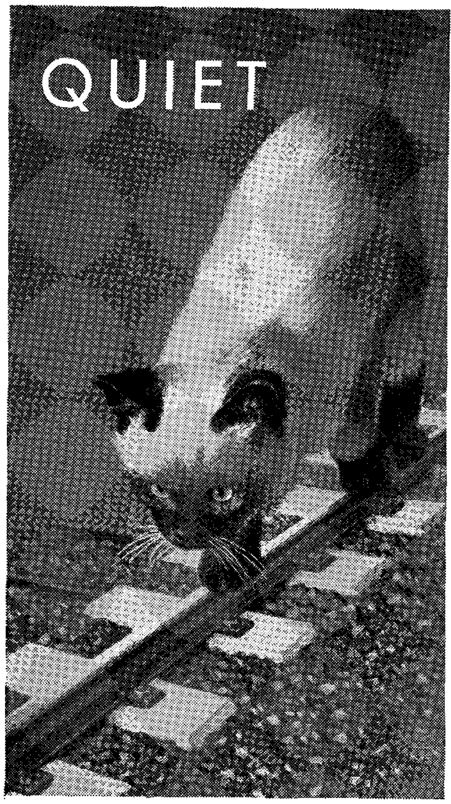

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do a series of drawings, and that winter he hit on a technique that allowed him to incorporate fragments of the "real world" into work on a small, intimate scale. The technique, in its present stage of refinement, involves wetting a piece of drawing paper with lighter fluid (the most satisfactory as well as the most convenient medium), placing on it, face down, a photograph from a magazine (*Time*, *Life*, and *Newsweek* are excellent for this purpose; *Look*, for some reason, is not), and rubbing over the back of the photograph with the nib of an empty ball-point pen. The image thus transferred functions, like collage, as a fragment of life, and is used with other such fragments in the drawing that is then done on the paper, which may include watercolor, shading, erasing, washes, and even old-fashioned line drawing, which Rauschenberg can do very effectively when so inclined.

Rauschenberg made a number of transfer drawings in this manner, but he found that one did not lead to another, as was the case with his paintings. "I really wanted to make a whole lot of drawings, though, so I began looking around for a vehicle, something to keep them going," he has said. The idea of using Dante's poem came into his head at this point, although he is not exactly sure why. He had never read the poem. He *had* seen one or two of the Botticelli drawings for "The Divine Comedy" in a volume of reproductions and had liked their intimate quality—a quality he considers essential in a drawing. He had also seen the Gustave Doré illustrations, and had hated them. In any case, having decided to use the "Inferno" as a vehicle, he made up his mind that he would not attempt to pick out highlights to illustrate, because that would smack too much of personal taste and imply a certain lack of respect for the poet by distorting his emphasis and thus encouraging distortion in reading. Rather, he would illustrate all thirty-four cantos with one drawing apiece, proceeding in strict chronological order and not reading ahead to the next canto until he had finished illustrating the present one. He bought several translations of the poem in paperback. The recent version by John Ciardi suited him best, and it was this one that he used primarily. When he had illustrated the first six cantos, he realized that the project was going to take at least a year to complete. Fortunately, one or two collectors were becoming interested in Rauschenberg about this time, so there was enough money coming in from sales to keep him going on the Dante proj-

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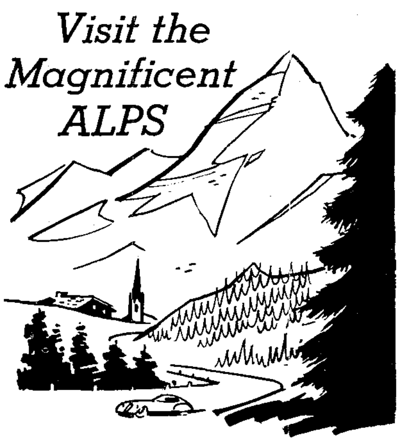
ect. Keep going he did, for the next eighteen months, although the strain of working on such a small scale was so intense that he had to break out from time to time and do a large painting or a construction. (Not surprisingly, the objects he used in these works were bigger and more aggressive than ever.)

Rauschenberg's Dante drawings, which were first shown at Leo Castelli's in December of 1960, are a remarkable distillation of his complex art. Although the images are all of the present day (taken mostly from magazines), they show a sustained inventive power and an inner consistency that are entirely relevant to the spirit of the poem. Just as Dante used public figures to people his Hell, so does Rauschenberg; Kennedy, Nixon, and Adlai Stevenson turn up here and there (Stevenson as Virgil, the guide), along with such other modern souls in torment as struggling athletes and soldiers in gas masks, hellish rockets and other armaments, and racing cars, which seem to represent for Rauschenberg the demons of the nether world. Dante, the earthly witness, is shown throughout as a kind of nondescript, ordinary man with a towel wrapped around his waist. He appears in nearly every drawing, and he came from an advertisement for golf clubs in *Sports Illustrated*. (Rauschenberg ran out of copies of the magazine, but managed to get more by mail from a somewhat perplexed back-date-magazine dealer in New Jersey, who obligingly looked up the issues that had run the ad.) The original drawings have been purchased by an anonymous patron and donated to the Museum of Modern Art, and the whole series is being published this spring by Harry N. Abrams in a limited edition priced at three hundred dollars a copy.

Rauschenberg's reputation as a serious artist was greatly strengthened by the Dante drawings. Although he had first received official recognition in 1959, when the Museum of Modern Art included him in its important group show called "Sixteen Americans," it was only now, and rather suddenly, that the art world began to see him as something more than an *enfant terrible*. The obvious next step was a one-man show in Paris, and this was held in the spring of 1961, at the influential Galerie Daniel Cordier. Rauschenberg went over for the opening. His work stunned the Paris artists, who had seen nothing even remotely comparable to "Monogram," "Odalisk," and "Pilgrim"—the last a recent and colorful canvas to which Rauschenberg had casually at-



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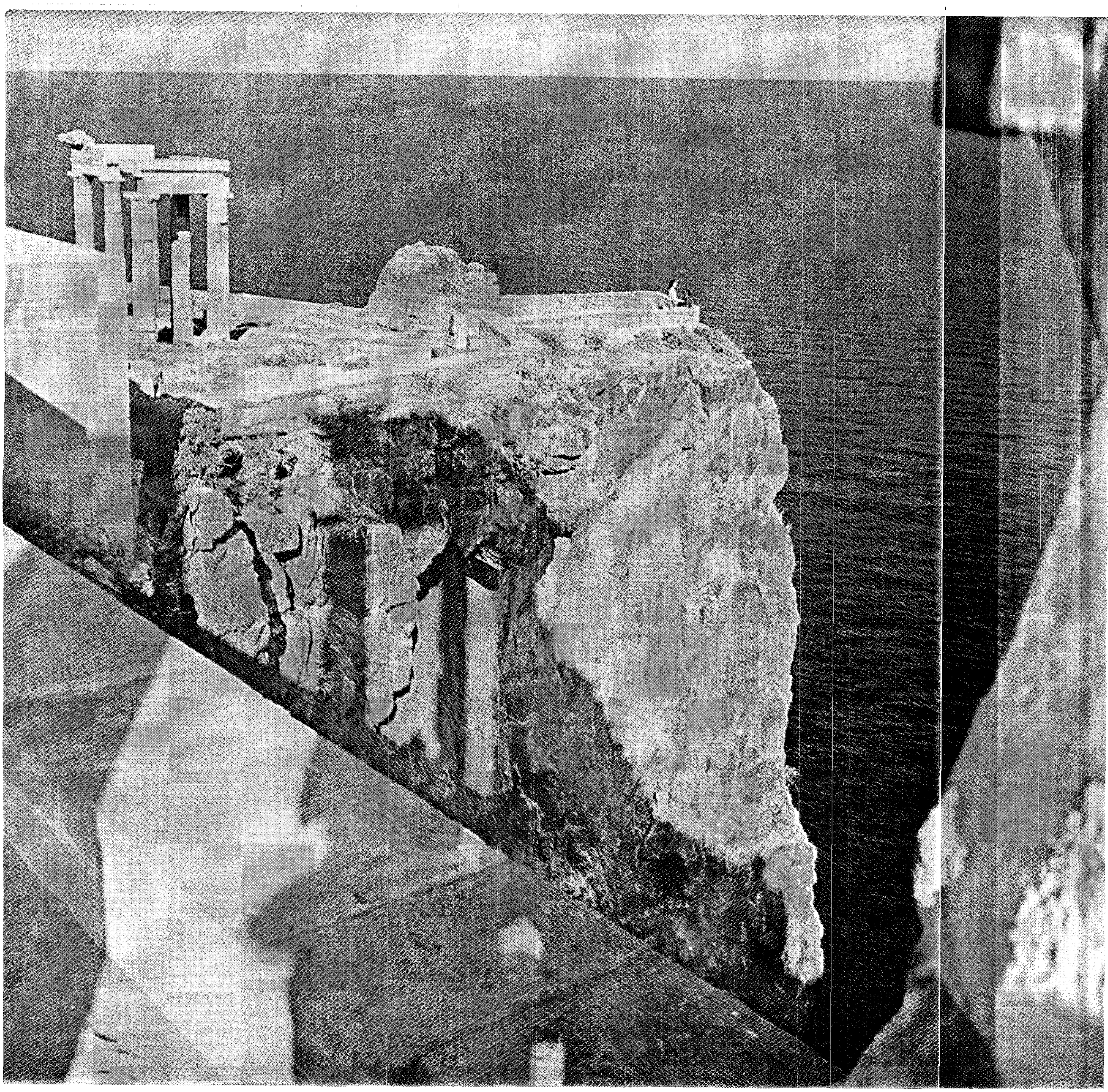

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tached a plain wooden chair. (When the canvas was in his Front Street studio, visitors coming to look at his works would often pile their hats and coats on the chair—to their discomfiture when it came time to view the *œuvre.*) The show was an enormous success. Even more useful, from the point of view of Rauschenberg's reputation abroad, was an interview he had with André Parinaud, the editor of the Paris weekly *Arts.* Ileana Sonnabend, Rauschenberg's close friend and current Paris dealer (she was formerly Mrs. Leo Castelli), served as interpreter, and she says that Parinaud's opening questions convinced her that he planned to use Rauschenberg as an example of all that was sick, materialistic, and degraded in American society. Rauschenberg's replies, however, were disconcertingly candid. When Parinaud asked him, for example, "If someone proposed that you become President of the United States or president of General Motors, would you stop being a painter?," Rauschenberg's thoughtful answer was "Those are good jobs. I'd think seriously about it." Midway through the interview, Parinaud called in his own interpreter, to make sure that Mrs. Sonnabend was translating accurately. Rauschenberg continued to answer all his questions with lucid candor, revealing a consistent attitude toward his work that Parinaud apparently found affecting and sincere. "I don't want to reform the world," Rauschenberg protested at one point. "I just want to live in it!" By the end of the session, Parinaud was completely won over. The interview was given a full page in *Arts* and was received with great enthusiasm by the Paris artists. "Rauschenberg became a hero to them," Mrs. Sonnabend explained recently. "He took them out of painting, you see, and into something else—life, maybe."

While in Paris, Rauschenberg also renewed his acquaintance with Jean Tinguely, the motion sculptor, whom he had met in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art the year before, when Tinguely set off his huge, self-destroying construction called "Homage to New York." The two artists got along splendidly, even though neither could speak the other's language. They found that they had a great deal in common—boundless energy, irreverent humor, and a basic desire to avoid in their work the fixed, static quality of so-called "high art." Tinguely's sculptures, which spring into furious motion when activated by small motors, can even be seen as aesthetic counterparts of the Rauschenberg combines, in which the ambigu-

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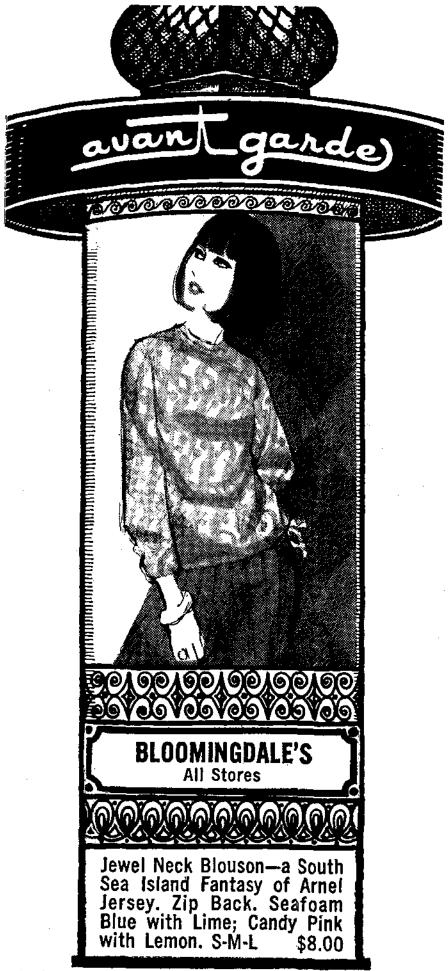
ous, dynamic irresolution of all elements keeps the eye in continuous motion over the surface. Both men liked the idea of collaboration between artists, and that spring they joined forces with several other avant-garde talents to put on a rather bizarre performance in the little theatre that is part of the American Embassy. This spectacle presented simultaneously a motorized Tinguely sculpture that went back and forth across the stage doing a strip tease; a performance, in and around the piano, of John Cage's "Variation II" by the American pianist David Tudor; a picture-shoot by Niki de Saint-Phalle, Tinguely's present wife, who creates her works by firing a .22 rifle at papier-mâché constructions in which plastic bags of paint are embedded; and the onstage creation of a painting by Rauschenberg, whose brushstrokes, hammer blows, and other sound effects were amplified by contact microphones attached to the canvas. (Only the back of the painting was visible to the audience, which expected to see the finished work at the end but was denied that pleasure.) Jasper Johns, who was also having a show in Paris, contributed a painted sign reading "Entr' Acte" and a large target made of flowers. The performance drew a large and enthusiastic audience, although the Embassy, uncertain what to expect, had forbidden any advance publicity.

Rauschenberg, Tinguely, and Niki de Saint-Phalle were so exhilarated by the experience that they collaborated on an even more peculiar theatrical event the following spring in New York. This took place at the Maidman Playhouse, on Forty-second Street, and was entitled "The Construction of Boston." It had a script by Kenneth Koch, the poet, which no one followed. No one, in fact, could quite agree on what each would do. Tinguely originally planned to act the part of a lady architect (he finds American career women hilarious) building a "rubber city" by pumping up huge balloons onstage; as he pumped up one, the others would slowly deflate. Then, at the last minute, he decided instead to build a cinder-block wall between the performers and the audience. Rauschenberg constructed a set resembling a furnished apartment, and had two dancers from the Merce Cunningham company—Viola Farber and Steve Paxton—go through the routines of an "ordinary day," which included being rained on by an elaborate Rauschenberg rainmaker, until Tinguely's wall sealed them from view. A number of other confusing actions took place, but the collaborators had not been able to re-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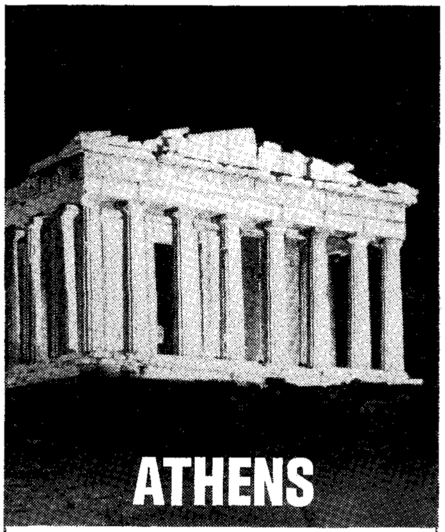

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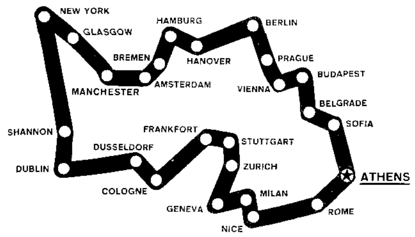
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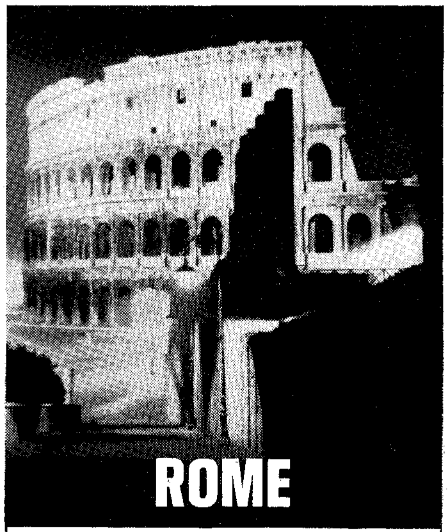

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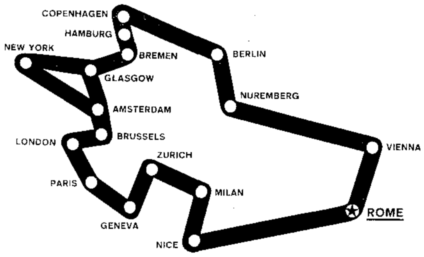
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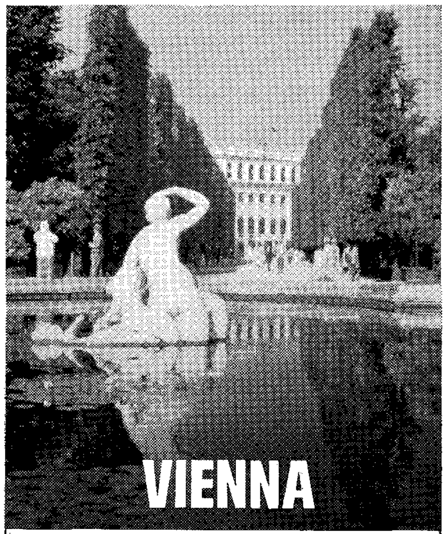

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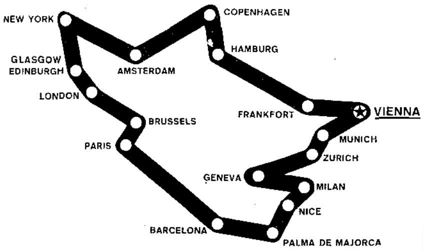
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solve their differences of opinion, and the event, Rauschenberg feels, was not as interesting as it might have been.

Rauschenberg admits to having been stagestruck since early childhood (he insisted on getting into all the school plays, although he could never remember his lines), and he has found an outlet for this theatrical urge in his work with the Cunningham dance company, for which he now does the lighting in addition to concocting costumes and sets and acting as *de-facto* stage manager. He spends a good part of his time touring with the company, many of whose engagements are at universities and colleges in remote parts of the United States, and his lighting technique (he uses mainly white light, "to let the dancers breathe"), his costumes, and his wildly ingenious props are striking additions to the repertoire. He has even turned his hand to choreography. Last spring, during the Pop Art Festival in Washington, sponsored by the Washington Gallery of Modern Art, a large audience gathered in a roller-skating arena for a dance concert that included the première (and so far only) performance of Rauschenberg's "Pelican," in which Rauschenberg himself and the Swedish sculptor P. O. Ultvedt, wearing roller skates and huge, spoked sails made from parachutes, swooped and wheeled about the arena with Carolyn Brown, one of the Cunningham dancers, who miraculously survived the experience and actually claims to have enjoyed it. Rauschenberg is now devising and performing dances for the Surplus Dance Theatre, a new avant-garde troupe in New York.

DURING the last few years, Rauschenberg has moved consistently in the direction of even greater freedom and spontaneity in his work. The large post-1957 combines are full of brilliant, uninhibited color, laid on in luscious impasto and swift washes, flowing and fusing with the collage objects and drawing them inextricably into the precarious balance of the picture as a whole. Any object, it seems, is grist for his art-life mill, and he has used an astonishing variety of objects—clocks, neckties, street signs, radios (in a combine called "Broadcast," where he was exploring "the relation of sound to seeing"), electric fans, and even a reliquary allegedly containing the tooth of an obscure Catholic saint. He has also shown an undiminished zest for upsetting aesthetic applecarts and disproving fashionable art clichés. Bored and irritated by people who look at a picture and say, "It's perfect; it couldn't have been any

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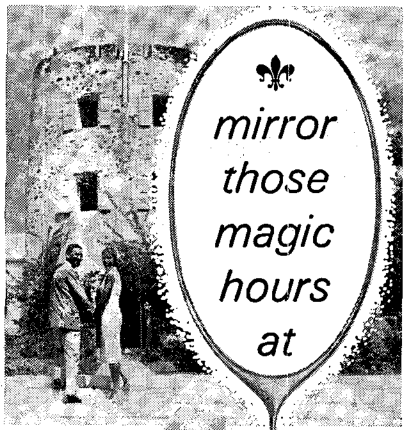

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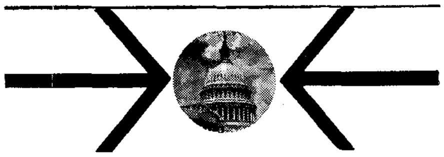

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Wednesdays: CBS Reports

Thursdays: ABC News Reports

Saturdays: Robert Trout/Sander Vanocur

Sundays: Face the Nation/Issues and Answers/Sunday/One of a Kind/Science All-Stars/The Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/Harry Reasoner

Daily: Local and regional reports.

Other television programs of special interest

Discovery in Moscow
Life in USSR as seen by children. (Pt. II)
Sunday, March 1 (1-1:30 PM)

The Ethics of Anti-Communism
A lecture by George F. Kennan
Sunday, March 1 (4-5 PM)

Britain: The Changing Guard
The "Establishment" in transition.
Sunday, March 1 (10-11 PM)

Our Man in Washington
David Brinkley behind the scenes.
Tuesday, March 3 (10-11 PM)

No Room for Kings
Fremont and Sutter in early California.
Friday, March 6 (7:30-8:30 PM)

New Hampshire Primary Returns
Tuesday evening, March 10

Jazz in the Concert Hall
Leonard Bernstein and the N.Y. Philharmonic.
Wednesday, March 11 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Synagogues Old and New
An architectural survey.
Sunday, March 15 (2-2:30 PM)

John L. Lewis
Biography in film.
Sunday, March 15 (6-6:30 PM)

Little Moon of Alban
Julie Harris and Dirk Bogarde in a new production of the James Costigan play.
Wednesday, March 18 (7:30-9 PM)

The St. Matthew Passion
The Bach oratorio, in English.
Sunday, March 22 (1-4 PM)

Visit with Ben Shahn
The religious spirit in contemporary art.
Sunday, March 22 (2-2:30 PM)

I Love You—Whatever That Means
Shakespeare and Shaw on love.
Wednesday, March 25 (7:30-8 PM)

Revelations
An Easter oratorio by Earl Wild.
Sunday, March 29 (2-3 PM)

The Saga of Western Man: 1964
Sunday, March 29 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Breakthrough: Shape of the Medical Future
New developments in medicine.
Sunday, March 29 (10-11 PM)

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other way," he did four pictures using exactly the same materials—the same colors, the same amount of each color, the same collage elements, all carefully measured out. The pictures are called "Summer Rental (Versions I-IV)," and they are strikingly dissimilar. Conversely, he set out to make two pictures called "Factum" as nearly identical as possible, right down to the "accidents" of running or dripping paint in both. The fact that they *are* nearly identical is a wry comment on the whole idea of chance in art. "I don't believe in chance any more than I believe in anything else," Rauschenberg said recently. "With me, it's much more a matter of just accepting whatever happens, accepting all these elements from the outside and then trying to work with them in a sort of free collaboration. That's what makes painting an adventure, which is what it is for me."

Oddly, though, as Rauschenberg's work has grown in freedom and assurance, his goal of an art beyond self-expression or personal taste seems to have steadily receded. This has had nothing to do with success or reputation; the fact that he is an artist whose work is now in great demand by collectors and museums in many countries and whose influence on current art trends is constantly assessed in art journals does not appear to have had the slightest effect on his attitude or on his way of working. What is very evident, though, is that everything he has done since the 1952 black paintings bears the unmistakable stamp of his own particular talent and sensibility. No one could mistake a Rauschenberg for the work of anyone else. It can thus be argued that his personal taste must be the guiding force in all his work, and that what his paintings really express, in defiance of his wishes in the matter, is his own unique view of life. Jackson Pollock was once asked by a friend whether he felt that anything at all he did with paint was all right. "No," said Pollock. "Not if I lose contact." The contact he had in mind was probably the same sort of intensity and inner discipline that enables Rauschenberg to accept whatever comes to hand, to transform his bizarre materials, and to keep them, somehow, in balance. Every now and then, Rauschenberg says something that suggests he is aware of the paradox in his situation. "I'd really like to think that the artist could be just another kind of material in the picture, working in collaboration with all the other materials," he said one day last summer. "But of course I know this isn't possible, really. I know that the

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artist can't help exercising his control to a degree, and that he makes all the decisions finally. But if I can just throw enough obstacles in the way of my own personal taste, then maybe it won't be *all*-controlling, and maybe the picture will turn out to be more interesting as a result."

Last year, Rauschenberg began to notice that more and more collage was turning up in the art galleries—work in which the collage technique was the whole point, rather than just a means to an end. This disturbed him, and gave impetus to an urge he had been feeling for some time to paint "flat." A large 1962 canvas called "Ace" shows the transition; it is basically a flat painting, whose relatively few collage elements are easily absorbed into the composition. After "Ace," Rauschenberg abandoned collage altogether and turned to silk-screen painting, which he adapted (freely, to say the least) from commercial art. Taking the images he wants from magazines, newspapers, and such sources, he has a commercial firm transfer them by a photographic process—in any size he orders—to silk screens. Then, placing a screen over a canvas, he pours paint over it and forces the paint through the porous silk design with a squeegee. After that, he works directly on the surface of the canvas with brush, palette knife, fingers, turpentine-soaked rags, or anything else. The new technique has not made painting any less of an adventure for him. "It's as much like Christmas for me as using objects I pick up in the street," he said one day last summer to a visitor who had dropped in at his loft studio on lower Broadway to watch him work. "There's that same quality of surprise and freshness that I have when using objects. When I get the screens back from the manufacturer, the images on them look different from the way they did in the original photographs, because of the change in scale, so that's one surprise right there. Then, they look different again when I transfer them to canvas, so there's another surprise. And they keep on suggesting different things when they're juxtaposed with other images on the canvas, so there's the same kind of interaction that goes on in the combines, and the same possibilities of collaboration and discovery."

Four big canvases were resting against the long wall of the hundred-foot, whitewashed loft, and Rauschenberg was working on all of them simultaneously. Certain silk-screened images appeared on all four of the canvases—the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican, an

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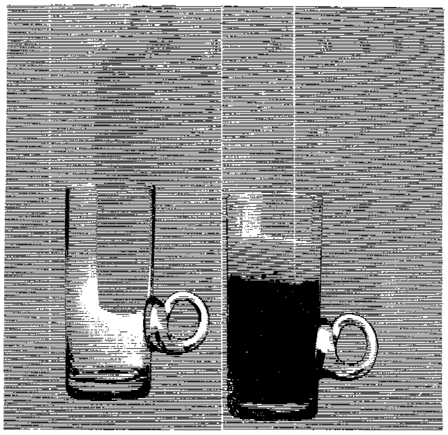
engineer's diagram of a large clock, four stop-motion shots of a small bird in flight—but never in the same places, and sometimes only a part of the image was showing. Rauschenberg moved from one canvas to another, jauntily brushing in areas of white. "I like to work on several at a time this way, because you're not so likely to get hung up on one, or to work schemingly," he said. "You keep moving. When you come back to one and it hasn't moved automatically while you were away, suggesting something new, you just go on to the next." He worked steadily through the afternoon, talking of this and that, commenting on the surprises that cropped up in the pictures ("*That* was a good stroke!"), and occasionally stepping back to scrutinize his progress. From time to time, he paused to replenish a tall glass of vodka and orange juice. The four paintings progressed at about the same rate, but not in the same direction. One of them, in which a signpost marking the intersection of Nassau and Pine Streets figured prominently, began to take on an extraordinary denseness and complexity, while the others stayed looser and less well organized, with more empty spaces. After a while, Rauschenberg became totally and exclusively absorbed, for an hour or more, in the signpost picture. There is always, he says, a point at which a painting "shakes loose" for him, and then it goes very fast. He broke away from it finally and turned his attention to its neighbor. Placing that canvas flat on the floor, he proceeded to lay in the image of the clock diagram precisely in the middle of the shot of the Sistine Chapel. The result delighted him. "It makes a modern painting out of 'The Last Judgment,' " he said happily.

Toward six-thirty, Rauschenberg stopped painting and spent forty minutes or so cleaning his silk screens with solvent. After that, he sat down and talked about some of the things he would be doing in the weeks to come. He had been commissioned, along with several other young artists, to do a large work for the exterior of Philip Johnson's New York State Pavilion at the 1964 World's Fair, and he was thinking of doing something in neon tubing, a material he had never tried before. Also, he was working on the layout for the limited edition of his Dante drawings, each copy of which will include a Rauschenberg lithograph (he recently became interested in the lithography process, and has worked several stones in the Long Island studio of Tatyana Grossman, one of the leaders in a movement to



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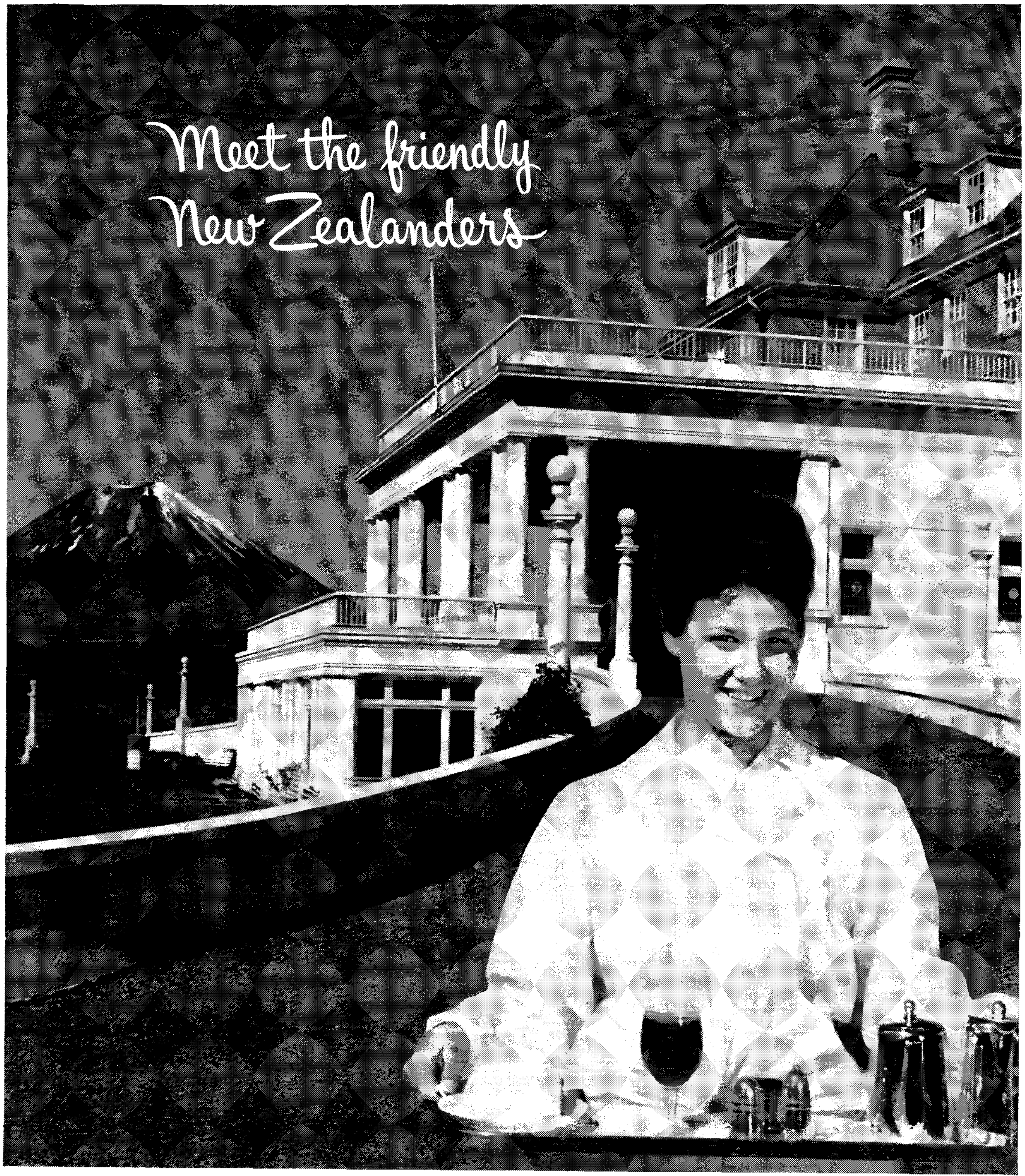
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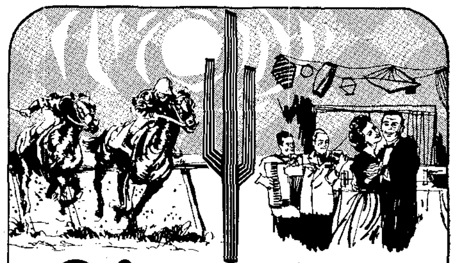
establish a tradition of fine printmaking in America). And in five weeks he was due to go on tour with the Cunningham company. The thought of these overlapping commitments seemed to exhilarate him. "I like to do all sorts of things that aren't painting," he said. "You see, I have this feeling that I'm never not working, that whatever I do is just—well, part of what I'm doing. Do you know what I mean? It's something that appeals to me so much in some of those old painters—Leonardo, for example. God knows I'm aware how enormous his talent was, and this sounds presumptuous, but what really appeals to me about Leonardo is his attitude—his being interested in all those things *other* than painting, doing those theatre pieces and pageants, designing fantastic engines, when everybody kept telling him he should stick to painting. And his painting, too—I don't think any other picture has ever hit me so hard as his 'Annunciation,' in Florence. Everything in it—every detail—is of equal importance. He gave as much attention to the grass and the trees and the rocks as he did to the Virgin. I couldn't get over that. More and more, I've found that what I don't like is the kind of Mickey Mousing you see in painters like El Greco and Soutine and van Gogh, and even in Giotto—you know, the mouth drawn down to show sorrow, and the tear trembling in the eye. But then I really don't think much about past art, I guess. Duchamp—of course. I find his life and work a constant inspiration. I don't think Duchamp meant any of his things to be just gestures, any more than I meant the erased de Kooning to be a gesture. His 'Bicycle Wheel' has always struck me as one of the most beautiful pieces of sculpture I've ever seen."

After a moment, he continued, "It has never bothered me a bit when people say that what I'm doing is not art. I don't think of myself as making art. I do what I do because I want to, because painting is the best way I've found to get along with myself. And it's always the moment of doing it that counts. When a painting is finished, it's already something I've done, no longer something I'm doing, and it's not so interesting any more. I think I can keep on playing this game indefinitely. And it *is* a game—everything I do seems to have some of that in it. The point is, I just paint in order to learn something new about painting, and everything I learn always resolves itself into two or three pictures."

He broke off, smiling thoughtfully.



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After a moment or so, he got up and crossed the room and stood in front of the painting with the signpost and contemplated it for some time. There was something about it that bothered him. He had put in three red-and-white stop signs near the bottom of the canvas, and they were somehow refusing to work with the other images. He picked up a rag, poured turpentine over it, and started to scrub away at an area of red near the center. A few drops of turpentine dribbled down the canvas, passing through one of the four bird-in-flight images. Rauschenberg shifted his attention to the bird, rubbing it with the rag until it was blurred and indistinct. He went over to a worktable and found a can of white paint and quickly painted in the area around another of the birds, making it stand out more sharply. Then he stepped back, still with a thoughtful smile on his face. "Look at that," he marvelled, more or less to himself. "The birds have freed the stop signs." And he went on painting.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

◆

Goldwater's opponents have long believed that his weakness for the rash remark eventually would scuttle him. This view has been reinforced by Goldwater's self-damaging performance since becoming an avowed candidate three weeks ago.

But a new caution was the watchword this week. Consider Goldwater's guarded reply at Goffstown, N.H., to a loaded question.

Noting that Goldwater opposed the Kerr-Mills medical care program, a youth asked whether Goldwater approved of the fact that New Hampshire is starting its own Kerr-Mills program.

Goldwater paused for a moment or two, then replied:

"I'm from Arkansas and this is a question that concerns New Hampshire."

In the rear of the hall, a Goldwater aide nodded in approval: "That's just the right answer."—*Tampa Tribune.*

Except in Phoenix.

◆

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Lotte Goslar, star of "The Lotte Goslar Revue" presented by Victor Borge at the Huntington Hartford Theatre, tore a ligament while rehearsing over the weekend, resulting in cancellation of plans to extend the run of the show here through this week. Enthusiastic public and critical response to the show in its first week had prompted decision to add another week to the local engagement.—*The Hollywood Reporter.*

"Lotte Goslar Revue" wound its one-week stand at Huntington Hartford Theatre Sunday with a dim $5,927. Skedded second-week holdover, advertised in dailies, was cancelled late Sunday night due to opening stanza's poor biz.—*Variety.*

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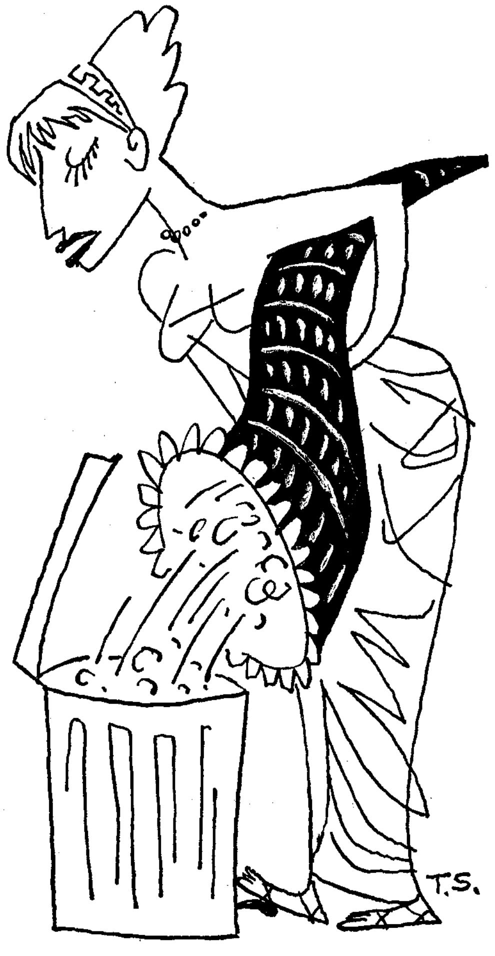
THE THEATRE

GOOD GOING

"ANY WEDNESDAY," at the Music Box, is as light and bright and pleasant a diversion as you are likely to encounter this season. The first play by Muriel Resnik to be seen hereabouts, it establishes her as an author of style and wit. Her dialogue is fast, funny, and arresting, and if her plot is not overly original, it has the virtue of giving four fine performers a chance to demonstrate how beguiling featherweight comedy can be when handled by experts. Although all the participants in "Any Wednesday" deserve commendation, I don't think it would be amiss to single out Sandy Dennis, the heroine, for a special encomium. Miss Dennis, on this occasion, represents a girl who can't say no very often but who makes it quite clear that carnal experience is never going to alter her innocent romanticism. In a hideaway in the East Sixties provided by a wealthy protector, she is as happy as a child playing house, and the only thing she worries about, even fleetingly, is the fact that she is thirty years old, with the prospect of middle age just over the hill. She can't devote much time to such preoccupations, though, for she has to contend with her opulent lover, who can visit her only once a week; with his wife; and with a young and eligible businessman from Akron, Ohio. If ever I saw anybody cope with far-out situations, Miss Dennis is that party.

But let us get around to the assorted propositions advanced by Miss Resnik in "Any Wednesday." It seems that one John Cleves (Don Porter), a glib, personable, and mendacious financier, has decided to make one of his company's executive suites into a love nest cozy and warm, and also tax-deductible. Our heroine, as the resident doxy, has furnished the place to suit her thrift-shop whim, even to the extent of hanging plastic wisteria (in the summer) and plastic poinsettias (in the winter) in a roof garden adjoining the company digs, which she has come to look upon as her own. Owing to some secretarial mixup, she is presently joined in the apartment by her paramour's wife (Rosemary Murphy) and that Akron businessman (Gene Hackman). With Miss Dennis leading the others on, the cast gets a lot of merriment out of the wife's mad urgency to redo the executive suite, the dwindling passion of the well-heeled lecher, and the simple-minded adoration of Miss Dennis revealed by the gentleman from Ohio. "Any Wednesday" was directed with skill by Henry Kaplan—who, like Miss Resnik, is making his Broadway début with this one—and has some airy sets by Robert Randolph. Toward the end of the play, Miss Resnik has a bit of difficulty in resolving things satisfactorily, but whenever there's a slight sag, she is ready with a line to galvanize the proceedings.

IN "Foxy," at the Ziegfeld, Bert Lahr is given every opportunity to run amuck, and he does so with all the bland and effortless ease that makes him one with the great clowns of our time. Mr. Lahr, who is sixty-eight, can move around a stage with the agility of a hockey player, and in "Foxy" he even essays a trip to the top of the proscenium arch that would give pause to a man of half his years. "Foxy," which was written by Ian McLellan Hunter and Ring Lardner, Jr., and is based vaguely on Ben Jonson's "Volpone," takes us, to the accompaniment of lyrics by Johnny Mercer and music by Robert Emmett Dolan, up to the Far North, where Mr. Lahr, a gold seeker, is engaged in trying to bring vengeance upon a trio of fellow-prospectors who have done him wrong. While the book, in revealing that cupidity can make men mad, meanders about a good deal, and the dances, as arranged by Jack Cole, are a bit too phrenetic for my taste, there is always Mr. Lahr on hand to keep things buoyantly churning, and songs like "Talk to Me, Baby," "Money Isn't Everything," and "It's Easy When You Know How" are stimulating. "Foxy" is broad, very broad, but Mr. Hunter and Mr. Lardner come up with some highly comical dialogue every now and then, and the stage business, particularly when Mr. Lahr is cavorting about, is swift and ingenious. Playing Mosca to Mr. Lahr's Volpone, and doing a good job as a confidence man, is Larry Blyden, and Robert H. Harris, Edward Greenhalgh, and Gerald Hiken are properly unsanitary and foolish as the schemers Mr. Lahr wants to punish. Julienne Marie and John Davidson provide the young love in "Foxy," and Cathryn Damon, grinding and bumping along as a saloon proprietress, adds a bit of salacity.



THE Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center, temporarily ensconced at the ANTA Washington Square Theatre, has made a highly satisfactory spectacle of "Marco Millions," which Eugene O'Neill wrote back in the twenties. The play, as you remember, exposes O'Neill in a rare playful mood, and if his satire contrasting Western go-getters with Eastern mystics is a little on the one-note side, his drama is so full of pageantry that one can forget its shortcomings—particularly when, as here, the gifted José Quintero is directing the production. As the obtuse Marco of the piece, who journeys to the storied lands of the East without learning anything beyond what an ordinary peddler might comprehend, Hal Holbrook does as well as he can with a role that has few nuances. David Wayne, as his opposite number in Cathay, develops a fairly rounded character as he goes about

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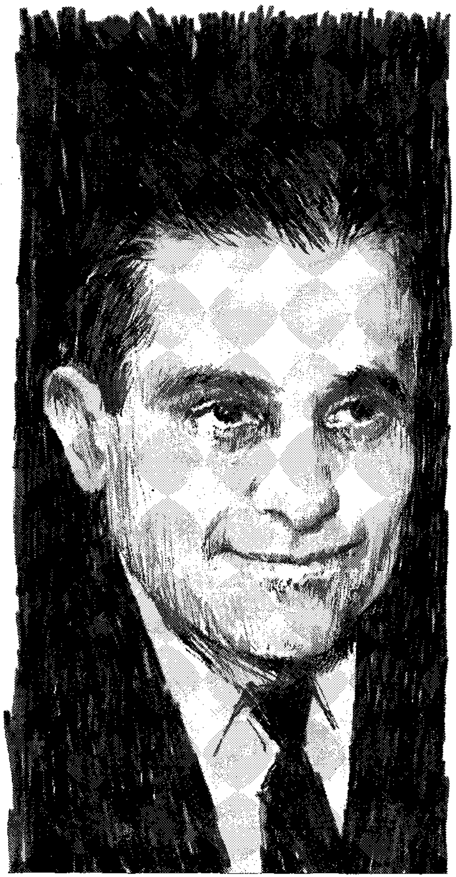

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being Kublai, the Great Khan, and so does Joseph Wiseman in portraying his adviser. Zohra Lampert is lovely to look at as Kublai Khan's granddaughter. But though the company's acting in "Marco Millions" is meritorious, and O'Neill's attack on materialism is still pertinent, it is to David Hays, who is responsible for the production and lighting, that we owe our largest debt, for he has made this "Marco Millions" as colorful as a rainbow, while Beni Montresor has designed costumes that quiver with radiance. "Marco Millions" will alternate with Arthur Miller's "After the Fall" for a while, and then the company will introduce S. N. Behrman's "But for Whom Charlie." After that, the three plays will be in and out of the ANTA periodically.

"ABRAHAM COCHRANE" closed after one performance at the Belasco last week. It was windy as all getout as the author, John Sherry, tried to show how a free spirit can be hog-tied by a couple of women. Bill Travers, Ann Harding, and Nancy Wickwire were among those awash in the prolix dialogue. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Molière to Music

"THE AMOROUS FLEA"—a poor title for a perky little musical, at the East 78th Street Playhouse, that is based on Molière's "School for Wives"—is a first try for a number of the people connected with it. It is the first New York show for Bruce Montgomery, who wrote the pleasant score and lyrics; it is the first play by Jerry Devine, a former television writer, whose adaptation seems appropriate and quite unobtrusive; and it marks the Off Broadway début of its two principal performers—Lew Parker, a veteran of Broadway and night clubs, and Imelda de Martin, who is too young to be a veteran of anything but has several major roles in major plays to her credit. The production is scaled in every way to a small auditorium. It is never noisy or uproariously funny, but there is a kind of brisk merriment and youthfulness and modest good humor about it. As the stingy old roué who has kept his young ward tucked away from the world until she is ripe for his own plucking, only to have her plucked by someone half his age, Mr. Parker doesn't yet seem completely at home in his role or in the period costume that goes with it, but when he is in top form, his silly vanity, his leering, his rheumatic posturings,

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and his spasms of jealousy are comic enough. Mr. Parker's Arnolphe is Main Stem Molière, but somehow he makes it acceptable most of the time. I cannot imagine a better or prettier Agnes than Miss de Martin, the very essence of canny fake innocence. Jack Fletcher and Ann Mitchell do some amusing clowning as Arnolphe's long-suffering servants, whose job it is to guard Agnes from any encroaching male (Mr. Fletcher's slow, blank-eyed smile is a boon to the proceedings), and Philip Procter does well as the truly innocent and trusting young man who does encroach, and more successfully than he expected to. Mr. Montgomery has provided all of them with quite rewarding numbers. Mr. Fletcher and Miss Mitchell, broomsticks on their shoulders, pace up and down in drill formation as they sing the snappy "March of the Vigilant Vassals," and they shamble around in a loose-limbed dance, imitating their awful master, in "There Goes a Mad Old Man." "Learning Love," which is a comic didactic song when Mr. Parker first sings it to Miss de Martin, becomes a romantic ballad in reprise, when Miss de Martin and Mr. Procter sing it together. There isn't a dud in the lot, and the arrangements are ingenious. Not all the fun is musical, either. In a scene near the end, three old men split among them, in rapid, straight-front delivery, any amount of exposition and get it over with in a matter of moments.

The settings—a street in seventeenth-century Paris, and the garden in back of Arnolphe's house, with Agnes's bedroom window above it—are attractive. Jack Sydow is the director; Lou Busch did the orchestrations; Bill Hargate designed the scenery and Donald Brooks the costumes. They and all the other members of the company (with the exception of whoever decided on that title) should be very pleased with themselves. Their show has the enthusiasm of amateur theatre at its best, and considerable professional polish as well.

—EDITH OLIVER

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the London Times*]

Mr. Charles Fletcher-Cooke, M.P. for Darwen, Lancashire, is to be recommended for readoption by the constituency Conservative Party. This was announced last night after a meeting of the party's administrative council at which Mr. Fletcher-Cooke made an unexpected statement to a large gathering.

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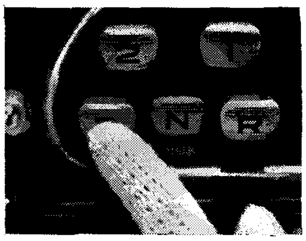

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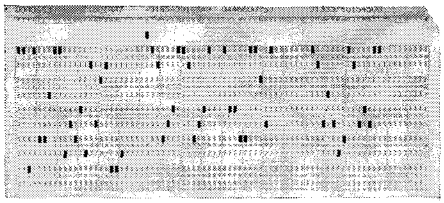

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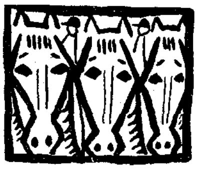
THE RACE TRACK

Bustout



THE class of second-guessers will please come to order. Among the more or less predictable results of the racing last weekend, we shall take up the victories of Mongo in the Widener and Mr. Consistency in the Santa Anita Handicap. Just when some of us had made up our minds that perhaps Mongo wasn't what he used to be, he came sailing along to win the jackpot at Hialeah. I mean sailing, too, because, as I watched him on TV, he swept around the leaders three furlongs from home and went on to win by a head from Sunrise Flight. Admiral Vic was third, two lengths behind. The obvious explanation of Mongo's improvement over his tepid showing in the Seminole a fortnight earlier was the change in track conditions. A heavy rain Saturday morning turned the course from fast to sloppy, and, as everybody knows, Mongo is at least five pounds better in the softer footing. Needless to say, he went to the post the favorite in the betting. If he runs for the Hialeah Turf Cup on Saturday, it should be no more than a good gallop for him. As for Admiral Vic, the mile and a quarter of the Widener may have been a bit too far.

When a turf idol falls on his face, he can be relied on to do it with a bang. And Gun Bow, who had won three stakes in a row, certainly did in the Santa Anita Handicap, finishing seventh, which is no place for an 11–10 favorite to finish. A couple of things might be blamed for his downfall: he drew the eighteenth post position, far on the outside, and figured to lose a lot of ground at the first turn (though he actually didn't), and he carried 130 pounds, giving big weight to almost everything. This is probably what did him in, since the chart shows that he was as good as second half a mile from home and from that point on he began to fall back. On the other hand, Mr. Consistency, to whom Gun Bow gave ten pounds, improved his position steadily, taking the lead in the stretch and winning by nearly a length from Doc Jocoy, one of the long shots. Cyrano was third. Mr. Consistency, who is owned by Mrs. Ann Peppers, a director of the Del Mar race track, is a six-year-old bay horse by Alibhai, and he is having his best year.

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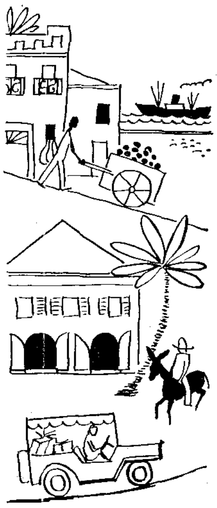

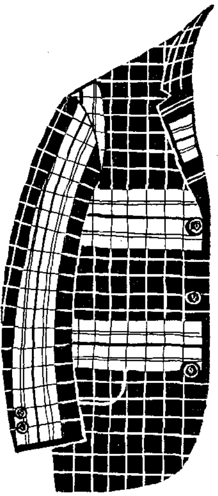

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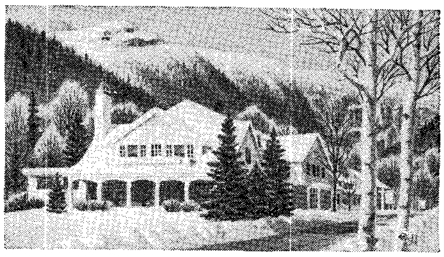

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The Santa Anita Handicap was his third victory in five starts at the meeting (in one start, he was nosed out by a 100–1 shot), and his earnings have run to $151,150. It's quite a different story from his appearances at the Big A last autumn; in one race here, he stumbled as he left the gate, and in the Jockey Club Gold Cup his saddle slipped. Because he's so good on the grass, he's a likely starter in the San Juan Capistrano a week from Saturday, and a likely winner, too.

TO get back to Hialeah, I can't say that I was held spellbound by Roman Brother's performance in the Everglades Stakes on Wednesday. He had a harder job catching Mr. Brick this time than he had in the Bahamas; in fact, Burley Parke, his trainer, said he wasn't sure the colt would do it. Still, I expect he'll be the favorite for the Flamingo on March 3rd, the closing day of the meeting. There will probably be a dozen runners for the Flamingo, among them Chieftain, Northern Dancer, Trader, Mr. Brick, Journalist, and Bupers. For the first time in years, Calumet Farm may have starters. One is Ky. Pioneer, who beat Quadrangle, the winner of the Pimlico Futurity last autumn, and half a dozen other three-year-olds; another may be Kentucky Jug, who won his third in a row last Saturday. Taking one thing with another, however, my choice is Chieftain.

WITHOUT making anything of it, this department reports that more than thirty-five thousand aficionados went to Roosevelt Raceway the other evening for the opening of New York's trotting season. I am told that nobody seemed to mind that the temperature was in the low twenties or that the infield and the parking lots were piled high with snow. Rather, everybody was preoccupied with picking the daily double and the twin double. One paid $515.90, the other $9,666.40. The mutuels handled $2,350,342. Numbers, just numbers.

—AUDAX MINOR

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5. CATHOLIC HOUR—Religion
"The Friends of My Youth . . . ," a three-part comedy by Robert Crean, dramatizes the confusion of moral values in three generations of one family. In Part 1, "Do You Remember Billie Dove?" the family has gathered to celebrate Grandpa's birthday when an absent son telephones with news that everyone will soon die of radiation poisoning.—*TV Guide, St. Louis edition.*

Parts 2 and 3 ought to be fun!

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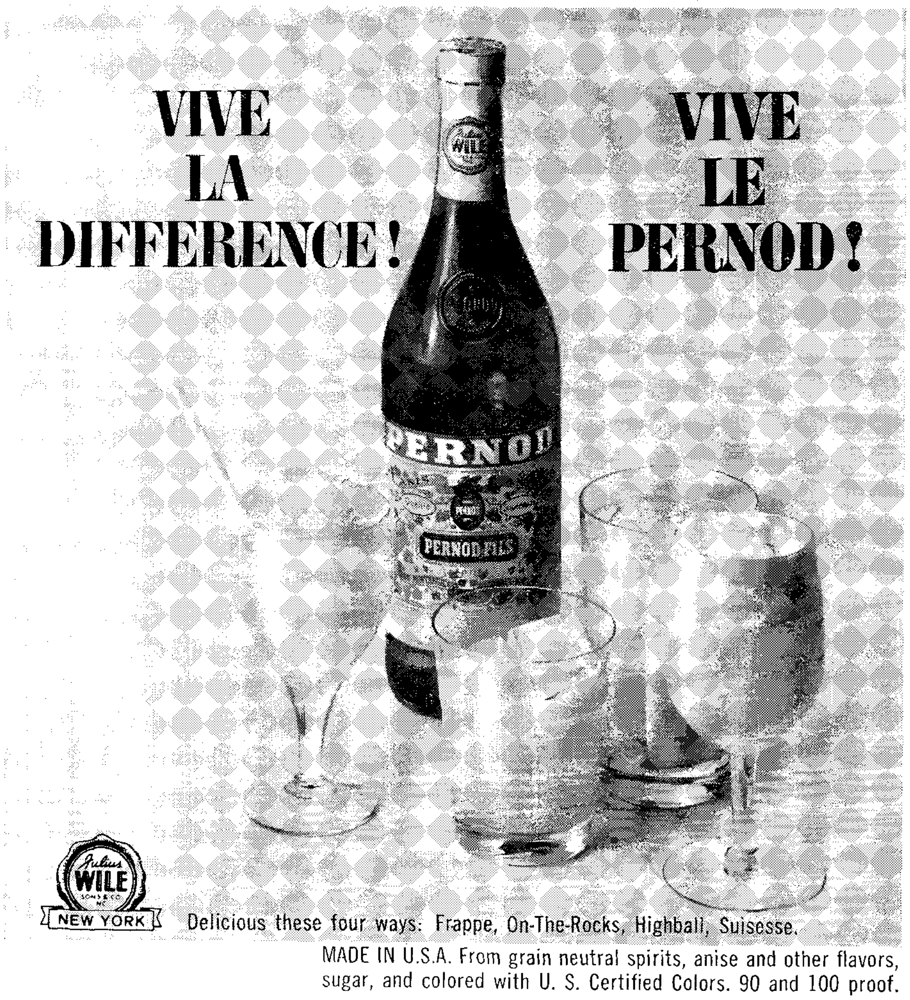

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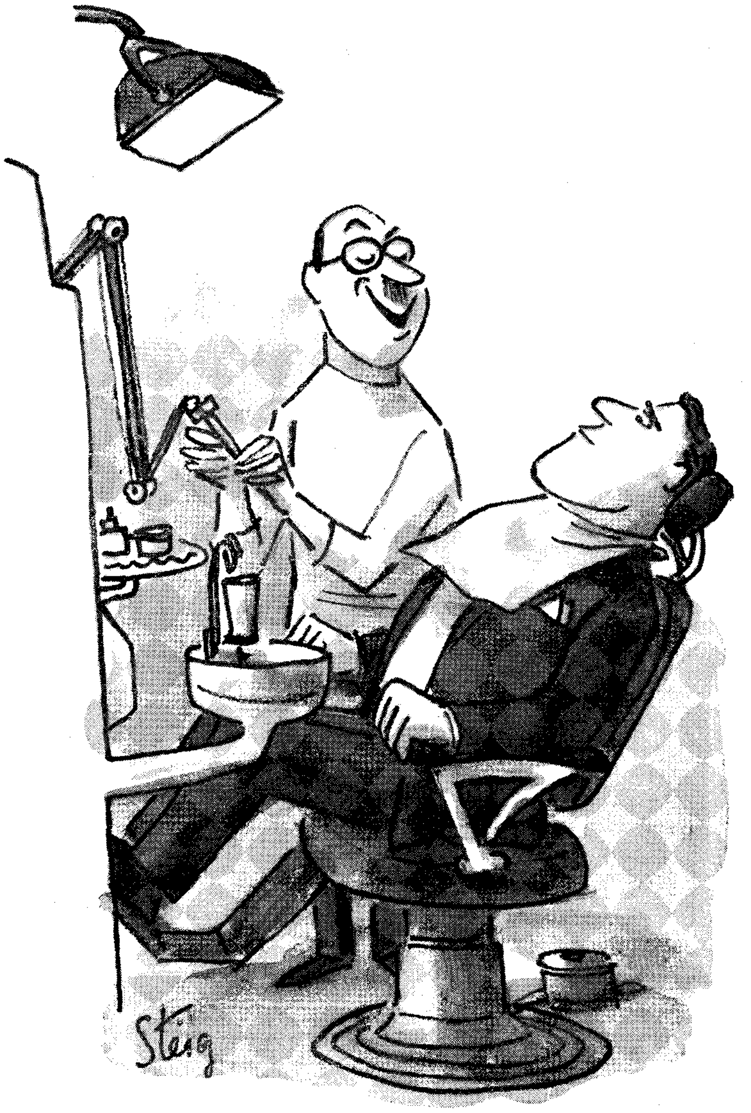
FEMININE FASHIONS

Chapeaux
EASTER HATS

LAST year, the fashion press prattled on so much about the "sportive" look that I began to have defiant dreams in which I showed up at the office in a pink lace nightgown; this season, it is pounding the "gentle woman" theme, lauding pleats and ruffles and lots of soft motion, so we can be in for a messy clutter of spring clothes if we don't watch out. However, our best custom milliners—the topic of the ensuing treatise—seem to realize that you don't have to look fluttery to look feminine. And this is true even when you're wearing hats that flaunt their masculine derivation—sombreros, padre styles, and the rest. (The First Man, instead of the First Lady, is responsible for a real Lyndon Johnson ranch hat at John Frederics—a half-gallon size for girls, with a truly deep crown and a sharp, deep curl at the sides, but I doubt that L.B.J. has it in John Frederics' raspberry bali with a matching band of grosgrain ribbon.) Shape is the big word everywhere, and though flowers lurk in the back rooms of all the milliners (the *customers* want them, anyway), the thing they all wished to show me was Line, often virtually untrimmed but coquettish nonetheless. Everywhere, too (particularly in the case of Halston, who designs for Bergdorf Goodman), are vast Breton shapes, sometimes tilted, that are blown well back from the face; even the infrequent cartwheel sailors are pushed backward, like halos. What wonders me is how you keep them on when merely the breeze created by a slow stroll through the salon suggests that they are precariously perched. And all I can hear, when I see these lovely, simple things, is the driver of a small cab saying "Watch your head, lady!" just *after* I've knocked a small headpiece galley-west. But there are also lots of medium-brimmed hats (the brims around four inches from crown to edge), many of them tending to dip a bit in front and to curl slightly upward at the sides. A triumph is Adolfo's Flying Saucer, with a low crown and a brim that has this upward tilt at the sides, like a padre hat. One example is of heavy white felt with absolutely no trimming, not even a headband. Vincent-Harmik have executed a similar brainstorm, shown in pink bali, with the oval brim longer from front to back than from side to side. This is made more feminine by a draped headband and a dangling scarf of darker chiffon. Both are worn straight and high.



"Scared?"

And there are real deep head-huggers, too, bless them, and Sally Victor is their champion, for she's on a campaign to re-create the glamour-girl touch of the thirties that was personified by such as Joan Crawford, Ina Claire, Lombard, Harlow, Norma Talmadge (she was still visible then), and other clean-cut sirens. Mrs. Victor makes beautiful profile things in straw or felt, all asymmetrical. Among them are lovely cloches, pleated or tucked on the up side of the brim and rippling down near the opposite cheek or ear. Or she does deep caps, one with a curving propeller-shaped fold that comes high on the right side and goes down below the lobe on the same side. It's glorious in the pale-blue felt I saw it in. Then, the shops around town report an increasing request for cover-all-hair stuff. This comes from women with the salt-water tresses they acquired in Southampton that haven't yet got to the hairdresser. First of all, there are the familiar wigs of flowers or other fluff, but the kerchief stunt, tied under the chin or at the nape (this way you get nice flaring points above and behind the ears), has a million variations; so have the kerchief turbans that are twisted in Jamaica and peasant styles. Other turbans, always a coverup for weary hairdos, are much less bombastic than of yore and more snug, though sometimes a trace of veiling will rise above them to give an illusion of height.

MANY times ten little Indians in Ecuador are relearning the ancient art of weaving panama straw under water, which puts Sally Victor and the State Department's Alliance for Progress in happy cahoots. The straw is lightweight and pliable and eminently suitable for those nineteen-thirties shapes as well as for hats designed with this straw specifically in mind. Mrs. V. is also using gay Ecuadorian Indian designs on heavy white cotton for trimmings and triangular scarves. To add a note of madness, she's gone in, too, for her idea of pop art—in, say, a tiny cloche of natural panama dipped in front, with frantic appliqués on the band in front and al-

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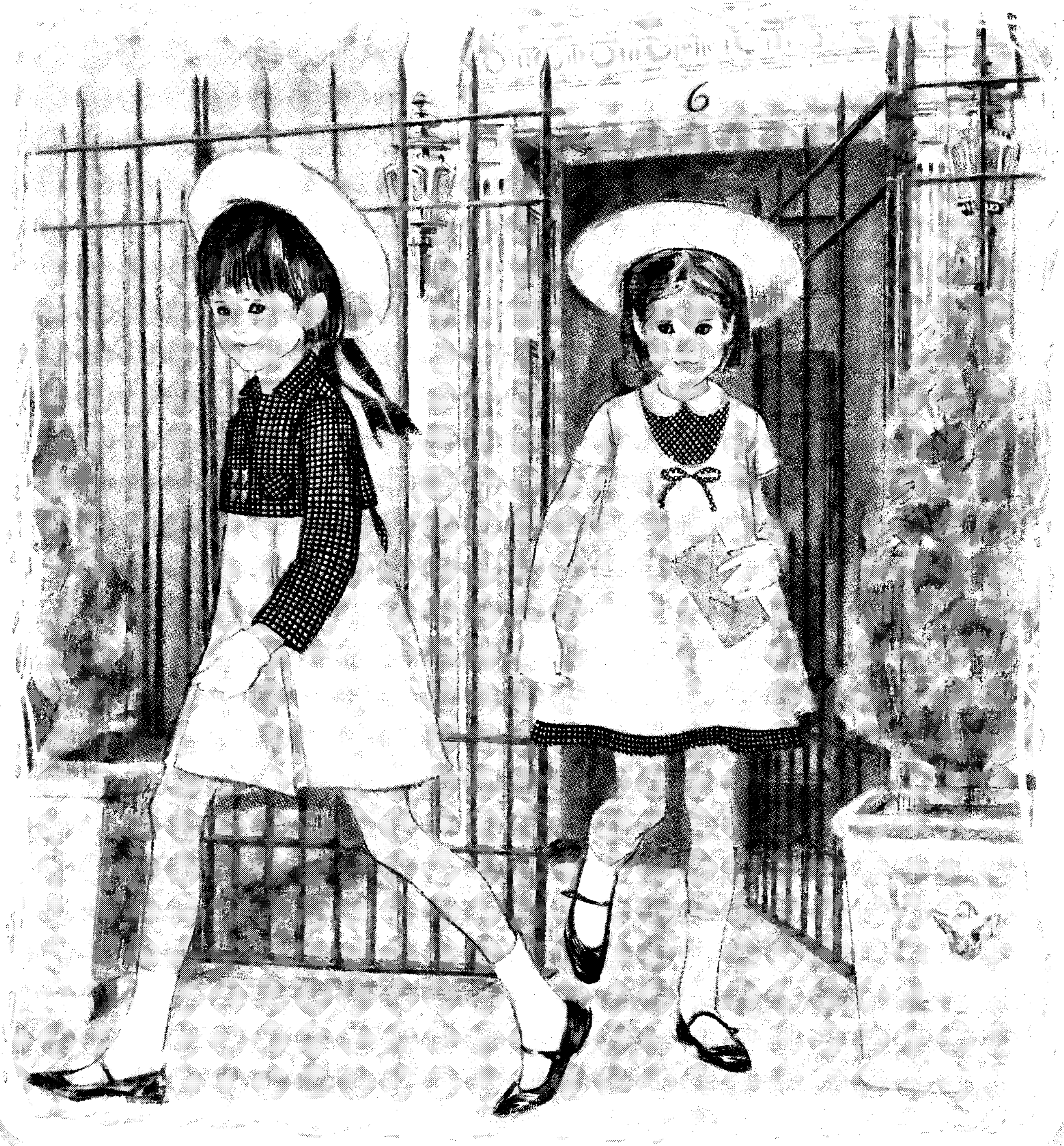

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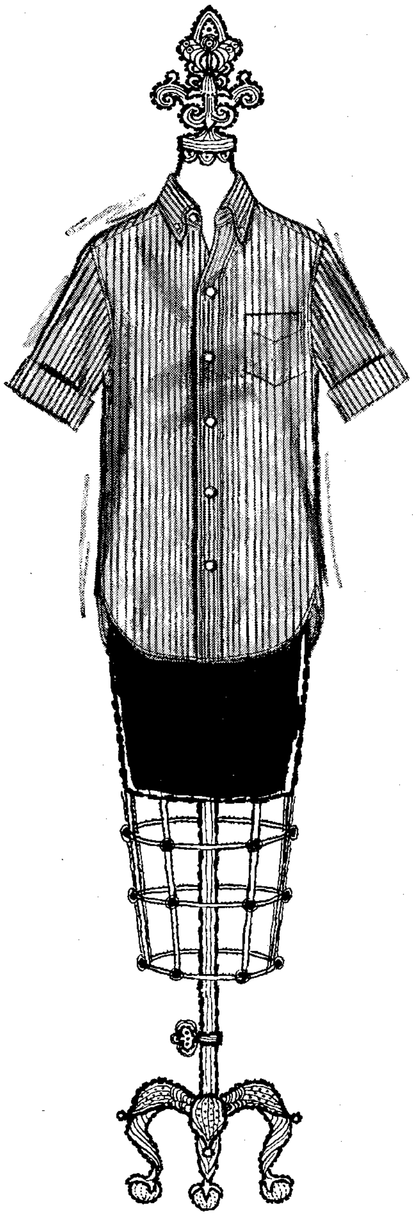

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so *inside* the trim thing, so that it can be admired when you carry it in your hand for fear of meeting your hairdresser. Panama straw makes other shapes as well when it's combined with that printed Ecuadorian cotton, such as a hat with a cone crown and a thick, wide rolled-up Breton brim that has an edging, an inch and a half deep, of the print. And a big white hat (again of panama) has a planter's downward slant over the brow; the band and the top of the brim are of the same cotton. Another harking back to the thirties is a lunatic shallow little Charlie Chaplin derby of shiny caviar straw with a white kid band. More romantic, but stemming from the same era, is a shallow turban, draped crisscross, of pink kid with a gathered flange down one side, not to mention a Norma Talmadge straw whose brim is turned sharply off the face and comes down in points on the ears—lower on one side than the other, though; we must be unbalanced, mustn't we? For *any* period, Victor does big Bretons; witness one of white kid with wide black bali making the edge and the inside brim. The finisher is a white kid band. Shape for Its Own Sake is the spirit of Sugar Scoop, the brim turned up vigorously in back and less prominently at the sides, then shooting forward over the brows, real pert. Next, we have something Jean Harlow or Jayne Mansfield might be responsible for—a really sugary confection in the form of a small sailor of pink bali clouded by matching chiffon. This is dipped in front, and there's a big, crinkled chiffon bow, with streamers, in back. Sailors that are thoroughly tailored come in linen straw in many sizes, with a fat, cuffed roll of matching shantung along the edge.

ADOLFO, a little giant among our milliners, proffers many ideas besides that Flying Saucer padre shape. (This, by the way, is also great in pink bali with a tiny bali bow at the side of the low crown—as alluring as it is simple.) He has a crush now on a double-bodied bali straw that can be pink on one side and Shocking on the other, or navy and white, or black and white, and so on. One brimmed hat is taupe underneath and pale blue above; matching blue chiffon goes over the crown and emerges from beneath the brim on each side to make twin scarves or to cover the hair completely. This same two-faced straw makes a hat with a deep, irregular turned-back brim and a diagonal crease across the turn-back to enhance the erratic effect. For suits, Adolfo has put forth a Chanel

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beret—rather large and shoved back on the head. One example wears a navy jersey band and, above it, a typical Chanel gilt chain; the hat is of white Milan studded all over with little brass buttons (typical Adolfo). Another, of sewn Milan, wears a raspberry band and a big, jewelled Maltese cross, with a big pearl in its center, in front; a tailored beret of yellow Milan has a navy band and a cocarde. Among the other doozies around here is Adolfo's Maurice Chevalier sailor of yellowish sennet straw (straw braid with the edge all tiny zigzags). This gets a straight brim (the straw four layers deep at the edge), a low crown, and a wide headband of black ciré satin. The brim can be three, five, or seven inches wide. Adolfo makes enlarged Bretons, too, to be worn back on the head. One is of taupe straw with daisies all over the curled-back brim. His approach to the kerchief can be the utmost in Line or the utmost in extravaganza. In the first (or Line) field, he uses silk linen for a turban type that is smooth over the hair and flat on the head in front before descending to a knot at the nape; above this knot there is a sharp upward point. And, for extravaganza, we have huge off-white and yellow jungle daisies covering a reseda organdie handkerchief that ties under the chin and allows a point to dangle down the back; the daisies are so fluffy that the thing looks like a wig. The "My Fair Lady" influence is again with us: Adolfo's Royal Enclosure is a big, mushroom-brimmed straw with gray-and-white speckled ostrich feathers fluttering everywhere on it, and his white bali, with a turned-down brim, has a circle of big pale-pink roses with *feather* ermine tails spiking up between them. *You* figure out where to wear either of these arrangements. Incidentally, Adolfo has designed most of his hats with a Barbra Streisand coiffure in mind—long, thick bangs and a straight Dutch cut at the sides. It looks great with all his hats except, obviously, the "My Fair Lady" jobs.

VINCENT-HARMIK, when they're on the Shape tack, manage to get in unique details of their own, such as saddle-stitched leathers used as piping on hats that are fundamentally of straw. Black bali in a wide bicorne (good on short women, too; the mannequin I saw under it was five feet three) uses capeskin for the piping and the broad headband, and there's a bow across the back; black bali also does an off-the-face Breton with a crushed black patent-leather band and piping. In the small sizes, a particularly compelling entry

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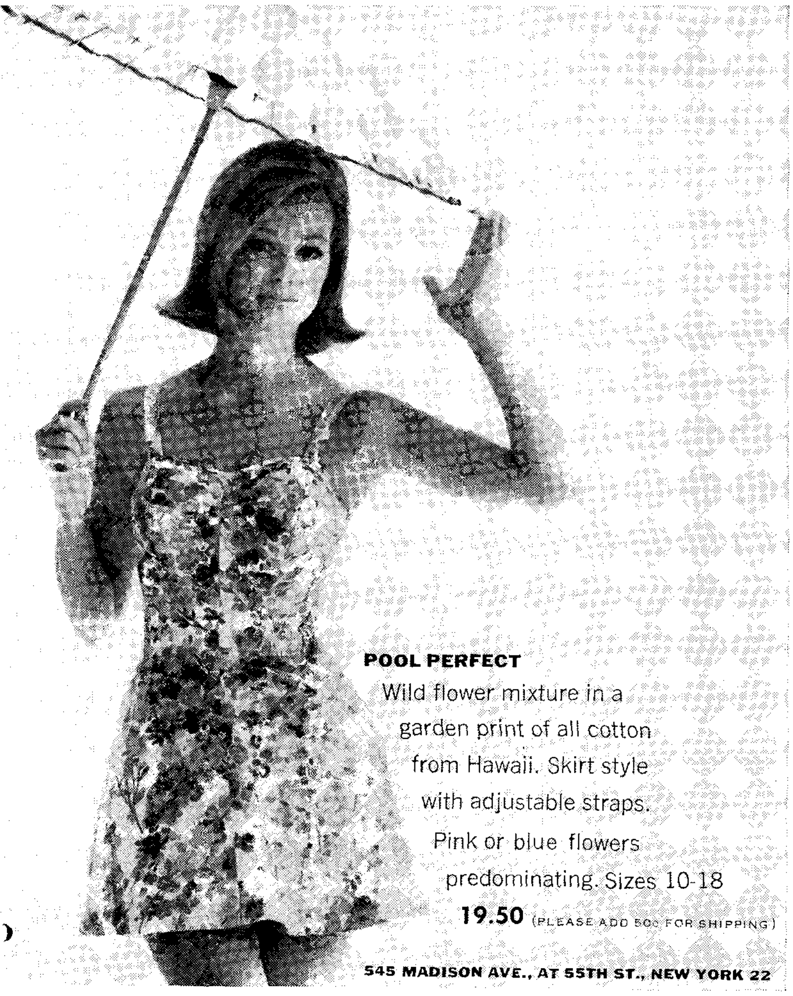

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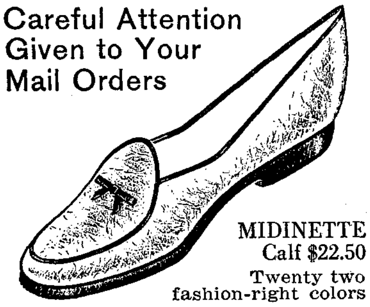

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is a cloche of white bali with saddle-stitched black patent leather around the turned-under brim and more bands of the patent making four pie-shaped pieces of the crown. And there are fedoras, one of a glen-plaid silk (I saw it in bluish tones) with the brim pulled way down on the right side, and a deep crown, deeply draped round and round for femininity. The turbans here are all low and head-hugging, though sometimes there's width at the sides. One such beauty is of chiffon involving Paisleys, shadow prints, and heaven knows what all over organza. This is draped down from a band high at one side and goes into sunburst pleating well down on the other side. Swatches of striped silk, red and white on one half and navy and white on the other half, join at the center front in a casual overlapping effect for hats to be worn with navy blazers. Siamese silk is the goods of a deep draped cap with a tab jutting a trifle at the side front. For giant folderol involving flowers, you might note a packable wig of violets (all sizes and in pink, white, and violet), and a wig of six big pink cabbage roses (the same sort of roses, by the way, encircle the crown of a cartwheel with green leaves facing the brim), and a bandeau with a big halo beret toppling backward and entirely covered by apple blossoms, small daisies, and the like of that.

I'VE already spoken of the huge fly-away things that are being done by Halston, of Bergdorf Goodman. (Naturally, these can be modified in size, if you like.) Some are of shiny black straw, with a band of patent leather and a rose of the same stuff front and center on the brim. Another aspect of the idea appears in green Milan, its long back split to make an inverted V that goes up as far as the nape, its brim starting forward and then curling back on itself like a giant coif, very wide at the sides, where it ends in deep points. One more, of natural Tuscan straw, is sort of a coolie shape, and it can be mounted on a separate kerchief of white cotton organdie with a flaring bow at the back of the neck. Halston is addicted to this organdie, as a matter of fact, and uses it, too, for big soft turbans, generally in pale colors or in white. Some of these are the conventional potentate kind of thing; one, shown in taupe, is wrapped in an upward cross in front, and it's fat indeed, but I much preferred a newer and more casual treatment involving Caribbean or peasant touches. Lots of the turbans end in soft, arched, irregular above-the-forehead folds that impart the look of a small, draped bonnet

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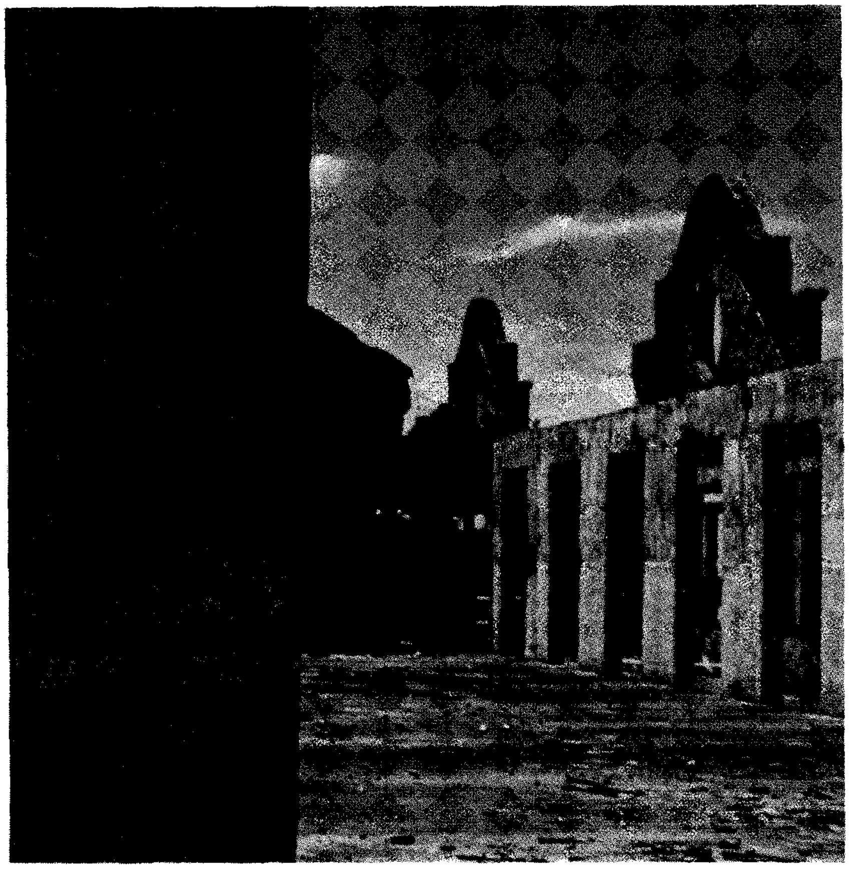

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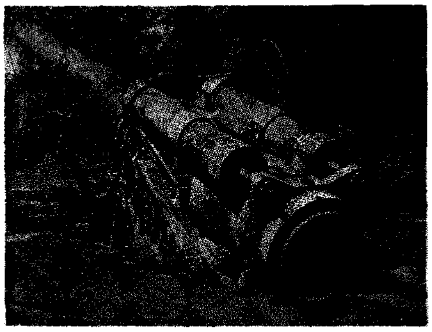

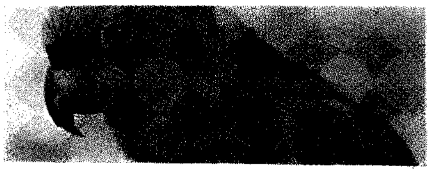

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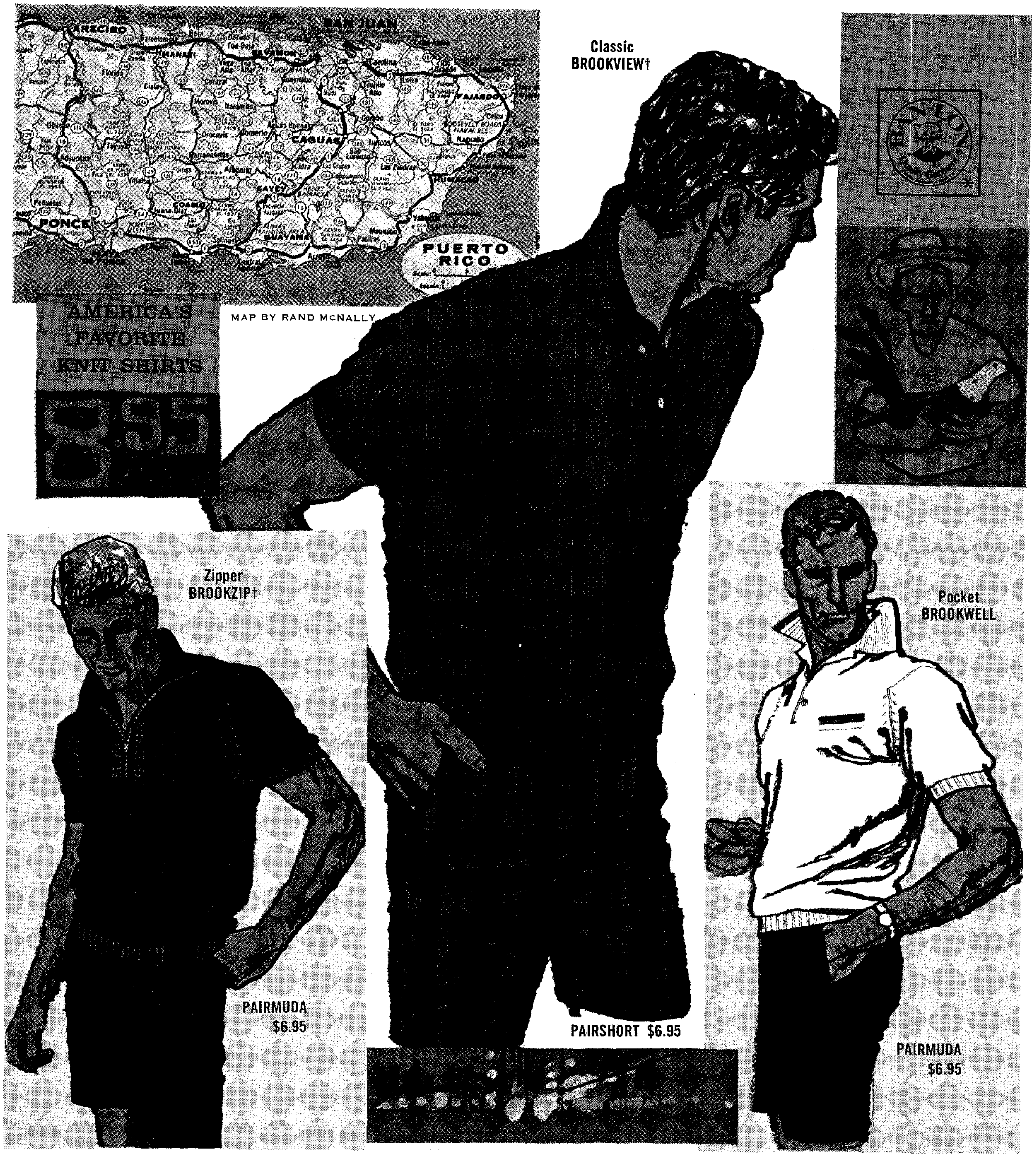
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BRANDENTON—Tallant-Groff Men's Wear
CLEARWATER—Maas Bros.
CLEWISTON—Parkinson's Inc.
COCOA—Albert's Men's & Boys' Shop
COCOA BEACH—Spencer's
FT. LAUDERDALE—Britt's
FT. WALTON BEACH—Leo's Men's Store
GAINESVILLE—Silverman's
HAINES CITY—Vicker's Dept. Store
INDIAN ROCKS BEACH—McNally Bros.
JACKSONVILLE—Furchgott's Dept. Store
JACKSONVILLE—Maas Bros.
LAKE CITY—Eagles, Inc.
LAKELAND—Maas Bros.
MIAMI—Richard's Dept. Store
NAPLES—Kepp's Men's Shop
ORLANDO—Ivey's of Orlando
ST. PETERSBURG—Arnold's Men's Wear
ST. PETERSBURG—Maas Bros.
SANFORD—Jim Robson Men's Wear
SARASOTA—Bob Francis Apparel, Inc.
SARASOTA—Maas Bros.
SARASOTA—Harmon's
TALLAHASSEE—P. W. Wilson Co.
TAMPA—Maas Bros.
VENICE—The Men's Shop

GEORGIA
COLUMBUS—Kirven's
MACON—Jos. N. Neel Co.
SAVANNAH—Alan Barry's

ILLINOIS
ARGO—Stones Store
BLUE ISLAND—Boyd's Store for Men
CHAMPAIGN—Kaufman's, Inc.
CHICAGO—Bovenkerk's
CHICAGO—Cohn & Stern, Inc.
CHICAGO—Erie Clo. Co.
CHICAGO—Gassman's, Ltd.
CHICAGO—Home Store
CHICAGO—Karoll's Men's Wear & Branches
CHICAGO—Fred Nelson Men's Wear
CLARENDAN HILLS—The Gentry Shop
DOWNERS GROVE—
Thompson's Store for Men
HOMEWOOD—Brainerd's Men's Wear
LA SALLE—Khoury's
MELROSE PARK—Ed Ross, Inc.
NORTHBROOK—Plaza Toggery
OAK PARK—Erie Clo. Co.
PEORIA—Leo Nicholas, Inc.
PEORIA—P. A. Bergner & Co.
ROCK ISLAND—Mosenfelder's, Inc.
ZION—Field's Men's & Boys' Wear

INDIANA
ANDERSON—Banner Store
EAST CHICAGO—Lewin's, Inc.
EVANSVILLE—Baynham's
FORT WAYNE—Golden's Men's Wear
FORT WAYNE—Heider's Men's Wear
FORT WAYNE—Maier's Gentlemen's Attire
GREENCASTLE—Mac's, Inc.
INDIANA HARBOR—Nadgeman's
INDIANAPOLIS—L. S. Ayres & Co.
MARION—Milton's Clothes, Inc.
NOBLESVILLE—Von & Co.
ROCKFORD—George Bros.
VALPARAISO—George Neeley's Men's Shop
WARSAW—Miller's Men's & Boys' Wear
WHITING—Lewin & Wolf

IOWA
CRESTON—Bob Roland, Inc.
MUSCATINE—Sterneman Clothing Co.

KENTUCKY
BOWLING GREEN—Golden Farley Men's & Boys' Shop
CYNTHIANA—Gordon's Men's & Boys'
HARLAN—Power & Horton
HAZARD—Dawahare's
HOPKINSVILLE—Carroll Kane Co.
LEXINGTON—Purcell's
MIDDLESBORO—Tamer's
OWENSBORO—Arch Drury, Inc.
OWENSBORO—The Men's Mart
PIKEVILLE—Dawahare's
PRESTONSBURG—Francis Store

LOUISIANA
ALEXANDRIA—Weiss & Goldrings, Inc.
SHREVEPORT—Selber Bros., Inc.

MARYLAND
BALTIMORE—K. Katz & Son
BALTIMORE—Tru-Fit Clothes
HYATTSVILLE—Fred's Men's Shop
ROCKVILLE—Lawrence Reed, Ltd.
SALISBURY—Ralph & Gaskill, Inc.
SUITLAND—Scheer's Men's Shop
WHEATON—Embassy Father & Son, Inc.

MASSACHUSETTS
BOSTON—Jordan Marsh
CHICOPEE—Petluck, Inc.
GREENFIELD—The Outlet Store
HOLYOKE—Albert Steiger Co.
LAWRENCE—Earlington's
LONGMEADOW—Albert Steiger, Inc.
MAYNARD—Rainville's
PITTSFIELD—England's
SALEM—Empire Clothing Co., Inc.
SPRINGFIELD—Forbes & Wallace
SPRINGFIELD—Albert Steiger, Inc.
TAUNTON—The Seeley Co.
WESTFIELD—Eaton Clothing

MICHIGAN
BATTLE CREEK—L. W. Robinson Co.
BATTLE CREEK—Geo. W. Toeller Co.
BAY CITY—May Clothing Co.
BIRMINGHAM—Demery's
BIRMINGHAM—The Prep Shop
DEARBORN—Price's Men's Wear
DETROIT—Demery's
DETROIT—The Princeton Shop
DETROIT—Dave Stober Clothes
FLINT—The Fair
FLINT—Robert-David-Allan
FLINT—Smith-Bridgman's
GRAND RAPIDS—
George Bullis Men's Wear
GRAND RAPIDS—The Wurzburg Co.
HOLLAND—Taylor's of Holland
HOWELL—Howell Apparel Shop
JACKSON—L. H. Field Co.
KALAMAZOO—Gilmore Dept. Store
LANSING—J. W. Knapp Co.
MT. CLEMENS—Anton's
MUSKEGON—Ar-Jers Clo.
MUSKEGON—Grossman's Dept. Store
OWOSSO—Christian's
ROCHESTER—Mitzelfeld's
SAGINAW—Edward's Men's Shops
SAGINAW—The Stag Shop
SAGINAW—Wiechmann's
STURGIS—Sportsarama
WHITE HALL—Ar-Jers Clo.
WYANDOTTE—Brohl and Martin
YPSILANTI—Hayward's

MINNESOTA
MINNEAPOLIS—
Dayton's & Southdale Store
ROCHESTER—Dayton's
ROCHESTER—Streitmatter's Menswear
ST. CLOUD—Metzroth's
ST. PAUL—Dayton's

MISSISSIPPI
CLARKSDALE—Shankerman's
CORINTH—Reid Bros.
GREENWOOD—The Star Tailors

MISSOURI
JENNINGS—Aronson's Men's Shop
OVERLAND—Aronson's Men's Shop
ROLLA—Vern's Men's & Boys' Wear
ST. JOSEPH—Plymouth Clothing Co.
ST. LOUIS—Aronson's Men's Shop
ST. LOUIS—
Down's Men's Shop & Branches
ST. LOUIS—Famous Barr & Branches
SPRINGFIELD—Cole's Clothing Co.

NEBRASKA
HOLDREDGE—The Man's Shop
OMAHA—Kilpatrick's

NEVADA
CARSON CITY—Murdock's
HENDERSON—Harve Perry
LAS VEGAS—Schwartz Bros.
RENO—Brick's Men's Shop
RENO—Gray Reid's
SPARKS—The Toggery

NEW HAMPSHIRE
DOVER—Squires, Inc.
MANCHESTER—Easler's
NASHUA—Bergeron's, Inc.

NEW JERSEY
CAMDEN—Lester's
ELIZABETH—R. J. Goerke Co.
NEWARK—Bamberger's & Branches
PATERSON—Meyer Bros.
PLAINFIELD—R. J. Goerke Co.
TRENTON—Frederick W. Donnelly & Sons

NEW MEXICO
ALBUQUERQUE—Stromberg's

NEW YORK
BINGHAMTON—McLean's
BRONX—Hirsch
BROOKLYN—A & S & Branches
BUFFALO—Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
BUFFALO—Kleinhans Co.
ELMIRA—Mark Twain Men's Shop
ENDICOTT—The Burt Co.
HUNTINGTON, L. I.—
Marsh's Men's & Boys' Shop
KINGSTON—H. G. Rafalowsky
LAKE PLACID—Kenyon's Fair Store
LYNBROOK—Mur-Lee Men's Shop
LYONS—Dominico's Clothiers
MAMARONECK—H. W. Margoluis Sons
MANHASSET—Kayson Men's Wear
MOUNT VERNON—
Gramatan's Men's Shop, Inc.
NEW ROCHELLE—Frost's Men's Shop
NEW YORK—Berg Holzman
NEW YORK—Broadstreets
NEW YORK—
Arnold Constable & Branches
NEW YORK—John David
NEW YORK—Emar
NEW YORK—George's Men's Shop
NEW YORK—Gimbels & Branches
NEW YORK—Lorry's & Branches
NEW YORK—Macy's & Branches
NEW YORK—Saks 34th & Branches
NEW YORK—Shapiro's—86th St.
NEW YORK—Stern's & Branches
NEWBURGH—Schoonmaker's
NEWBURGH—Weiner's
NIAGARA FALLS—Jenss Dept. Store
PATCHOGUE—The Bee-Hive Store, Inc.
ROCHESTER—E. W. Edwards & Son
ROCHESTER—McCurdy & Co.
ROCHESTER—National Clothing Co.
ROME—Nelson's of Rome
STATEN ISLAND—Cedric's
STATEN ISLAND—Garber Bros.
TONAWANDA—Jenss Dept. Store
TROY—Denby's
YONKERS—G. H. Pecks, Inc.
YONKERS—Silverman Bros.

NORTH CAROLINA
CHARLOTTE—J. B. Ivey &. Co.
GREENSBORO—The Meyers Co.
LENOIR—The Men's Shop

NORTH DAKOTA
FARGO—Siegel Clothing Co.
FARGO—Northport Clothiers
FARGO—Straus Clo. Co.
GRAND FORKS—Ruettell's Inc.
GRAND FORKS—Straus Clo. Co.
MINOT—Ellison's

OHIO
AKRON—M. O'Neil Co.
ASHLAND—The Home Co.
ASHLAND—The Toggery
ASHTABULA—Carlisle Allen Co.
ATHENS—Kyle's Shop for Men
BELOIT—French's Men's Wear, Inc.
CANTON—Mr. Ted—Meyers Lake Plaza
CANTON—Mr. Ted—North Plaza
CLEVELAND—Diamond's Southland
CLEVELAND—Sterling Lindner
COVINGTON—Kinney's Men's Shop
DAYTON—The Metropolitan
DOVER—Senhauser's of Dover, Inc.
ELYRIA—The Men's Shop
EUCLID—Gornik's Store for Men
FAIRVIEW PARK—Shuttler's Men's Wear
FINDLAY—Britts #538
GARFIELD HEIGHTS—Siegel's
IRONTON—Mearan's
KENT—D. H. Green
LANCASTER—L. A. Manson Co.
LIMA—The Leader
MANSFIELD—Goldsmith's
MAPLE HEIGHTS—Diamond's Men's Shop
MARIETTA—Bonham's
MASSILLON—Siber's Men's Shop
MEDINA—Morton's Men's Wear
MENTOR—Diamond's Men's Shop
MT. VERNON—Garrison's Men's Wear
NEW CARLISLE—Fashion Fair
NEWARK—Mitchell's
NORTH OLMSTED—Shuttler's Men's Wear
NORTH RIDGEVILLE—Buddy's Men's Wear
ORRVILLE—Maiwurm's
PIQUA—Neth & Stelzer
PORTSMOUTH—Phil Wolff
SPRINGFIELD—The Edward Wren Store
ST. MARYS—Kellermeyer's Men's Wear
SANDUSKY—Weber's, Inc.
SHELBY—Oscar's
TIFFIN—Hook Clothing Co.
TOLEDO—B. R. Baker
TOLEDO—Lamson's
TOLEDO—
Lion Stores—Downtown & Westgate
URBANA—Stadler's, Inc.
WAPAKONETA—Zofkie Clo. Co.
WARREN—Strouss-Griswold's
WILLOUGHBY—Diamond's Men's Shop
WOOSTER—Nick Amster's
YOUNGSTOWN—Strouss'

OKLAHOMA
ALTUS—Austin's Men's & Boys' Store
OKLAHOMA CITY—Bobzien's
OKLAHOMA CITY—Mr. Buck, Inc.

OREGON
PORTLAND—Meier & Frank

PENNSYLVANIA
ALLENTOWN—Bohlen, Gross & Moyer
ALLENTOWN—Zollinger-Harned Co.
ALTOONA—Nick's Men's Shop
AMBRIDGE—Davidson's Dept. Store
BLOOMSBURG—Al's Men's Shop
BRADDOCK—Krause Men's & Boys' Wear
BROCKWAY—Jack's Men's Shop
BUTLER—Jaffe's
CARBONDALE—McCann's
CLARION—Wein's
CLEARFIELD—Leitzinger's
COLUMBIA—Heineman's
ELIZABETHTOWN—Mike's Men's Shop
ERIE—Erie Dry Goods

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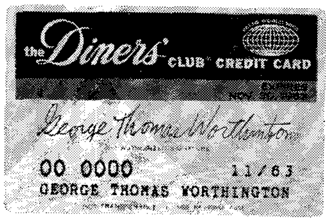
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Ask your
Puritan dealer
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PURITAN
SPORTSWEAR

Dealer List continued on page 120.

For cruising Puerto Rico—or anyplace else—you'll find your favorite Puritan Pairmates at:

Dealer List continued from page 119.

ERIE—The Sportsman
FRACKVILLE—Art Bohard's Men's Shop
GREENSBURG—Royer's
HARRISBURG—Tim Doutrich's Store
HUNTINGTON—Ray English
JOHNSTOWN—Dutch's Men's & Boys' Shop
JOHNSTOWN—King & Lively
JOHNSTOWN—Millers of Johnstown, Inc.
JOHNSTOWN—Penn Traffic Co.
KNOX—Baltzer's
LANCASTER—Tim Doutrich's Store
LANCASTER—Watt & Shand
LATROBE—Mike Hughes Men's Shop
LEBANON—The Hub Clothiers
LEWISTOWN—Bob Davis Men's & Boys' Wear
MEADVILLE—Al's Clothing Store
MIDDLETOWN—Melman's
MONESSEN—Gaudio's
MT. CARMEL—Pete's Clothes Shop
NEW KENSINGTON—Hart's Dept. Store
OIL CITY—Ray L. Way
OLYPHANT—Sam Nudelman's
PHILADELPHIA—Gimbel Bros.
PHILADELPHIA—George Jacob's "Extra Sizes" Store
PHILADELPHIA—Strawbridge & Clothier
PITTSBURGH—Kaufmann's
PITTSBURGH—Jos. Horne Co.
PITTSBURGH—Gimbel's
PITTSTON—Norris' Men's Shop
POTTSTOWN—Weitzenkorn's
POTTSVILLE—Boussum's
PROSPECT PARK—Torelli's Men's Shop
PUNXSUTAWNEY—Albert's Men's & Boys' Wear
REYNOLDSVILLE—Haines Clothing
RIDGEWAY—Miller's Mercantile Co.
SCRANTON—Cleland-Simpson Co.
SCRANTON—The Globe
SCRANTON—Samter Bros.
SHARON—The Sharon Store
SOMERSET—Schenck's
TYRONE—Gardner's Clothing Store
WARREN—Style Shop
WASHINGTON—Caldwell's
WILKES-BARRE—Lazarus Store, Inc.
WILKES-BARRE—Louis Rosenthal
WILLIAMSPORT—L. L. Stearn's
WILLIAMSPORT—Troisi's
WYOMING—Lombardo's
YORK—The Bon-Ton

RHODE ISLAND
GARDEN CITY—The Outlet Co.
PROVIDENCE—The Outlet Co.
PROVIDENCE—The Shepard Co.

TENNESSEE
KNOXVILLE—Schriver's, Inc.
OAK RIDGE—Balloff's

TEXAS
AUSTIN—Jack Morton's
BEAUMONT—DuCote's Towne Shop
BEAUMONT—Hurwitz Man's Shop
BIG SPRING—Prager's Men's & Boys'
BROWNFIELD—Burnett's Clothiers
BROWNSVILLE—Perl Bros.—Fashion
EL PASO—Union Fashion & Branches
FORT WORTH—A. Davis Co.
GALVESTON—E. S. Levy & Co.
HARLINGEN—The Man's Shop
HOUSTON—E. S. Levy & Co.
HOUSTON—Shudde Bros.
KINGSVILLE—Ragland's Men's & Boys' Shop
LAREDO—Sandes—Fashions for Men
LONGVIEW—Hurwitz Man's Shop
LUBBOCK—Latham's of Lubbock
LUBBOCK—Malouf's Downtown & Monterey Center
McALLEN—The Man's Shop
NACOGDOCHES—Bailey's Men's Apparel
PLAINVIEW—Broadway Clothiers
SAN ANTONIO—Joseph's
SAN ANTONIO—Tom Oliver's
SAN ANTONIO—Todd's
TYLER—Hurwitz Man's Shop

UTAH
SALT LAKE CITY—Auerbach's

VERMONT
BARRE—F. H. Rogers Co.

VIRGINIA
ALEXANDRIA—Windsor Men's Shop

WEST VIRGINIA
BECKLEY—E. M. Payne Co.
BUCKHANNON—Strader's
CHARLESTON—Stone & Thomas
CLARKSBURG—Maunz Individual Shop for Men
CLARKSBURG—Melet's, Inc.
FAIRMONT—Jones, Inc.
FAIRMONT—Maunz Individual Shop for Men
HUNTINGTON—Amsbary-Johnson
HUNTINGTON—Collins & Childers
LOGAN—Logan Mercantile Co.
MATEWAN—Nenni's Dept. Store
PRINCETON—Kendrick's
SOUTH CHARLESTON—Garrett's
SPENCER—The Toggery Shop
WEIRTON—Rodaks's
WHEELING—L. S. Good

WISCONSIN
APPLETON—H. C. Prange Co.
BARABOO—Dorf's Men's Wear
BEAVER DAM—Newton-Wenz
BELOIT—George Bros.
CHIPPEWA—Boston Clothing House
FORT ATKINSON—Jim Shop
GREEN BAY—H. C. Prange Co.
GREEN BAY—Stiefel's
JANESVILLE—J. M. Bostwick & Sons
MADISON—Olson & Veerhusen
MILWAUKEE—Brill's, Inc.
OSHKOSH—Oregon Clothing House
SHAWANO—Northaire Sportswear
SPARTA—Hanson Men 'n Boys Shop
STEVENS POINT—Parkinson's Clothes Shop

PURITAN
SPORTSWEAR

brim. To serve as complete coveralls for the hair, we get Halston's big balloons of heavy black veiling with black, blue, or white violets sprouting all over them in a way that's simultaneously bristling and tender.

HATS are coming nearer and nearer to weightlessness, it seems to me, but the fabrics some milliners employ to achieve this desideratum, transparent though they may be, nevertheless manage to be resilient yet capable of holding their shape—even the packable hats. Which brings us to John Frederics, who has got his hands on some very fine net that I haven't seen anywhere else. It's practically gauze bandage, but it has body, all the same. One thing it accomplishes is a large beret—white, with vast black splotches on it—that rises from a narrow black band of the gauze, with a tiny bow at the front. Bigger, bouffant berets of the same material also occur, as well as a tailored hat with a deep crown and four upward folds around the edge. John Frederics has fun with lace, too; a Breton brim of straw is surmounted by a crown of lace, with more lace descending over the forehead and over the eyes far enough to conceal any lingering bags under the latter. Lace is likewise involved in a little calot that dips into a point on one ear and is shirred in the middle like a center part in the hair. Mr. Fred goes along with all the other milliners who are inching away from flowers, at least for the high-style jobs, by substituting organza for vegetation, working it into a mass of petals six inches long and arrayed in up-and-down ranks (this gives them a fluted look), for the very thick brim of a hat in pink—so thick that the crown, of pink bali, barely emerges from the top of it. And he likes to give height to kerchiefs by constructing frameworks of stiff, sheer net (no more than $15 for these, and it's the lowest price by several fractions of anything here) on which to drape the kerchiefs. The frames range in tallness from a large pillbox shape to a towering thimble-shaped fez, and the kerchiefs—printed chiffon or silk or lace or organza or whatever—are to be arranged by you to suit.

WEIGHTLESSNESS prevails even when the surface looks thick and rough indeed. The hats of wicker straw that Chanda has put together, though they look bulky to the outsider, feel light as veiling to the wearer. This straw looks exactly as if he had taken millions of inch-long wax matches and thrown

B'WAY'S 3 TOP MUSICALS

"THERE IS NO HANDSOMER WAY TO VISIT LITTLE OLD NEW YORK!" —*TIME MAGAZINE*
CAROL CHANNING *in*
HELLO, DOLLY!
UNANIMOUSLY ACCLAIMED MUSICAL HIT!
Directed & Choreographed by
GOWER CHAMPION
MAIL ORDERS FILLED: Mon.-Thurs. Evgs.: $8.80, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $9.40, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Wed. & Sat. Mats.: $5.50, 4.80, 4.30, 3.80, 3.
SAT MATS. Sold out thru May 30.
ST. JAMES THEA. 246 W. 44th ST., N. Y. C.

"A MUSICAL WOW!"—*GLOVER, ASSOC. PRESS*
CLIVE REVILL GEORGIA BROWN *in*
LIONEL BART'S
OLIVER!
THE SENSATIONAL MUSICAL
MAIL ORDERS FILLED: Evgs. Tues. thru Thurs. $8.60, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90. Fri. & Sat.: $9.30, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90. Wed. Mat.: $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90. Sat. & Sun. Mat.: $5.50, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90.
MATINEE EVERY SUNDAY at 2:30
IMPERIAL THEATRE, 249 W. 45 St. N. Y. C.

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INGA SWENSON
STEPHEN DOUGLASS *in*
ONE HUNDRED AND TEN IN THE SHADE!
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MAIL ORDERS FILLED: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $8.80, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.80. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $9.40, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.80. Wed. Mat.: $4.90, 4.40, 3.80, 3.00, 2.50. Sat. Mat.: $5.50, 4.90, 4.40, 3.80, 3.
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ALAN WEBB JOHN WILLIAMS
ENID BAGNOLD'S new comedy
The Chinese Prime Minister
Directed by JOSEPH ANTHONY

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Royale Theatre 242 W. 45 St., N.Y. Circle 5-5760

AMERICA'S FUNNIEST MUSICAL
DICK SHAWN *in*
A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
ORIGINAL CAST ALBUM ON CAPITOL RECORDS
PRICES: Evenings Monday thru Thurs.: Orch. $8.60; Mezz. $7.50; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $9.40; Mezz. $8.60; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.30; Balc. $3.60, 3.00, 2.50. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $5.40; Mezz. $4.80; Balc. $4.30, 3.60, 3.00.
ALVIN THEATRE 250 W. 52 St., N.Y.C. Cir 5-5226

them helter-skelter together. The result is a thick fabric with a lacquered air. It makes, for one, a Breton (bright red) with a band of red velvet, and, for two, a small Breton sailor (caramel) with a low crown. Another special Chanda material is white felt on which black raffia in the shape of branches is stitched everywhere. This goes into the making of a medium-sized hat that is turned sharply back across the front and has a very thick edge. Another Chanda invention, or discovery, is straw in strips that are woven into figure eights. I admired this most in a turban that completely covers the hair and has a Psyche knot in back. Chanda tends to put jewels on the hats he does of this material (jet on black hats, pearls on white ones, multicolored stones on ones of Dior red, caramel, and so on), but I prefer them plain.

SO much, for the moment, about weightlessness, and about hats, though there are plenty more that I'm planning to discuss later—most of them lids that will surely persuade you that hatlessness is next to ungodliness.

—LOIS LONG

•

UTTAR PRADESH

TWO LAKHS TAKE DIP AT ALLAHABAD

ALLAHABAD, November 30: About two lakh persons took a dip in the Yamuna on the occasion of Kartic Purnima.

Elaborate arrangements were made by the authorities to control the crowds.

—*The Times of India.*

When two lakh persons take a dip,
They'll draw no throngs in Mississip,
Or Aix or Ghent, or Kent or Lima,
For few there know of Kartic Purnima,
Which has to do with matters lunar
And submersions in the broad Yamuna.

But just two lakhs in Allahabad
Can drive the local masses mad
And cause the police to blow their
    stacks,
Arranging for those natant lakhs.
What *is* a lakh, do you suppose?
Is it mighty lakh a rose?

—BURTON BERNSTEIN

•

"Authors are not different from other people. I class myself as a manual laborer. If you want to know about manual labor, go and sign your own name to seven cheques. Then sign 70. Then sign 7,000. Then sign 70,000. You will have written the number of words in a novel."—*The late T. H. White, quoted in the Herald Tribune.*

And you will probably be hearing from the bank.

Lee Remick
Angela Lansbury
Harry Guardino
in a wild new musical by
Arthur Laurents & Stephen Sondheim
anyone can whistle

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Wed. Mats.—Orch. $4.80; Boxes $4.30; Mezz. $4.30; Balc. $3.80, 3.00, 2.50.
Sat. Mats.—Orch. $5.40; Boxes $4.80; Mezz. $4.80; Balc. $4.30, 3.80, 3.00, 2.50.
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PRIOR TO BROADWAY—PHILADELPHIA, FORREST THEATRE MAR. 2-21

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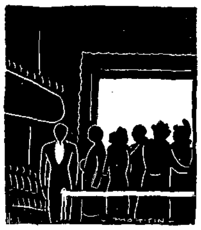

JUST as Juicy Fruit chewing gum used to advertise itself as "the gum with the fascinating artificial flavor," so "Captain Newman, M.D." might well advertise itself as the picture with the fascinating artificial human interest. Taken from a novel by Leo Rosten, it's one of those big, old-fashioned and yet technically up-to-the-minute Hollywood products, all the ingredients of which are measured out and stirred together by machine in enormous stainless-steel vats. The indispensable characteristic of such products is that there be something in them for everybody; judged by this yardstick, "Captain Newman, M.D." rates very high indeed. The scene of the picture is the neuropsychiatric division of an Army Air Forces hospital somewhere in the Southwest, and the time is the closing months of the Second World War. The leading players are Gregory Peck, as the Good Healer; Tony Curtis, as the Funny Thorn in His Flesh; Angie Dickinson, as his Living Doll; and Bobby Darin and Eddie Albert, as a couple of Sad Cases. Forgive me for striking a medical pose, but "Captain Newman, M.D." brings out the starched white jacket in me, as Irish bartenders bring out the brogue, and I can't resist enumerating some of the complaints for which the picture is intended to serve as a specific; to wit: for sufferers from corfrigiditis (a commoner malady than most laymen suspect), the picture is, at regularly calculated intervals, heartwarming; for sufferers from languid or prolapsed hair, the picture is, on at least one occasion, hair-raising; and for people who suffer from a compulsive desire to have their ribs tickled, the picture is doggedly rib-tickling. If you don't think there's a lot of humor to be found in a psychiatric ward, then you don't know Richard L. Breen and Phoebe and Henry Ephron, who wrote the screenplay of the picture, and David Miller, who directed it. They've seen to it that comic scenes alternate with tragic ones, and that for every grim psychiatric examination of a desperately sick patient we're rewarded with a scene of mild amativeness between Miss Dickinson and Mr. Peck.

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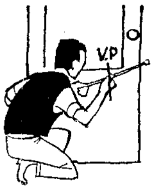

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(They've even provided a drunk scene for Mr. Peck, which he plays in so courtly and sombre a fashion that one might easily mistake him for Abe Lincoln in Illinois.)

Having hinted that "Captain Newman, M.D." is something less than a landmark, I feel obliged to note that, under the circumstances, Mr. Peck does a remarkable job of conveying virtue and intelligence, and that Bobby Darin, of all people, plays a superb scene, in which, with the help of drugs, he again lives through the frightful events that brought him to the hospital.

FOR confirmed lovers of French films, and particularly for admirers of the director René Clément, "The Day and the Hour" will prove satisfactory. As in "Captain Newman, M.D.," the time is the closing months of the Second World War, and our hero is a handsome member of the United States Army Air Forces. Shot down over France, he is rescued by members of the Resistance, who smuggle him into Occupied Paris. From there, he elects to make a run for Spain. More than half against her will, a Frenchwoman, wealthy and with a husband who is a prisoner of war, is pressed into helping him; soon they are in love, but as they ricochet across France, pursued by the Gestapo, the German Army of Occupation, and the French police, they have time for little more than a single bosky cuddle. M. Clément has made the most of his pictorial chances aboard trains, in crowded streets, and along the dusty roads of the Basses-Pyrénées, with the result that "The Day and the Hour" is often beautiful; it is also, alas, lethargic, and I fear that I watched the chase pass before me without once becoming involved in it, though I enjoyed Simone Signoret, as the French matron, and Stuart Whitman, as the fugitive American.

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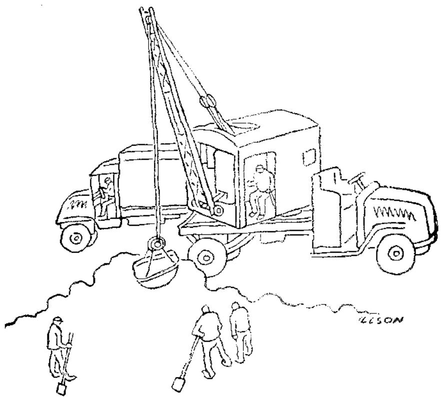

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they're showing a program of nothing but shorts. Much of the best work now being done in films is in shorts, but, in the nature of things, they tend to be ignored, especially if they have the bad luck to be coupled with a terrible feature picture. The current selection of nine shorts, including Ernest Pintoff's "The Critic" and Pierre Etaix's "Happy Anniversary," isn't very bold; if it turns out that enough people enjoy feasts that are all strawberry tarts and no roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, perhaps future programs will risk shorts that are much farther out and no less fun. —BRENDAN GILL

•

CLEAR DAYS (AND HAPPY ONES) ON THE FRATERNITY FRONT

[From the Purple Phi Kap, published by the Upsilon Chapter of Phi Kappa Sigma at Northwestern]

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Last year at this time we reported with some pride that the average heights and weights of our pledge class were greater than any other Phi Kap pledge class in recent history.

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So our congratulations to the pledge class for having done this! Who knows where they may go from here! We can only take guidance in a happy time like this from Mr. John Libbel's appropriate words, "The winds of winter hath come—and heigh-ho! We shall have snow!"

•

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Graves	*Grahv*
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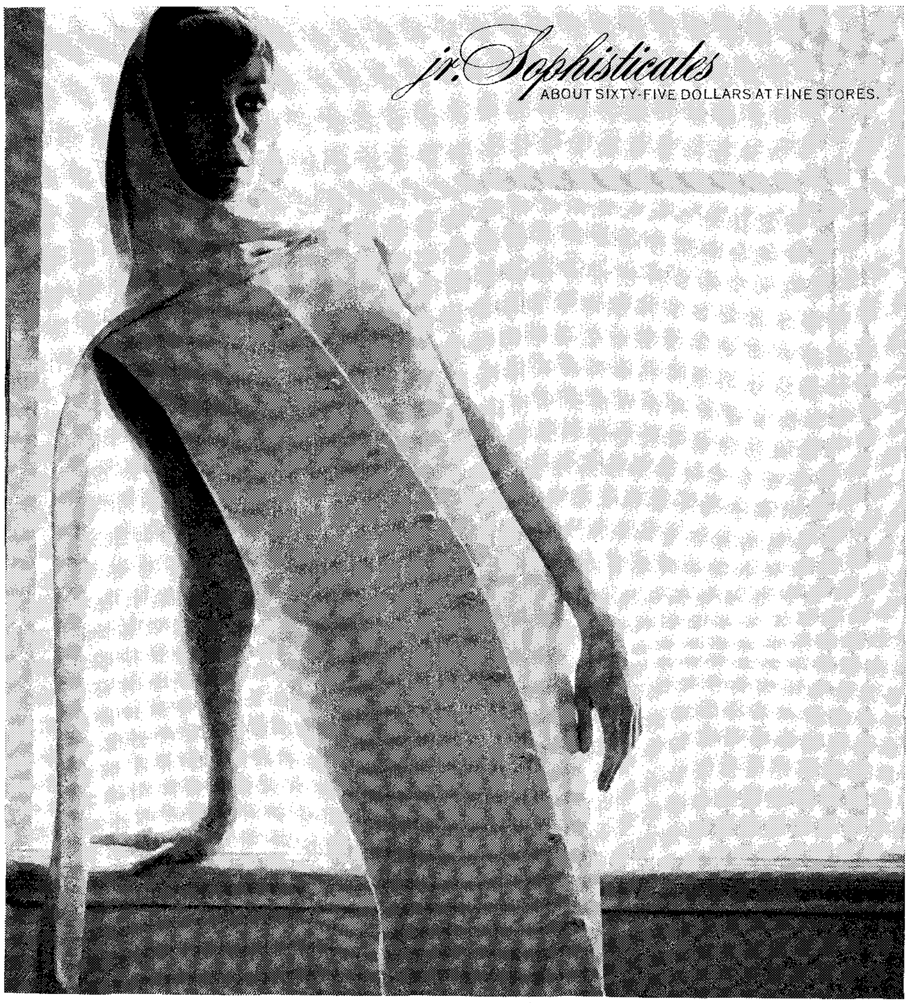
MUSICAL EVENTS

High Spot

THE projects of Allen Sven Oxenburg, impresario of the American Opera Society, often seem to be of unlimited audacity, and are nearly as often realized. The idea of producing Rossini's all but unsingable opera "Semiramide," even in concert form, is something that would turn most operatic directors' hair white in a single night, as the saying is, but it did not frighten Mr. Oxenburg, who presented the work in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday and Thursday nights of last week. (I attended the second performance.) Of course, the presence of the unique Joan Sutherland was a distinct advantage, since she, of all living sopranos, is probably the only one equipped for the tremendous display of vocal fireworks that the title role demands. But Miss Sutherland was not alone. Marilyn Horne, a mezzo-soprano of brilliant agility, backed her to the hilt in the transvestite part of Arsace, general of the Babylonian army, and the duet between the two at the end of the third act was as spectacular a display of trilling and cascading pyrotechnics as I have ever come across. There were other extremely good performances that night, though none quite as remarkable. Richard Cross did not succeed in clarifying all the tumbling notes in the role of the villain Assur (evidently written for a type of coloratura bass now extinct), but he made a manful try at it, and, in doing so, disclosed a magnificent bass voice of the Ezio Pinza variety, which would certainly be at home in any normal opera of the current repertory. Lesser roles were reasonably well sung by Walter Carringer, Spiro Malas, and Louis Sgarro, and even among these Mr. Sgarro's was the only one that did not demand *fioritura* of a formidable sort. Richard Bonynge (in private life Miss Sutherland's husband) conducted crisply and considerately, showing, I thought, a big improvement over his previous baton work hereabouts. Margaret Hillis's chorus sang, as always, with spirit and accuracy. A very large audience (How does Mr. Oxenburg manage to bring them in? He apparently has the touch of a junior Sol Hurok)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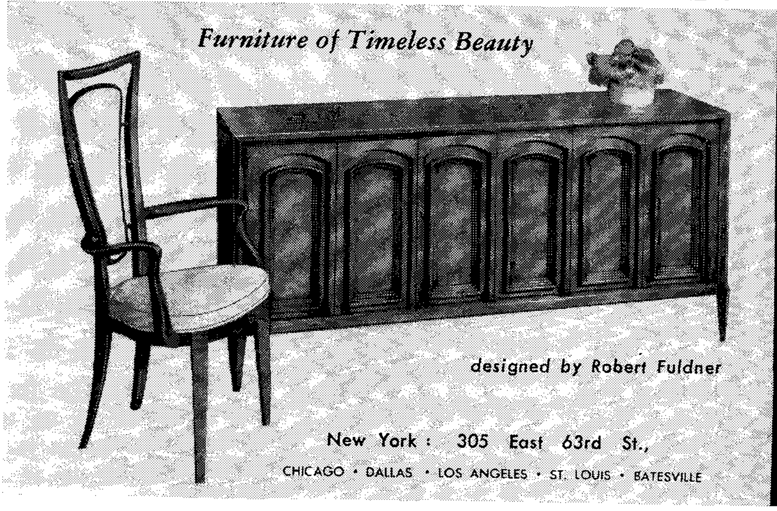
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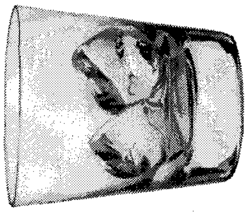

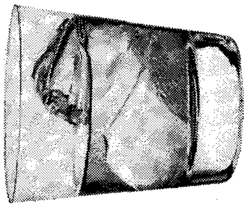

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attended, and burst into applause, shouts, and manifestations of near hysteria at the end of practically every aria. Without question, this was one of the big events of the musical season.

"Semiramide"—based, one learns from the program notes, on a tragedy by Voltaire—is not exactly what we think of nowadays as a theatrically effective opera. There is a ghost in it, which is not at all out of the ordinary in operatic circles, but it also contains one character—Azema, the ladylove of the hero—who, at least in concert versions, does not appear on the stage at all, probably for the very good reason that she has nothing to sing. And visualizing Miss Horne both as the chief of the Babylonian legions and as the *objet d'amour* of Miss Sutherland (who is really his or her mother but doesn't realize it until just before that duet at the end of the third act) does require a certain effort of the imagination. Moreover, while most of the music ranks with Rossini's finest, it is still Rossini—which means that it is generally facile, contrived, and full of clichés, though a real flight of genuine inspiration does appear here and there. But none of this is to the point. "Semiramide" is a tour de force for singers, written by a man who understood the limitations of great voices and posed, in this particular opus, a technical challenge reaching to the very verge of those limitations. It is not surprising that "Semiramide" has not been heard at the Metropolitan Opera House since 1895. Only certain rare conjunctions in the constellations of available voices make a hearing of it possible. Last week, we had one of those conjunctions, and the effect—especially where the Misses Sutherland and Horne were concerned—was absolutely dazzling.

EARLIER in the week, there was a good deal of atonality. On Monday night, Thomas Scherman's Concert Opera Association presented a whole atonal opera, "Athaliah," by Hugo Weisgall, at Philharmonic Hall. Mr. Scherman had assembled a wonderful cast for this production, including Shirley Verrett, a truly majestic and temperamental figure, for the title role; Irene Jordan; John Reardon; and the bass Raymond Michalski, a small man with a big voice, who finally got a part that, at least in length and prominence, was up to what he deserves. After listening to the first act of "Athaliah," however, I grew discouraged. Mr. Weisgall's atonal idiom (which was present a few years ago in another opera of his,

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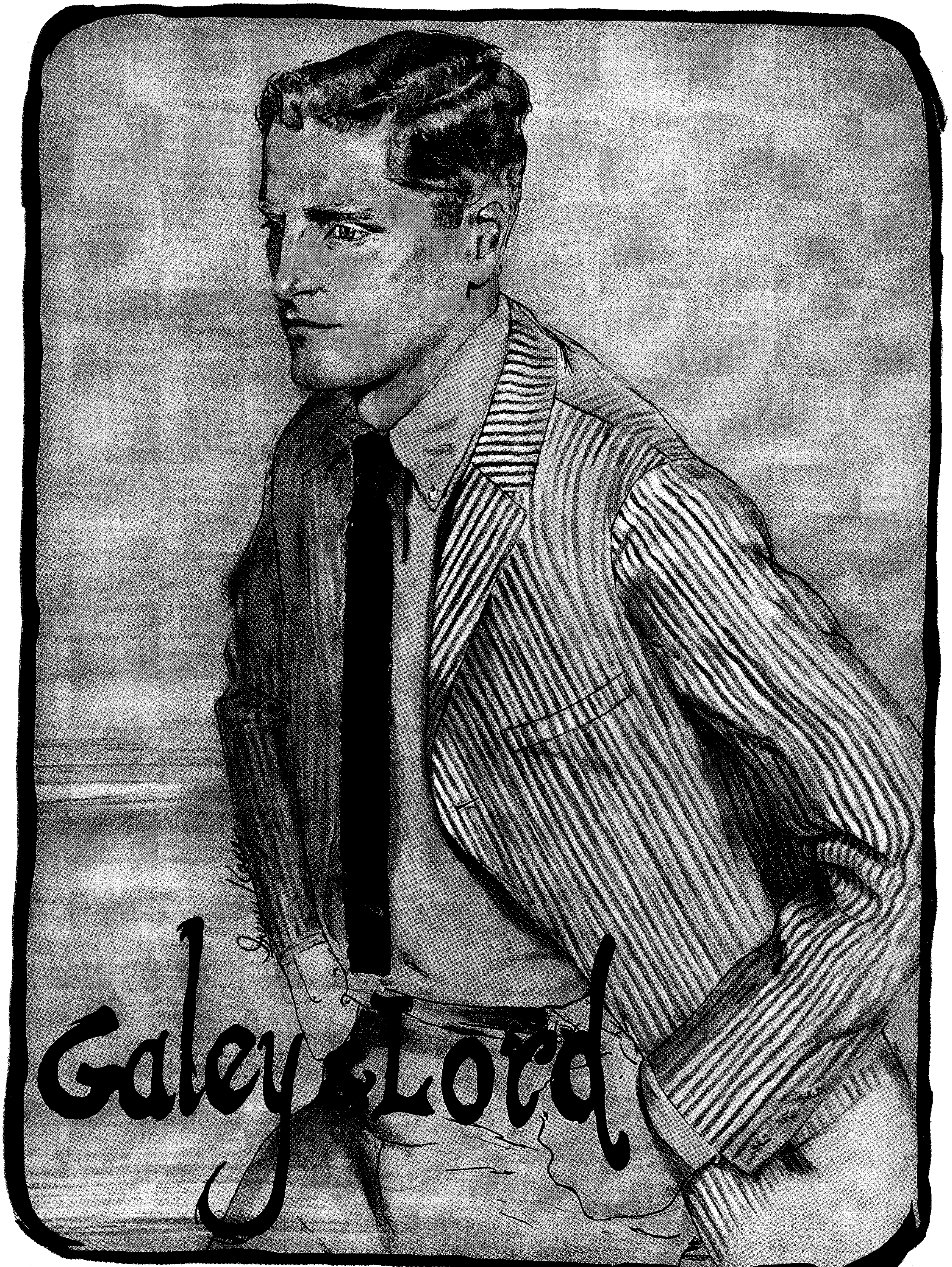

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"Six Characters in Search of an Author") is, as might be expected, inexpressive, totally unsuited to the human voice, generally boring, and, by the standards of today's avant-garde, old-fashioned. I should have preferred a performance of Racine's original tragedy without such sound effects as Mr. Weisgall has thought up. Actually, much of the declamation was all but indistinguishable from speech anyhow, and it was accompanied by elaborately contrived sounds that were all but indistinguishable from noise.

After one act of Mr. Weisgall, I went to Carnegie Hall, where the Cleveland Orchestra, under George Szell, was finishing its notable three-week season of concerts in New York. It has been a great season. I have not been able to comment on all of it, because of conflicting dates, but perhaps the high point of it was Mr. Szell's reading of Mahler's Ninth Symphony during the first week—an enormous task carried out with restraint, clarity, and a telling sense of mood. Last week, however, I happened to arrive just in time for Mr. Szell's one venture into atonality, a Symphony No. 7 by Peter Mennin, who is now the head of the Juilliard School of Music. I sincerely hope that the students at Juilliard are not imitating Mr. Mennin. True, his symphony has a few climactic moments, such as can be obtained in atonal music by playing louder, and Mr. Szell gave the thing a tremendously slick performance, which received quite a lot of applause, but I, for one, found it tiresome. Mr. Szell brought along to this concert a Czech pianist named Ivan Moravec, who made his local début as soloist in Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto. Mr. Moravec turned out to be a polished, slightly eccentric pianist with a fluent technique but little of the authority that one expects of a top-rank virtuoso.

On Tuesday night, I attended the Philadelphia Orchestra's concert, under Eugene Ormandy, at Philharmonic Hall, mainly to report on Roger Sessions' Symphony No. 5, another atonal work, which I conceived it my duty rather than my pleasure to hear. It was heavier but not better than the Mennin symphony, and despite an extended quote from a critic in the program notes claiming that Mr. Sessions is not an atonalist, or is only partly an atonalist, the piece was atonal in every measure. It fell on the audience's ears with a dull thud, and the audience's reaction was appropriately tepid.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

LEADING CONTENDERS

National Book Awards

The judges for the 1964 National Book Awards are reading widely to find the books that they will choose in March as the most distinguished books by American authors published in the United States during 1963. Some of the books they find most outstanding are listed below:

POETRY

At the End of the Open Road	LOUIS SIMPSON	Wesleyan
Collected and New Poems: 1924-1963	MARK VAN DOREN	Hill and Wang
Moving Target	W. S. MERWIN	Atheneum
Selected Poems	JOHN CROWE RANSOM	Knopf
To Mix With Time	MAY SWENSON	Scribners

Judges: Jean Garrigue, Anthony Hecht, John Hall Wheelock

FICTION

The Centaur	JOHN UPDIKE	Knopf
The Group	MARY McCARTHY	Harcourt, Brace and World
Idiots First	BERNARD MALAMUD	Farrar, Straus
V	THOMAS PYNCHON	Lippincott
The Will	HARVEY SWADOS	World

Judges: John Cheever, Robie Macauley, Philip Rahv

OTHER

Anti-Intellectualism in American Life	RICHARD HOFSTADTER	Knopf
Apolinaire: Poet Among the Painters	FRANCIS STEEGMULLER	Farrar, Straus
Beyond the Melting Pot	NATHAN GLAZER and DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN	M.I.T.
Change, Hope and the Bomb	DAVID E. LILIENTHAL	Princeton
The Civil War	SHELBY FOOTE	Random
The Fabulous Life of Diego Rivera	BERTRAM D. WOLFE	Stein and Day
The Fire Next Time	JAMES BALDWIN	Dial
The First New Nation	SEYMOUR M. LIPSET	Basic Books
John Keats: The Making of a Poet	AILEEN WARD	Viking
John Keats	WALTER JACKSON BATE	Harvard
The Last Horizon	R. F. DASMANN	Macmillan
Man-Made America: Chaos or Control?	CHRISTOPHER TUNNARD and BORIS PUSHKAREV	Yale
The Quiet Crisis	STUART UDALL	Holt, Rinehart and Winston
The South and the Southerner	RALPH McGILL	Atlantic Monthly Press
Success Story: The Life and Times of S. S. McClure	PETER LYONS	Scribners
Wasp Farm	HOWARD ENSIGN EVANS	Natural History Press—Doubleday

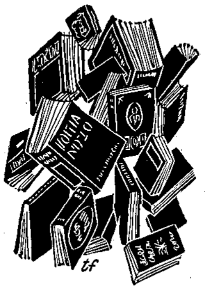
Judges: *Arts and Letters*—Charles Rolo, John K. Sherman, Wylie Sypher
Science, Philosophy and Religion—Houston Peterson, Paul B. Sears, George Shuster
History and Biography—Benjamin DeMott, James Thomas Flexner, C. Vann Woodward

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association. The awards consist of $1000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers Institute.

Watch for announcement of the winners—Tuesday, March 10

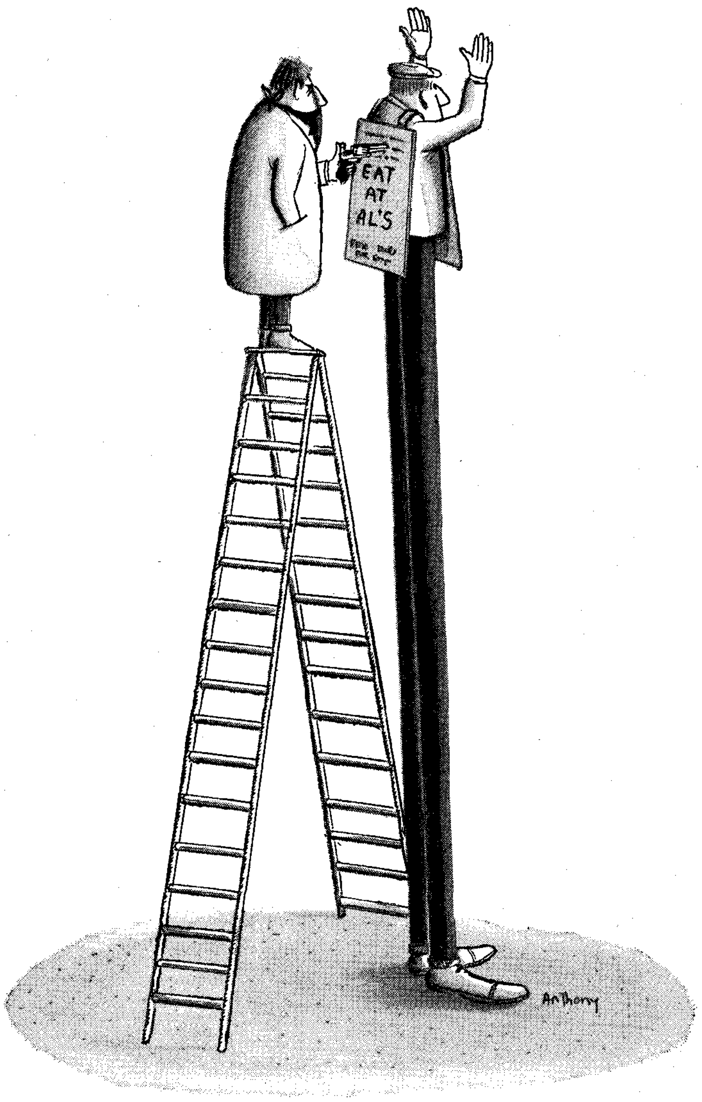
BOOKS

Blood Was Their Argument



"ONE MILLION DEAD" (Doubleday), José María Gironella's account (translated by Joan MacLean) of the destruction of the Spanish Republic by international Fascism and the military adventurers who were its willing tools, is described by its publishers as the great novel of this melancholy and instructive event. The claim falls down, because although Señor Gironella has had the energy and persistence to write an exceedingly long book with many characters in it, the generosity of spirit that is an essential part of greatness is not his. The title he has adopted is in itself ominous, since this solemn phrase was coined by the victors in the hour of victory to justify a vindictive pursuit of the defeated beyond the battlefield. But the Civil War seems, in fact, to have cost Spain just over four hundred thousand lives in all, including the deaths caused by the atrocities committed by both sides. Señor Gironella inflates this sufficiently deplorable total to the figure he prefers, first by enlarging it to "approximately five hundred thousand" and then by doubling it to include a mysterious class of murder committed elsewhere than "at the fronts and on the home front." Where this metaphysical elsewhere, neither in the fighting lines nor behind them, is to be looked for, Señor Gironella does not explain.

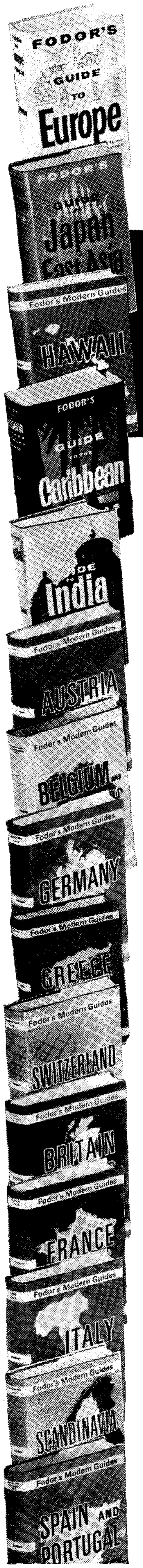
The point may be thought to be a small one in relation to a large book about a big subject, but Señor Gironella's stubborn adherence to the gloomiest possible reading of the death roll is symptomatic. He is one of those enthusiasts for the dark view who find comfort in thinking the worst of men and of situations. With people, he likes to have it both ways; those who disagree with him are vile for the obvious reason, while those who share his views are as disgusting because they fall short of perfection. There are a number of priests in his novel, and when they are on the scene he discusses religious ideas in terms that are interesting and revealing. What he has to say on this subject suggests that if he ultimately reaches Heaven he will be disappointed if he finds that a merciful God presides over it. In that event, there will be a shade of contempt in the hosannas he addresses to a deity who has allowed himself to be corrupted by a human emotion. Señor Gironella's priests approach the altar with apprehension, because they are afraid that when they kneel before it they will fail God, and themselves, by demanding something of Him. They fear that instead of adoring Him for being perfect they will love Him and fall into the sentimental weakness of asking for a return of their love in the shape of some tangible benefit for mankind. This is to ask perfection to sully itself with the trivial and the imperfect, and it is apparent that Señor Gironella thinks of it as a grave sin in a true Christian, who should ask nothing and expect nothing of his God. It is an ingrained habit of thinking in terms of absolutes—the natural consequence of adopting the perfect as an ideal—that leads Señor Gironella into being unjust to his enemies and uncharitable to his friends. A passage as typical of his habit of harsh and absolute judgment as it is of the consistent failure of imagination that is its necessary foundation is to be seen at the head of page 598—the novel runs to six hundred and sixty-eight pages, each of about four hundred words—in which one of Señor Gironella's minor characters, a youthful supporter of General Franco, comes to his unpleasant end:



> He was not tortured, but was given almost nothing to eat. On the day of the occupation of Lérida, three militiamen took him to the cemetery and shot him, perhaps in an access of rage. Octavio died moaning. He had turned coward. Before he was shot, he fell to his knees on the ground and implored mercy.

Señor Gironella ends his novel with a list of all the places where he has worked on the text—Palma de Majorca, Barcelona, Bonn, Helsinki, Cala d'Or, Zurich, Villajoyosa, Barcelona, and Arenys de Mar. Nothing could conjure up more effectively the pleasant freedoms of the life of the contemporary literary fat cat, and it seems extremely unbecoming for a man who has enjoyed such privileges to call another a coward for not consenting to his own destruction before he has been given a chance to have more than a fleeting glimpse of the pleasures and responsibilities of manhood. Señor Gironella has no doubt had a Walter Mitty daydream in which he has faced a firing squad with grace and dignity. But however sure he may be that he would come out of such an ordeal a respectable corpse, the fact remains that he has not been called upon to endure the particular circumstance. He does not have the right to sit in judgment on the unhappy Octavio; very few people do. This, again, may seem to be a small point in relation to a large book with the whole of a major civil war compressed within it, but Señor Gironella's lack of generosity to Octavio is part of a fundamental incapacity that deprives his novel as a whole of any real value.

The focus of his story is on Gerona, a town situated in the triangle of Spanish soil that lies between Barcelona and the French frontier and that remained loyal to the Republican cause until the collapse of the front in Catalonia. This means that a considerable number of Señor Gironella's characters are supporters of the Republic, as most of the inhabitants of Gerona were. There is, however, little resemblance between the Spanish Republicans as history knows them and as they figure in Señor Gironella's pages. The government that was in power when General Franco and his fellow-conspirators plunged Spain into civil war had taken office legally after an election that was a resounding success for moderation and a severe defeat for the extremists of the Left and Right; it returned some four hundred and seventy members to the Cortes, or Spanish parliament, and of these twenty-two were extremists of the Right and only seventeen were Communists. As a result, an administration was formed, by the Center and slightly Left of Center parties led by Azaña and Martínez Barrio, that did not include a single Communist or extreme Socialist. All of its supporters were believers, as most Americans are, in constitutional republican government. The success of the moderates in this election had its effect on the Socialist Party, and, on the eve of the revolt of the military, Prieto, who was rather less of an extremist than the late English labor leader Hugh Gaitskell, defeated Largo Caballero in a contest for its leadership. The Republic, admittedly, operated under great difficulties, but it had the support of many honorable and decent people who were neither mercenary nor corrupt, and who believed that sympathy and mutual understanding were the proper basis for political action. There is no trace of this very considerable element in Spanish life in Señor Gironella's novel, and he seems blind to the tragedy of the choice of evils that was forced upon it by the Right Wing's resort to violence. The Republic was saved in the first instance by those officers and men of the Regular Army who remained true to their oaths of loy-



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alty. But while these soldiers were achieving a limited success in containing the revolt, the Left Wing extremists were exploiting the confusions of the moment in order to stage an attempt to wrest control of the civil power from the Center. For the remainder of the war, the struggle between the Center and the Left in Republican territory was as bitter as that on the fighting fronts.

The Republican army and the parties of the Center might well have come out on top at the end of this three-cornered fight but for the unbelievable stupidity of Neville Chamberlain's nonintervention pact. This put the Spanish Communists in a key position, by making Russia the only source from which the Republic could obtain arms. The abominable cruelties the Communists committed while they made their attempts to liquidate the power and morale of the Center parties, and of their Anarchist and Trotskyite rivals, precipitated the terrible drama of decision that ended when those who believed most profoundly in the rule of law and the Republic were forced, with the taste of dust and ashes in their mouths, into a course of action that could result only in a victory for Franco and the rebels. Señor Gironella will have nothing to do with the agonizing dilemma that faced the moderates in this situation; in fact, he does not even admit that it existed. For him, the Republic was a second-rate idea, and what it stood for could appeal only to mediocrities. As a result, he produces a vicious caricature of the Center, presenting its members as pusillanimous, self-seeking, and stupid, in the classic line of Fascist propaganda against plutodemocracy and its supporters. His symbol for the spirit of the Republic is the brand of semi-educated owlishness that he represents as typical of the conversations of the Freemasons who are members of the Ovid Lodge in Gerona, and that he clearly considers to be the ultimate expression of the ideology of secularism. He cannot allow any virtue to ideas that he supposes to be in conflict with or unsanctioned by the teachings of his church. For this reason, the materialism inherent in Freemasonry, and in the idea of a secular state tolerant of a wide variety of faiths and even of atheism, is repulsive to him. Two of his Republicans are liberal schoolteachers—David and Olga. He rounds out a conversation between them on the subject of suicide, designed to show how horribly vacuous secular thinking is, with an interjection of his own to the effect that their imaginations are so impoverished that they can think of nothing worse

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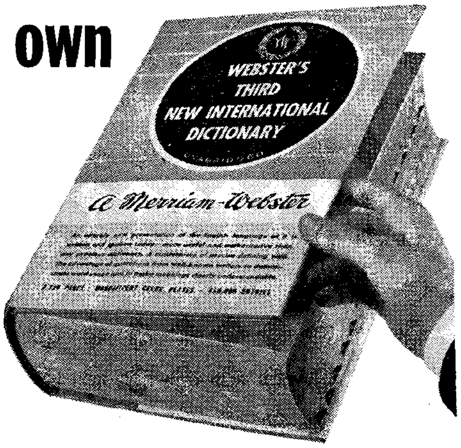

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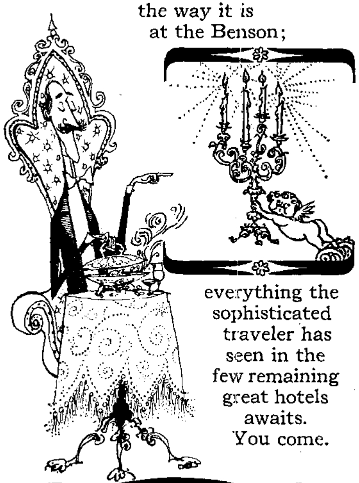

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than annihilation. From this, one can see that their crime is the essential one committed by the secular state—that of putting present needs and earthly happiness before heavenly glory. Because David and Olga have ventured to teach children not to live in fear of Hell and an eternity of torment, Señor Gironella has no pity for them. His satisfaction is evident as he describes their flight into France as destitute refugees when the Republican army in Catalonia at last crumbles and disintegrates. While they are making their way toward the frontier on foot, hardened as ever in their unbelief, another of Señor Gironella's characters is having a glimpse of the light. This is a Colonel Muñoz, one of those honorable soldiers who remained true to their oaths to uphold the constitution and the Republic and who did their duty to it until there was nothing left to serve. After a sneer at an actual soldier of this type—Colonel Casado, the Regular Army man who was the Republican military commander in Madrid, and whose moral courage in a position of appalling difficulty he is incapable of recognizing—Señor Gironella goes on:

> Colonel Muñoz made an attempt to get to the airfield. His pilgrimage was exhausting and humiliating, for invariably a militiaman would stop him and ask, "Who are you?" To be a fencing champion, or a member of the Ovid Lodge, or to have spent his life defending the proletariat was equally valueless.
>
> Terribly downcast, Colonel Muñoz went into an inn in Alicante and asked for a room. After being refused that, too, because all the rooms were crowded, he moved slowly towards a deserted section of the city and drew his pistol less than a kilometer from the prison where José Antonio had been shot. But the courage to carry out his intention failed him. Suddenly, for the first time in his life, Colonel Muñoz asked himself what lay on the other side of the shot. He thought of his mother. What if there was a Life Beyond? Exhausted, he leaned against a wall and began to weep.

This childish gloating over the misery of the defeated is hard to stomach twenty-five years after the event, and it seems truly astonishing that, in all the years he spent writing his huge novel, Señor Gironella's fury at the Muñozes of Spain for not readily consenting to the destruction of all they believed in should not have been modified by any glimmer of understanding of what was passing through their minds. His account of their behavior preserves intact the shrill tone and the single dimension of wartime propaganda.

A curious irony is implicit in a piece of information about the writing of the book with which Señor Gironella rewards the reader who sticks with him

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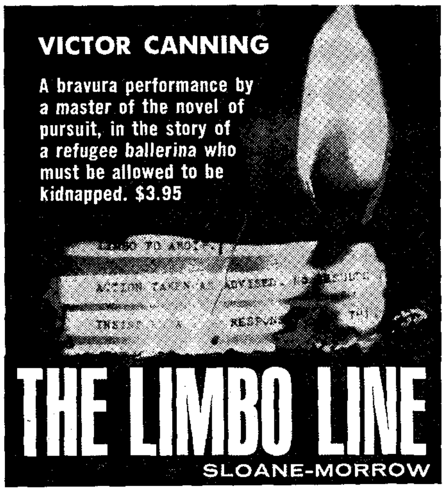

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to its bitter end. The formidable list of places through which the author passed while his novel was in the making that follows the last line of the text is itself followed by dates that take the form of a parade of piety; "Begun," Señor Gironella says, "in 1954 on the Feast of the Virgin of Montserrat, and completed in 1960 on Saint Augustine's Day." The irony of this resides in the fact that last year, when three thousand Catalans made their way to the Abbey Church of Montserrat to celebrate the feast of its first-century virgin, they heard the Abbot, Dom Aureli Maria de Escarre, preach a sermon of which the following words were a part:

> The revolutionary principles, which are also Christian principles, of liberty, equality, and fraternity—in modern terms one might say simply: liberty and justice—are as timely as ever. The Pope himself has reminded us of this in his latest encyclical. Liberty is a gift of God, vital to the development of man, essential for the exercise of conscience, judgment, and will. Where there is no authentic liberty, justice cannot exist. This is why we lack justice in Spain today.

When Colonel Muñoz leaned against that wall and wept, it may well have been because he was a Catholic and a Christian for whom the easy way out was barred, and because his duty called him to go on living in the new Spain—a Spain without justice and without charity, a Spain whose spirit the Abbot of Montserrat deplores and for which Señor Gironella speaks.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

KAMPOON STREET, by Lin Tai-yi (World). Lin Tai-yi, an extremely good writer, tells the story of Riri, a beautiful young girl who is made pregnant and then abandoned by the man she loves. Riri is penniless and her faithless lover is very rich, yet the contrast drawn in this novel is not between those who have money and those who have none but between the brave of heart and the cowards. Riri is comforted by her family. Her young brother and her widowed mother give her only affection. Courage and the capacity to accept life without bitterness are Miss Lin's themes, and she has the unusual ability to portray them in the simplest—which is to say the most universal—human terms. The scene is Hong Kong.

WINTER OF MADNESS, by David Walker (Houghton Mifflin). A rich, rambunctious piece of slapstick, set in the Scottish Highlands, in which a

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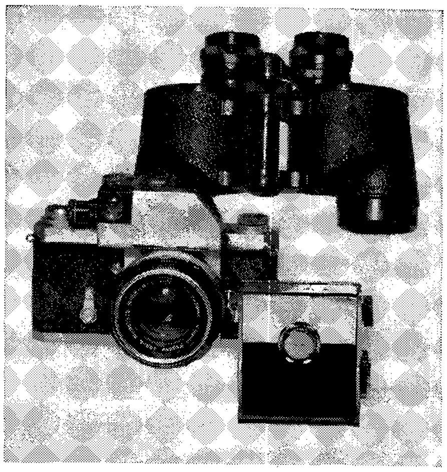

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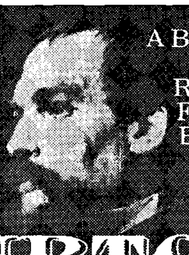

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THE EYE OF THE LION, by Lael Tucker Wertenbaker (Little, Brown). A weak, sentimental novel about Mata Hari.

NOTE: "Like Birds, Like Fishes," a volume of short stories by R. Prawer Jhabvala, has been published by Norton. Most of the stories first appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

A FRIEZE OF GIRLS: MEMOIRS AS FICTION, by Allan Seager (McGraw-Hill). A lovely book. The author (now a writer, editor, and teacher) recalls that he spent his life between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five "either with women, pursuing women, or writing really frightful prose about them." He also spent a summer in the Rockies, won swimming medals in high school and college, conscientiously practiced holding his liquor (Prohibition's worst), won a Rhodes Scholarship, contracted and was cured of tuberculosis, and published several short stories. According to the diary in which he recorded these activities, young Seager was "always suffering," yet he seems funny to his grown self, and he reads funny, too. Though Mr. Seager scarcely pretends that young Seager, like Jane Austen's heroine, had "no awkwardnesses that were not as good as graces," the book captures youth's beguilingness—the charm that youth doesn't know it has and struggles to discard. Three chapters first appeared in this magazine.

THE GREAT ARAB CONQUESTS, by Lieutenant-General Sir John Bagot Glubb (Prentice-Hall). In 630 A.D., two years before his death, Mohammed returned with ten thousand armed followers to occupy Mecca, the city from which he had fled for his life eight years earlier. At the time of the Prophet's triumph, Sir John reminds us, his followers were still an insignificant sect, and the tribes of Arabia had played no noticeable part in history. Within fifty years, though, they had broken out of the desert,

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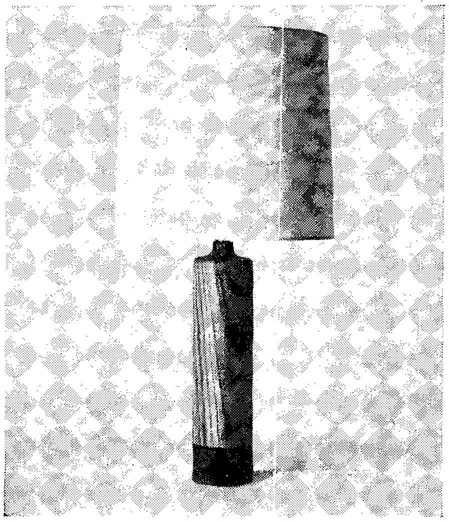
conquered the Persian Empire, and gone beyond it to convert Afghanistan; they had amputated Syria, Palestine, and Egypt from Byzantium, and gathered in North Africa. Sir John, struck by the speed and scope of these successes, has told their history under a disadvantage that he frequently laments—a shortage of good contemporary sources—but with several more than compensating advantages. Among them are his military background, his familiarity with the scenes of the fighting, his knowledge of Arabic and Arabs, and his considerable narrative powers. His tale is adorned with a number of remarkable characters, including heroes in combat and influential shrews in the harems. His military moral—that battles are won not by equipment (the Persians had plenty) or organization (the Byzantines had more than enough) but by a fighting faith (like seventh-century Islam)—sounds a little like a coach before the big game.

THE PRINCE OF THIEVES, by J. J. Lynx (Atheneum). The marvellous history of George Manolesco, a handsome, smiling Rumanian who was so fond of money that he believed he had a right to it. Manolesco, who liked royal aliases and royal ladies, stole ten million dollars' worth of jewels during his career in the capitals of Europe and the United States, but when he died, in 1911, at the age of forty, there was nothing to show for all his work but a splendidly complete wardrobe. He was good-natured, daring, and inventive, and Mr. Lynx has given us a nice, straightforward account of him and his adventures among the very rich of that long-ago time.

•

Vina Cooke returned November 1st from a round-the-world tour via Pan-American. The intrepid Vina traveled alone, but was met at all airports by a native driver with car. Her favorite places were Bangkok and Bayreuth. She visited Saigon and saw the American military forces. On her last night in London, she was invited as an honored guest to the 25th anniversary of the British BPW, a very formal banquet at the famous Connaught Hotel. The conference was opened by the Duchess of Gloucester. Unfortunately, Vina had packed all her party clothes and was unable to attend. The British BPW sends greetings to our San Francisco Club. Welcome home, Vina. —*The Business Woman, bulletin of the Business & Professional Women's Club of San Francisco.*

And better luck next time.



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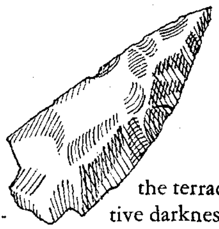

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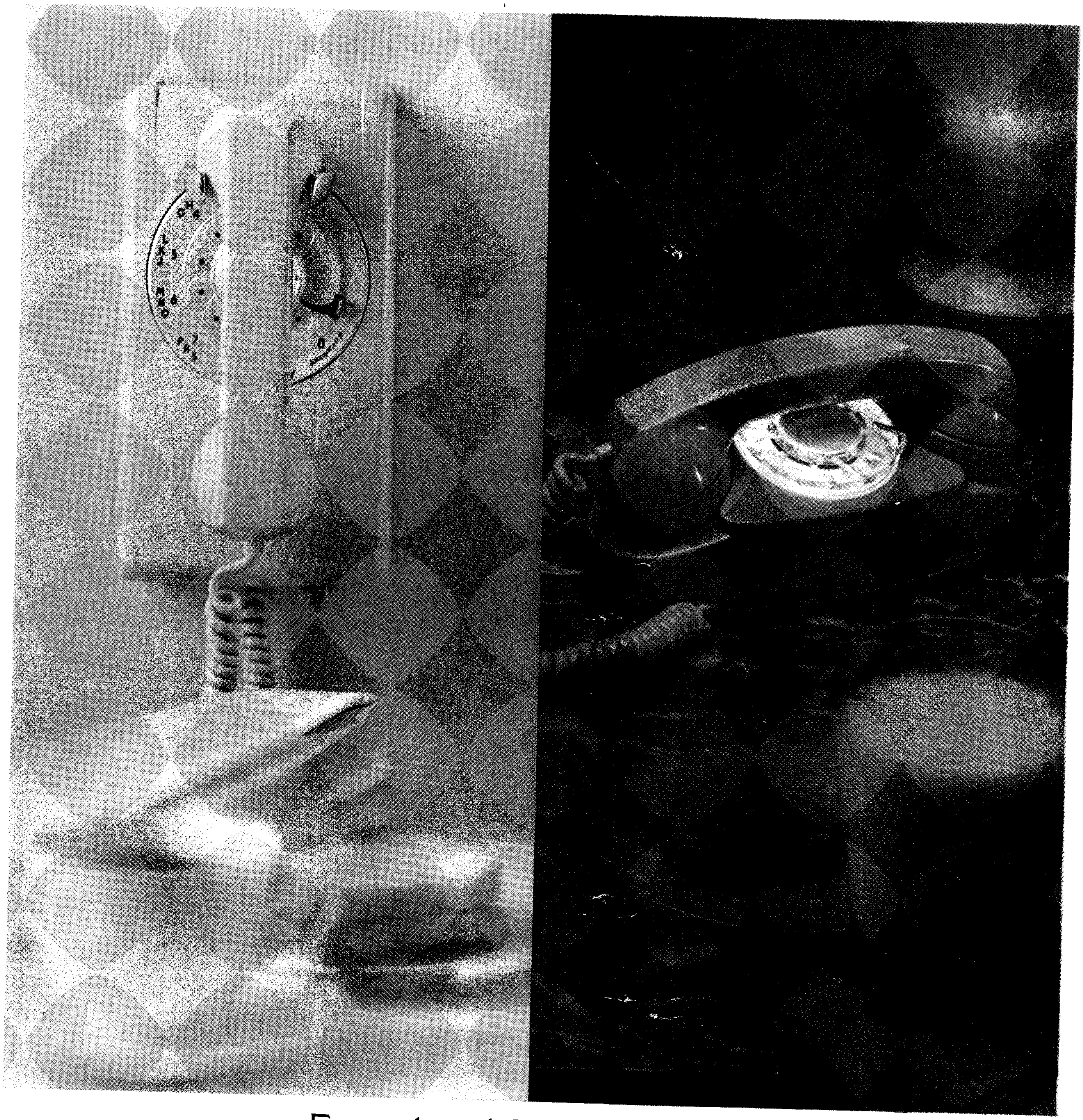

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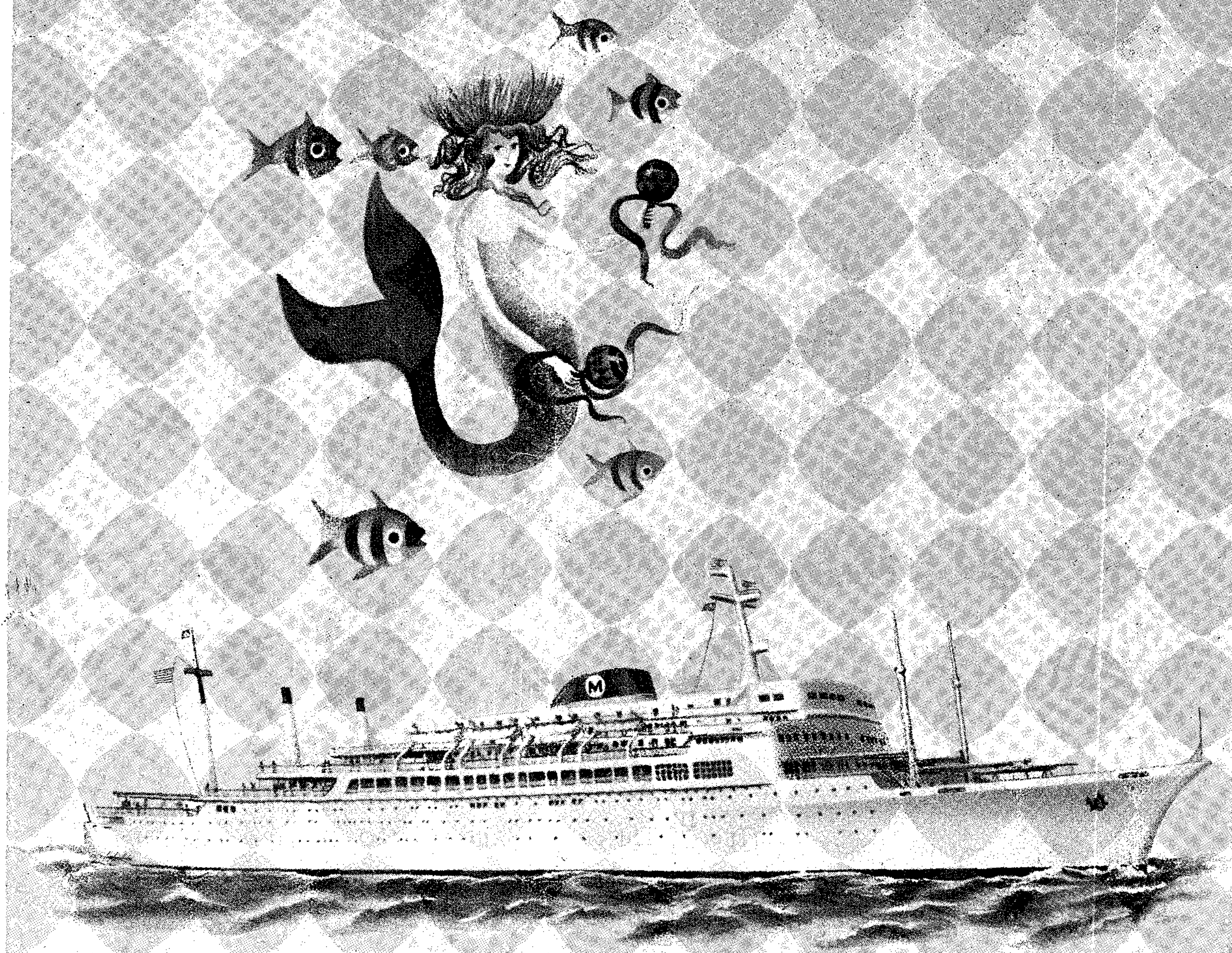

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